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A Record of Queens

Albert Sterner : An Appreciation

In the Land of Chance

1907

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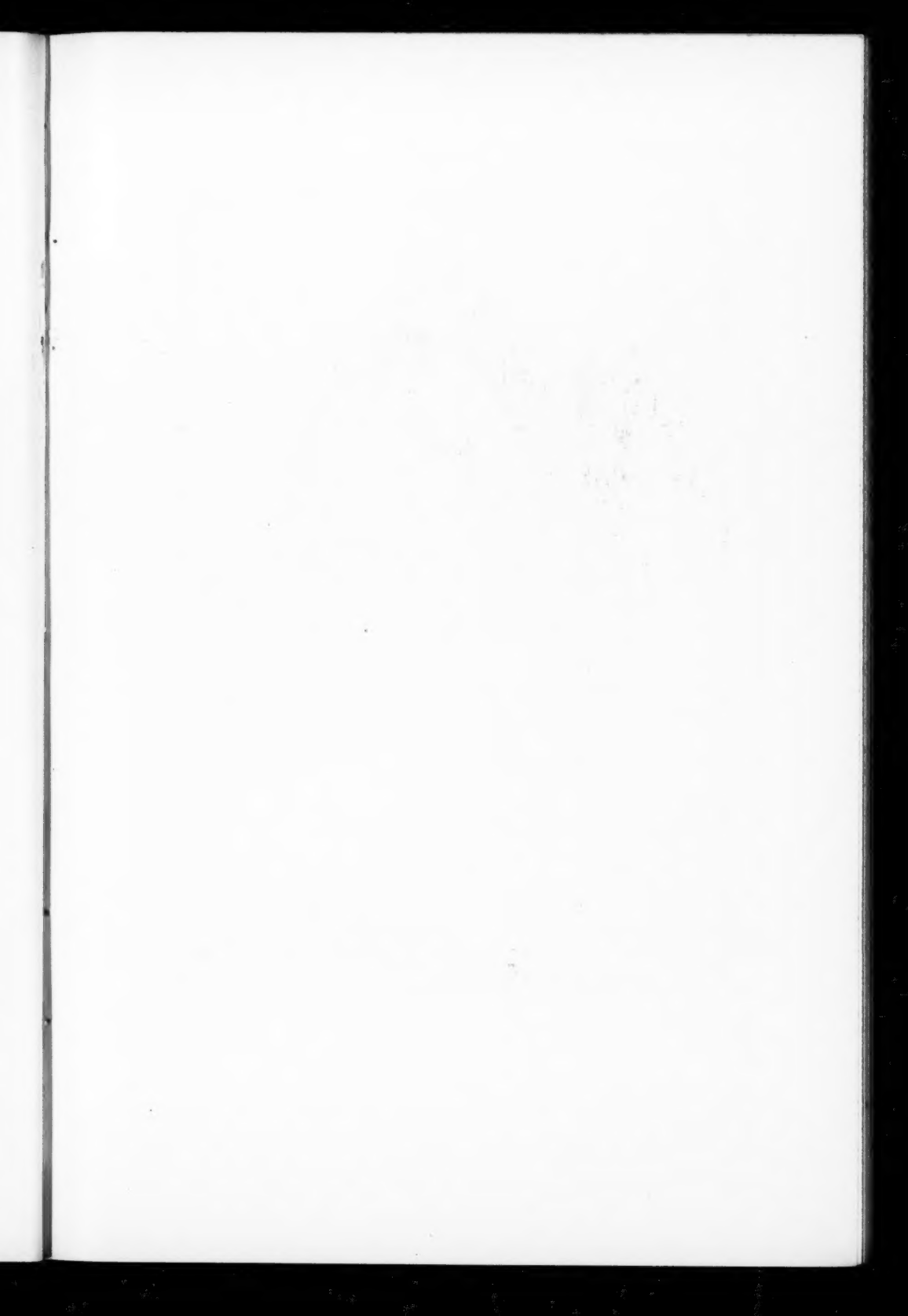


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From an etching by Zorn

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

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PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

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ALBERT STERNER

AN APPRECIATION AND A PROTEST

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON



ACK in the late seventies a certain eager, aspiring lad found himself sequestered at Gagenau, in Baden, as clerk and confidential secretary to the master of a small though flourishing iron foundry. Full of undefined ambition and zealous, resplendent dreams, the youth's lot was anything but happy. His duties were unutterably irksome, and save for a chance sketch or an occasional bit of designing, few outlets for his artistic inclinations were possible. And yet those weary months spent amid harsh, unpropitious surroundings did not prove to be wasted; for down the vista of intervening years still floats the image of a beautiful, gentle presence, who added here a touch of tenderness, there a new and deeper meaning to the puzzling enigma of existence. She, too, lived in the house of the ironmaster, and almost every evening as the candles were lighted in the long, simple music room she would seat herself at the piano and play Schumann, Beethoven, or

Chopin. As a rule she dressed in black velvet, and always seemed to suggest something vaguely consoling to the young clerk and secretary who sat near by, drinking in his first draught of melody and responding unconsciously to that first pervasive feminine appeal. There were also strolls in the adjacent forest, the painting of a portrait or two, the decorating of a set of china, and the vivid impression of great storms which used to come sweeping down the valley of the Murg. Thus while despite detestable clerical details, flaming furnaces, and grimy puddlers, the lad managed in one way or another to absorb an abiding love of beauty and of mystery, he did not fully realize its significance until sometime afterward. Nor did he until years later learn that silent tears were shed the morning he passed so buoyantly out into the larger world of effort and accomplishment.

You may perhaps be inclined to say that all this is sheer sentiment, sheer romance; that mature manhood invariably recalls with gratitude the various endearing apparitions of bygone days that have worn black

velvet gowns and played Chopin divinely. Yet the simple truth of the matter is that Albert Sterner is a romanticist. Beyond question the chief charm of his art lies in its intensely emotional quality, its power of illuminating with instinctive poetic feeling the aspects and incidents of ordinary life. Coupled with a trained æsthetic intelligence and an exacting regard for technical considerations,

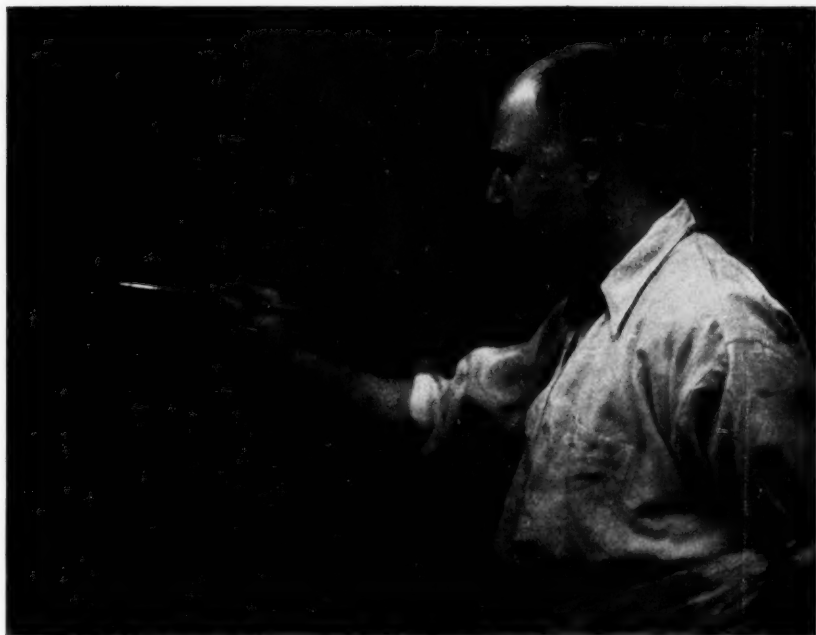


From a crayon drawing

PENITENCE

there is in all his work a restless, sensitive and ever-changing vision of external reality.

The actual outlines of Mr. Sterner's career show the identical tendencies which are reflected in his art. Born in London, of cosmopolitan parentage, he has rarely, since adolescent days, spent more than two or three years in any one spot. His entire life has been one of constantly shifting scene and continuously renewed effort to express that which surged within. From London he went to Birmingham, where he attended the famous King Edward's School and where he was also, by special arrangement, admitted to the classes of the Birmingham Art Institute. After Birmingham came the Baden interlude; and on leaving Baden he cast his eyes westward across the ocean, settling first in Chicago and perforce turning his energies to almost everything, including commercial lithography, teaching and even the designing of dinner cards. A brief halt in New York, where he drew for *Life*, *St. Nicholas* and other publications, was followed by a visit to Paris. Still aspiring, and still unsettled, he returned to New York, made his first distinct success with his illustrations for George William Curtis's "Prue and I," and, before any one knew he had gone, was back in Paris painting industriously and exhibiting at the two Salons. Feeling that this particular Paris sojourn might prove less abbreviated than usual, Mr. Sterner took a studio in the Boulevard Argo and proceeded to identify himself with French art and French life. He never, however, studied consistently anywhere or under any special masters. It is true that for a while he was at Julian's, with Boulanger and Lefebvre, but the atmosphere of the ateliers was wholly uncongenial to him. While he of course learned to draw well in the formal, academic fashion, he had barely achieved this so-called indispensable accomplishment when he developed a wholesome distaste for the correct and the conventional.



From a photograph taken in his studio for PUTNAM'S MONTHLY by Arthur G. Eldredge

ALBERT STERNER

He would not, nor will he to-day, do anything according to rule or precedent. The chief Paris success during this period proved to be a fitting tribute to bachelorhood entitled "Le Célibataire," which was sent to the Champ-de-Mars Salon of 1891 and won an Honorable Mention. Not only was the picture well received officially, but it had the good fortune to attract the attention of that clever poet and feuilletonist Raoul Ponchon, who was moved to print in the *Courrier Français* the following philosophical apostrophe:

Ah, le pauv' Célibataire
De Sterner
Qu'il a l'air
De s'ennuyer!
Enfin s'il ne veut
Pas se marier
C'est pas notre affaire!

Needless to say, the apostle of single blessedness was for some time to come a hero of that brilliant group of wits and artists headed by Ro-

dolphe Salis of Chat Noir fame, who was the guiding spirit of the *Courrier*, as well as the foster-father of numerous men such as Steinlen, Forian and Willette.

Illustration occupied much of the young painter's time during this and subsequent periods, for it was illustrative work which mainly kept the wolf at a discretionary distance from the Sterner threshold. One of the most important of his earlier commissions was a series of drawings for the Stone and Kimball edition of Poe—a task which, owing to its imaginative and even morbid possibilities, was a highly sympathetic one. Following this engagement he was employed both here and abroad by *Harper's*, the *Century*, *Scribner's* and other magazines, and within a few years had conquered for himself a notable position among American draftsmen. Although he had married in the meantime, it was still impossible for this insatiate wanderer to remain long in a given place. Whenever



STUDY IN PEN AND INK

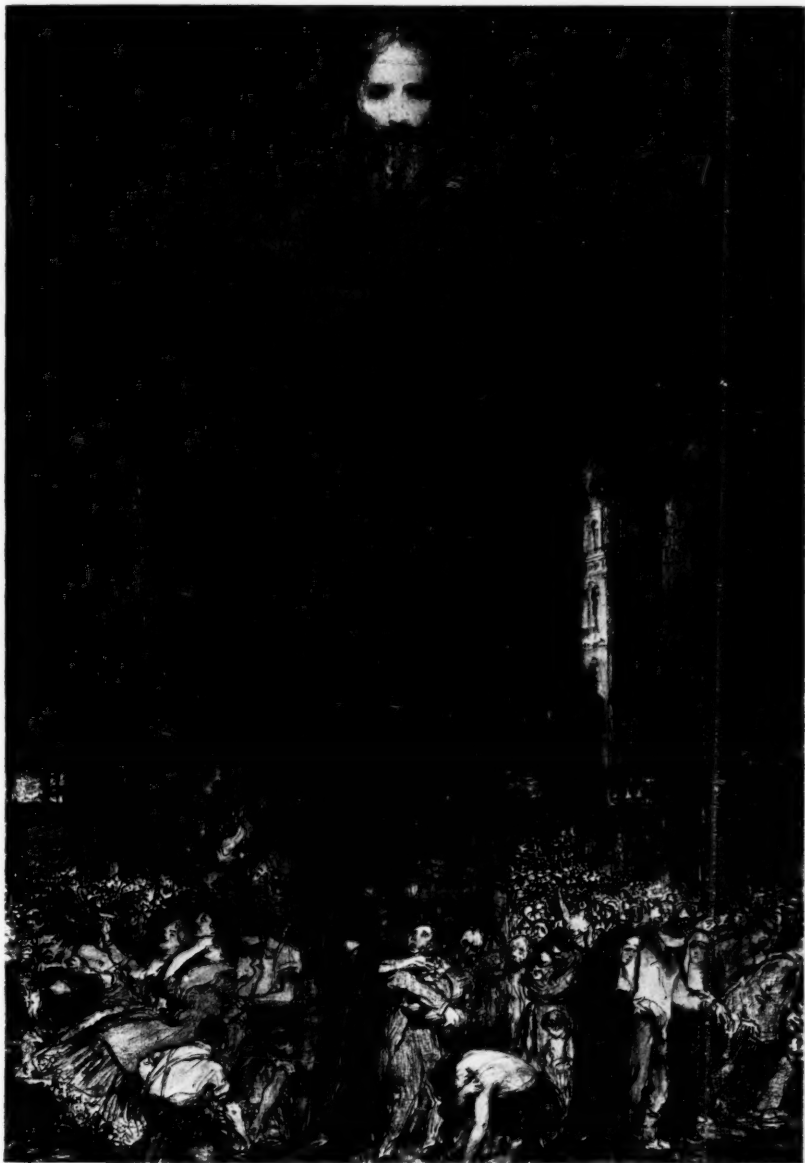
the migratory instinct became too strong he would pack up color-box and crayons and hasten to another city or another country. If he chanced to be in America at the time he would suddenly start for Europe; if he happened to be abroad he would simply reverse the process.

Taken all in all the most fruitful of these pilgrimages appears to have been his recent three years' residence in Munich, the artistic atmosphere of which he found essentially stimulating. It was in Munich—the home of Senefelder and of lithography that Mr. Sterner first began to draw on stone—originally for his own diversion and later with more definite aim. He had executed several portrait heads and more or less fanci-

ful and decorative compositions, and thought nothing further of them until Mrs. Sterner one day decided to take a selection to Littauer, the well-known dealer in the Odeonsplatz. It is not difficult to imagine the surprise of the artist when, within a remarkably short time, they were informed that the entire lot had been bought by the keen-eyed and appreciative Director of the Print Room of the Alte Pinakothek. Nor was this all; for later the Director of the Royal Dresden Print Room followed suit by making a similar purchase for his collection. The incident, while not sensational, is typical. It is both typical of Mr. Sterner's innate modesty and the delightful indifference he has always displayed toward practical considerations, and of the direct and unprejudiced initiative of an art director who will step into a shop and acquire for the state a set of prints by some totally unknown individual.

From the Bavarian capital Mr. Sterner crossed the channel to London, where he paused in order to depict the questioning, penetrant psychology of Elinor, of Kitty in the "Marriage of William Ashe," and of the heroine of "Fenwick's Career." Few novel readers of the day need to be told how interpretative these drawings are, how completely they embody the depth, the analysis, and that sense of suppressed poetry which characterize all of Mrs. Ward's creations. After years of earnest endeavor, in which he has shown unmistakable though at times intermittent progress, Mr. Sterner to-day finds himself again in New York. He has lately signed what is said to be an exceptionally liberal contract with a certain weekly of national appeal and pretensions, and it will be interesting to watch how perfect may be the adjustment between an artist who is so exclusive, so exacting, and so keenly temperamental, and a publication whose ideals are so manifestly democratic and universal.

And meanwhile, what are the distinctive qualities of Mr. Sterner's



From a chalk drawing

THE SPIRIT

Courtesy of Collier's Weekly



From an unpublished drawing in red chalk

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST, FREDERICK DANA MARSH

style, and why does he occupy the position which is now his? It is the old yet ever welcome story of individuality; of a man who, as you have seen, has never been satisfied with things as they were and who has never been content to go placidly along duplicating either himself or that which chanced to meet the eye. In essence Mr. Sterner is both poet and anarchist, both singer and stormy destroyer. The dream which he paints, or sketches on paper or on the prepared surface of a stone, is at once a beautiful and a dim and distressful dream. Out of the mists of the spirit emerge shapes which now soothe and now torment. They are sometimes uncertain in color or confusing in form, yet they are seldom devoid of power and intensity. You may glance from the tortured mask entitled "Unrest" to the slender figure gliding along the river bank in "Dame am Wasser," and you will see in each, however different in conception, many of the same qualities and many of the same defects. In a certain sense Mr. Sterner is still the victim of his own artistic personality, yet whatever he does is stamped with vigor and sincerity.



UNREST



STUDY IN CRAYON

Although a typical graphic artist, and one who has for years drawn for publication, it is in his lithographs and his crayon and chalk portraits that Mr. Sterner displays the fullest measure of his ability. That which is produced more or less to order is sometimes lacking in spontaneous grace or mystery; those trifles which he dashes off through impulse rarely or never fail to translate the particular mood or impression. His vision of the outward world is not rigid and specific; it is vague and indefinite. At bottom his art is not an affirmation but a suggestion. He is no painstaking copyist of nature. He takes from nature only what is sufficient to clothe his ideas in appropriate and moving symbols. Subjective and sensitive to a singular degree, he is consequently often overwhelmed by unpropitious conditions. A vapid or banal theme he will sometimes find it impossible to illuminate or to uplift, whereas to the most exalted conceptions he will often succeed in adding a further touch of beauty or imagination. He tells, for example, with amusing deprecation of an instance when he made three complete and wholly different sets of drawings for a certain story, each of which, he avers, seemed to him equally



From a drawing in India ink

BY CANDLE-LIGHT



From a pencil drawing, hitherto unpublished

PORTRAIT OF MRS. ALBERT STERNER

abominable. It is the same with his portraits as it is with his illustrations. To the thoughtful, searching countenance of a man of science such as Dr. Trumpf he will give a sober dignity which recalls the canvases of Watts, but for the emotionless and mechanical products of stereotyped society he shows undisguised contempt. That which Albert Sterner seeks alike in art and in life is response, response to those qualities which he himself so richly possesses and to which he constantly strives to give expression.

While his art is to a high degree a thing of spirit rather than fact, of feeling rather than scrupulous observation, it usually finds its form in the accents of everyday circumstance. You will catch here and there fleeting glimpses of terror, of tragedy, of the gruesome or the macabre, yet all is consistent and well grounded in actuality. No mute and mystical winged beasts stand guard before these portals. The grotesque and sardonic monsters of Redon or Rops, the Gallic diableries of Beardsley, or the pallid phantoms of Khnopff find no place in the Sterner portfolio. It is not by distortion but rather through the sheer power of simulation that his effects are achieved. A look, the upward turn of a head, the simple attitude of a figure musing by a window or seated before the fire,—these are the materials of which the art of Albert Sterner is composed, and these he transcribes with a peculiarly loose though accurate handling of outline and fertile distribution of light and shade. That which he gives us is an abiding sense of the dual communion or the despairing isolation of man and woman, of mother and child. His interpretations of character are often quite as psychic as they are æsthetic. Their appeal is addressed primarily to the mind, with as little as possible stress placed upon either form or color. Neither in single studies nor in larger compositions are any concessions made to details as such. The charm of this work lies in its nervous

fluidity, its desire to escape elaboration, to avoid the obvious and the platitudinous.

In all his tastes Mr. Sterner betrays the same predilections. While by no means lacking in humanity he prefers the aristocrats of art, those remote, haughty painters who, like Leonardo, have succeeded in imposing upon the world an altogether personal and exclusive vision of nature. And yet so responsive is he to the various cross-currents of art that he will often surprise you by admiring men who are widely different, even incompatible. It is difficult to predict what ultimate effect a man such as Mr. Sterner will have upon American illustration, or what influence illustration as it is practised in America to-day may have upon him. In general he abhors the ultra sweetness and oppressive propriety which seem to be admired alike by the publisher and the public. So deeply does he resent that flawless, sterilized prettiness now constantly in demand, that he often speaks of founding a society for the promotion of the Ugly.

There is much that is sound and salutary in Mr. Sterner's attitude, and the causes, while complex, are not far to seek. Back in the old, formative days, when Abbey and Reinhardt used to work for *Harper's*, and Juengling and Aikmann were the leading engravers, a somewhat different spirit prevailed. There were then fewer preconceived ideas as to what an artist should or should not draw. In so far as possible he was given a stimulating liberty of choice and treatment. Public taste had not at that time crystallized. The editor did not ordain that in every other picture there should be an expansive-eyed child seated on the nursery floor amid a litter of toys, or a statuesque and virginal young creature strolling beside the usual athletic and correctly sartorial collegian. A sense of similarity, of uniformity even, is what Mr. Sterner also sees and deplors in current illustration. Directly a new-comer



From a lithograph in two tones

PRIVATDOZENT DR. JOSEF TRUMPP OF MUNICH



From a lithograph in two tones

DAME AM WASSER

attempts to speak his own language, he is told to do something in the style of this or that predecessor who already enjoys a large and ecstatic following. Individuality is discreetly suppressed, and full-blooded young aspirants are admonished to standardize themselves if they care to dispose of their work. As a result the few who possess originality soon become imitative, and month after month the leading magazines come out looking substantially alike—all well printed and illustrated by irreproachable men and women in the same irreproachable manner. Above all, the feelings of the dear public must

not be unsettled by displays of independence or even innocent frivolity. If you desire to draw a playful little creature, you must turn back the lengthening calendar of years, and disguise her *à la* Daumier or Gavarni; while café, restaurant and street scenes must be as circumspect as a New England afternoon tea, or as remote and fantastic as French life under the Second Empire.

You will perhaps contend that the publishers are in no way to blame, that they are giving the people precisely what they demand, which brings us face to face with the second element inimical to artistic produc-

tion in periodical form. Prudishness and commercialism, these are what Mr. Sterner deems the chief enemies of the present-day illustrator. They are both difficult to combat, for both are characteristic of the national spirit; and yet, as Mr. Sterner holds, they must be overcome, or at least mitigated. There is scarcely an artist in the country who does not feel this dual curse and does not chafe against it. Some of them accept handsome bribes and fall early in the fight; certain others suffer in poverty and isolation; and some, after having made a gallant stand, succumb to doubt and mistrust. Instances of failure and of positive physical tragedy are by no means lacking. One of the most brilliant of

all, who has recently left the ranks, was pathetically endeavoring to adapt himself to conditions which seemed cruelly immutable; and farther away, amid the blue, tree-dotted hills of New Hampshire, another young painter's serene, colorful day-dream appears to be vaguely disturbed by the incessant roar of high-power presses.

There is, of course, no immediate remedy for evils such as these. Albert Sterner and men of his stamp, in whom the romance of reality still lives, will have to carry on as best they may this struggle toward self-expression; for while as a nation we have long since signed our political, we have not yet signed our artistic, declaration of independence.



AFFINITY

All are not strangers whom we so misname:
 Man's free-born spirit, which no rule can tame,
 Careless of time, o'er vasty distance led,
 Still finds its own where alien altars flame,
 Still greets its own amongst the deathless Dead!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

GOVERNOR JOHN WHITE

PAINTER AND VIRGINIAN PIONEER

By LAURENCE BINYON



GOLDEN haze has gathered about the name of Sir Walter Raleigh. When we penetrate that haze and scrutinize the actual man, his recorded exploits seem unworthy of his fame. Yet it was a right instinct which led the world to magnify them. With his boundless courage and resource, his high adventurous spirit, his poetry, his love of science, his recklessness and unscrupulousness, he epitomizes his age; and his age was one of the great ages of history. It is not Raleigh's success which is commemorated this year in the Jamestown celebrations; and it is easy to say of him that he failed. Yet it was he who led the way and, by his persistent efforts to found the first of English colonies, turned the thoughts of his countrymen to that Virginia where others were to profit by his experience and succeed.

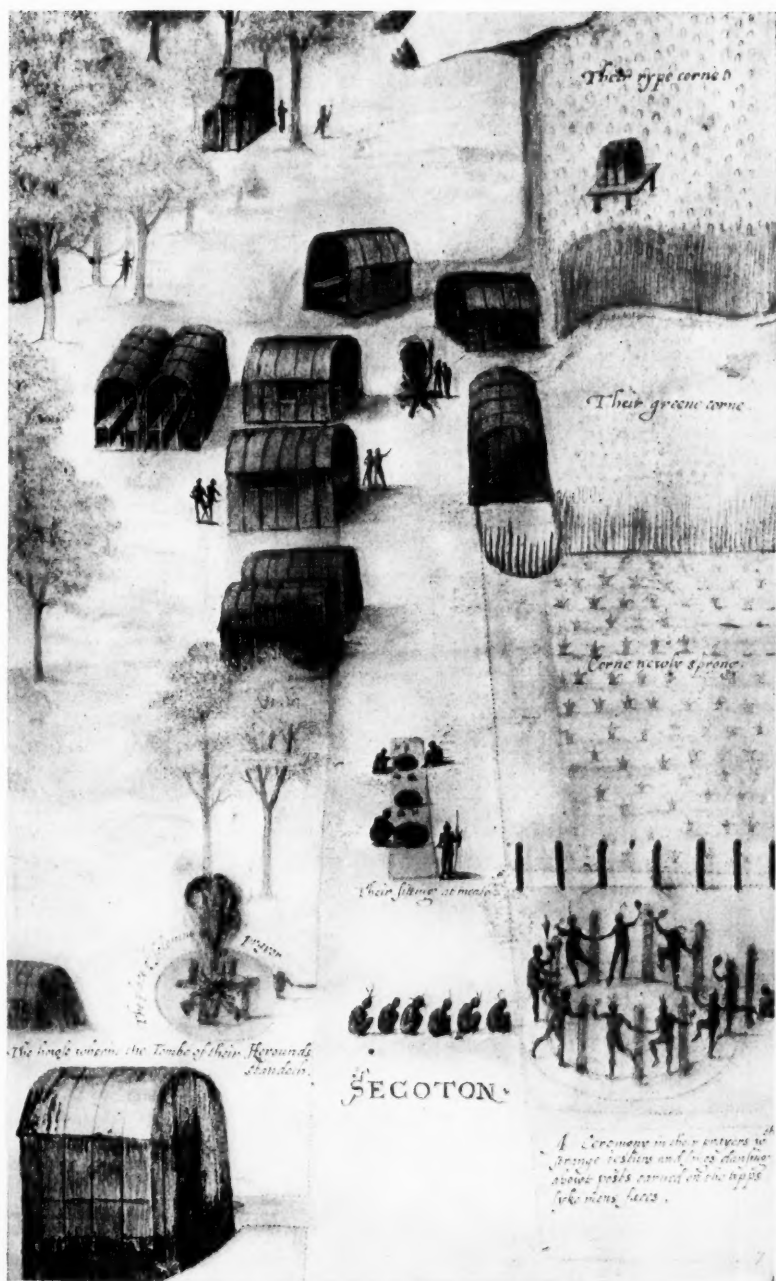
In nothing was Raleigh's genius better shown than by the quality of the men he chose to spread abroad his ideas and execute his schemes. It is of one of these right-hand men of his, John White, that I am to give some account in this paper; an adventurous voyager, much-enduring as Ulysses of old, who more than any other man is associated with the five Virginian expeditions, recorded in Hakluyt's pages. In the brief original accounts of those voyages we get a glimpse of the primitive life of the aborigines of America—so soon to be contaminated and destroyed,—touched with a vivid freshness and

romance; and by a happy chance we are able not only to picture from description, but to see with our own eyes, the drawings made in Virginia by John White himself.

Forty years ago there came upon the London market a book of drawings from an old library. It was bought by the late Mr. Henry Stevens of Vermont, to whose diligence and enthusiasm every student of American discovery owes so much. From him it was purchased for the British Museum. Before the public sale a fire had occurred at Sotheby's, where the auction was held, and the book was saturated with water, though otherwise uninjured. A faint but more or less distinct image of each drawing was thus printed off on the opposite page. These "off-sets" were bound up in a separate volume and were also acquired by the Museum. In spite of this printing-off, the original drawings have suffered so little that no one would suspect any damage having happened to them, except in one or two cases where a sheet was folded and the design a little confused by the faint reduplication of figures or objects in reverse.

These precious drawings, which for three hundred years had lain unnoticed and unknown, are the handiwork of White. Although the originals had been lost sight of for so long, some of them were familiar enough to students of geographical discovery through the engravings made from them (with certain modifications) for the great work on America published in 1590 at Frankfurt-am-Main by Theodore de Bry.

Artists of English birth were rare



From John White's original drawing in color made in Virginia in 1585

VIEW OF SECOTON

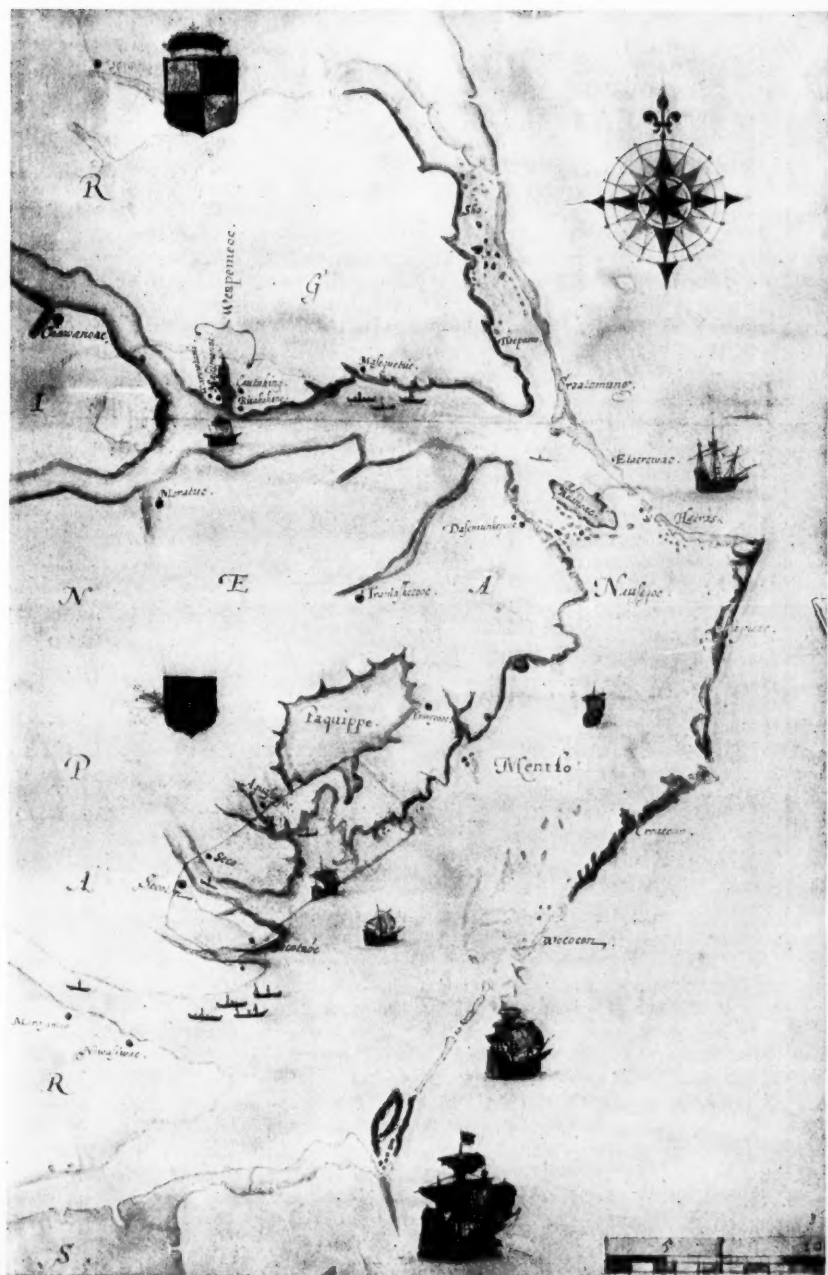
enough in the sixteenth century; so at least we are led to believe. Yet these drawings, by a man who was not a painter by profession, point to a skill and training, still more to a sensitiveness of eye and hand, which astonish one, and make us inclined to suspect that the accomplishment of draughtsmanship was more common in England than we are accustomed to suppose. They are all in water-colors. There is a prevailing, but quite erroneous, notion that water-color painting originated in England with the timid "stained" drawings of the eighteenth century, gradually transformed and enriched by Turner and his compeers in the early nineteenth century. A fairly full range of color in this medium had been used long before on the Continent, and was used by White in these examples. These are among the earliest English drawings known—not counting of course the miniatures in illuminated MSS.—and would deserve a record in any history of English art, even if the subjects had not the great interest which they have for us.

What do we know of John White? Too little, unfortunately. Yet in this book there is evidence which has hitherto, I believe, been overlooked by those who have gathered together the few available facts of his career. For the drawings are not all of Virginian, nor even all of American, subjects. Among them are figures of Florida savages, of Esquimaux men and women, and also of types from the Astrakhan district at the mouth of the Volga. It is of course possible that these, or some of these, were drawn from prints or pictures, but they have the same character as those of the Virginian subjects and all the appearance of being done from life. In a letter to Hakluyt, White writes in the phrase of an old traveller, "This is not my first crossed voyage"; and what more likely than that Raleigh should have chosen him for his experience no less than for his skill in drawing? White was at least in middle age at the time of the

Virginia expeditions, for we know that he took a married daughter with him. So it may not be rash to assume that, like so many of his contemporaries, he had spent his manhood in enterprises of travel and discovery both in the East and in the West.

In 1558 Anthony Jenkinson journeyed through Russia into Bactria to discover new routes for English trade; and from that year onward many were the similar missions undertaken in those regions by English merchants. On one of these expeditions White could have seen and drawn the natives of the Caucasus and Astrakhan who are depicted in his book. A little later, in 1576 and the two following years, came Frobisher's voyages in search of a northwest passage; while Davis's voyages in the same quarter were undertaken in the very years of Raleigh's Virginian enterprise. An interesting record of these expeditions to Greenland is to be found in a water-color drawing of an English boat, in a strait among the ice-floes, attacked by Esquimaux with bows and arrows from the shore: this occurs in another album, which has been in the British Museum since its foundation, among a number of copies from White's drawings, and in all probability is after an original by White. As to the natives of Florida, they might have been copied from originals by White's friend Jacques Le Moyne, a painter, who accompanied Laudonnière's ill-fated French expedition to that land in 1564-65. Le Moyne escaped the massacre of his comrades by the Spaniards, and, coming to London, took service under Raleigh. But it is equally probable, perhaps more so, that White drew these natives from the life, since we know that the English settlers landed in Florida on their voyage.

Besides these various types of foreign and savage races are a few which are yet more outlandish in appearance; among them are warriors and women, naked and fantastically painted. These might well puzzle



WHITE'S MAP OF THE COAST SHOWING WHERE RALEIGH'S EXPEDITION OF 1585 LANDED

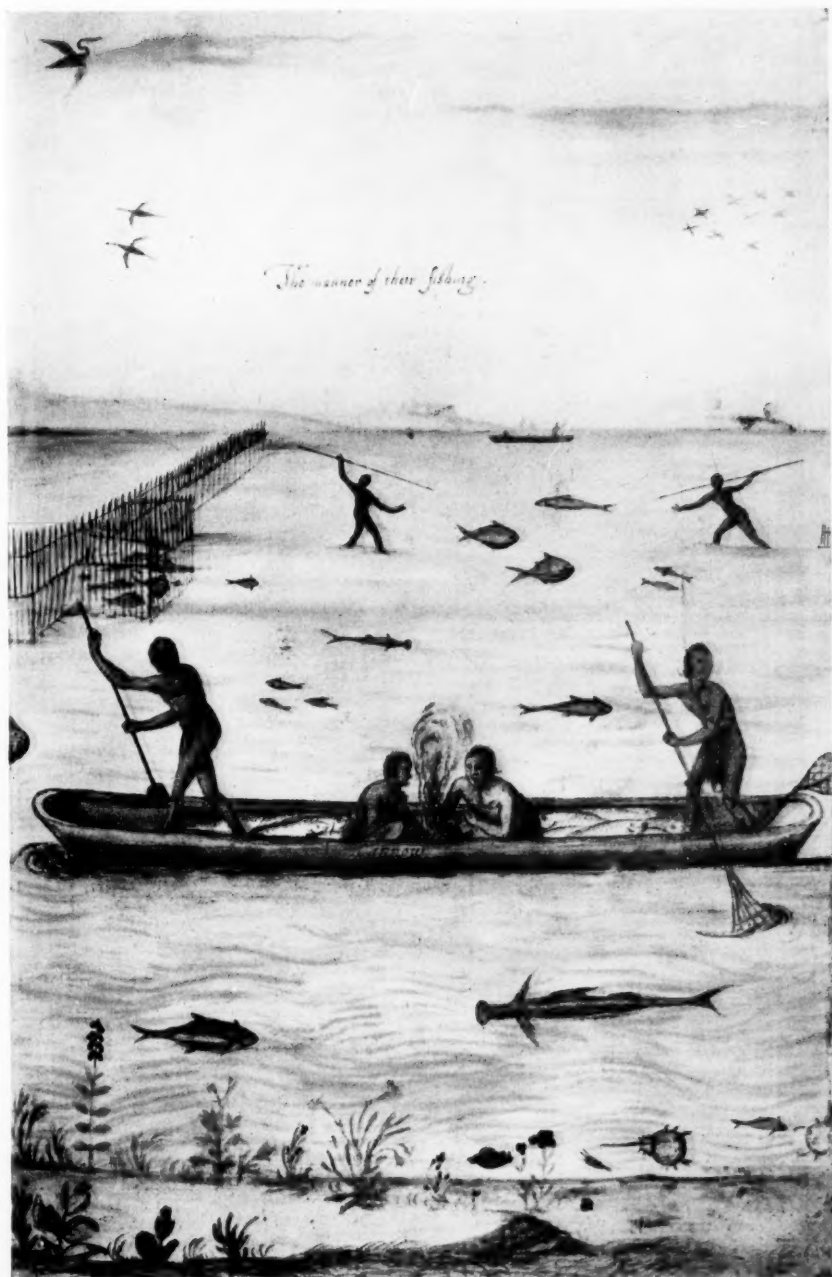
an ethnologist, for they are creatures of John White's fancy. De Bry tells us how the artist was struck by the tattooed bodies of the American aborigines, and how he drew these imagined figures as a reminder that the inhabitants of his own Britain were once not less wild than these; with prophetic thoughts perhaps of what Time was to bring about on those same American shores.

It has been usually assumed that White's first voyage to Virginia was in 1585, as a member of Raleigh's first colony. But, as he himself told Hakluyt that he made five voyages altogether, I think it almost certain that he was one of those who sailed in the previous year with the two barks sent out by Raleigh to reconnoitre the American coast, under Captains Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe. In the report which they wrote of their discoveries, the Virginian woods are described as full of beautiful and fruitful trees, not like the barren forests of Bohemia, Muscovy, and Hercynia (Germany); a comparison which throws interesting light on the previous eastern travels in which some of them at least had taken part.

The part of the coast which this first expedition struck on passing the Atlantic was the fringe of narrow islands about Cape Hatteras, lying along the shores of what is now North Carolina. On one of these islands they landed. It was called Wococon by the natives, and at first our voyagers mistook it for the mainland. Experienced travellers as they were, they were amazed at the prodigal fertility of the soil. Woods and shrubs came down to the low sandy shore on which their boats were beached. Vines trailed over the ground, heavy with grapes "so as the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed them," and higher up the slopes they saw the vines climbing towards the tops of high cedars, "the highest and reddest cedars of the world." The shore lay bright, silent and solitary, without sign or sound of man. They climbed

a hill and looked down on the cedar woods. One of the adventurers lifted his harquebus and fired. As the shot echoed, flocks of white cranes rose suddenly from under them with a noise as if an army of men shouted together. They explored the woods, and found them abounding in sweet-smelling trees and shrubs. Their steps startled numberless hares, rabbits and deer among the shadows, and birds flew out from the foliage; but still there was not a trace of humankind. Before a few days were over, however, the natives appeared, shyly, but with smiles and friendly looks. The king of the tribe lay sick of a wound, but his brother, Granganimeo, came to meet the settlers, accompanied with forty or fifty men, "very handsome and goodly people and in their behaviour as mannerly and civil as any of Europe." Granganimeo's wife received them in her house with kindest hospitality. Trinkets and tin dishes were bartered for useful commodities; and there seemed prospect of happy intercourse between the new-comers and their savage friends, who showed in their dealings nothing but "love and familiaritie." From this land of golden promises Amadas and Barlowe sailed home, well pleased with their discovery.

Their report flattered Raleigh's highest expectations. His preparations were ripe, and his hopes were now confirmed. He was able to profit by the knowledge collected in Florida by Laudonnière's expedition. He was supported by the learning and the eloquent pen of Richard Hakluyt, the young Oxford scholar, who did so much to spread abroad the idea of western planting among his countrymen; men like Thomas Hariot, another Oxford friend with an extraordinary mathematical genius and true scientific curiosity, joined in his cause and service; and the Queen warmly favored his enterprise. Having secured a patent authorizing him to plant an English colony in the new continent, he fitted out a fine fleet of seven ships. On April 9th,



From John White's original water-color drawing in the Print-Room of the British Museum

"THE MANNER OF THEIR FISHING"

One of their Religious men.



From John White's original water-color drawing in the Print-Room of the British Museum

ONE OF THEIR RELIGIOUS MEN "

1585, these sailed from Plymouth. They were the *Tiger*, the *Roebuck*, the *Lion*, the *Elizabeth*, the *Dorothy* and two small pinnaces. Grenville was admiral; Ralph Lane was governor of the colony; John White and Hariot were both on board. They sailed by the West Indies, the route then customary, touching at the islands of St. John and Hispaniola (Hayti). On the former island they stayed a fortnight, building a pinnace and making a fortified camp. White made a drawing of this camp, a bird's-eye view, in which we see on one side Sir Richard Grenville riding among his troop, on the other a line of men dragging a great log on a truck for the building of the pinnace. A characteristic incident happened at St. John. The Englishmen had just taken a Spanish frigate; and, wanting salt, Ralph Lane sailed in this ship to the southwest of the island, guided by a Spaniard. Landing and swiftly throwing up an entrenchment round the salt hill of the Spaniards, the English carried this off piecemeal—White depicts them at work with axe and shovel; and though two or three troops of Spaniards came up and looked on, they dared not resist this bold encroachment.

After making the main coast of Florida (the name then covered a much larger region to the north than at present) and meeting foul weather off Cape Fear, Grenville at last arrived safely at Wococon. White was one of those who joined in an expedition to the mainland, on which the native towns of Pomeioc, Aquascogoe and Secoton were discovered.

The colony was now established. But troubles were beginning even thus early. Grenville was, by all accounts, of a violent and domineering temper, and a bitter quarrel broke out between him and Lane. On August 25th Sir Richard sailed for England, leaving Lane with the colony of 107 men. On his departure the little company moved to Roanoke, and began the work of exploration. Hariot made minute investigation of the resources of the country, while

White made careful drawings. Among the flowers and fruit depicted in White's book of drawings are the pineapple, the plantain, a pretty species of gentian (*sabbatia gracilis*), and a kind of milkweed called "wysauk" by the natives and used by them for treating poisoned wounds. The last is figured in Gerard's "Herbal" as Indian swallow-wort. The studies of fish and of birds are more numerous. As in the case of the fruit, the specimens are not all from Virginia, but from the tropics; and a few, such as the hoopoe and the roller, are European. In the foreground of the picture of Indians fishing there is a king-crab, which was not represented in any published work till fifty years later. All these natural history studies are drawn and colored not only with precision but with delicacy and feeling.

These peaceful occupations were not uninterrupted. The natives, so amiable the year before in their manner towards the adventurers, turned restless and suspicious, and Pemisapan the king was sullenly hostile. An old chief called Ense-nore, who had constantly restrained the growing enmity of the tribe, died in April 1586; younger men among the king's household were for openly firing the English houses and destroying the weirs in which fish were caught; and violent acts by individual settlers provoked the savages still more. Lane had heard rumors of a wonderful mine, which had fired his imagination; it lay at some distance in the territory of another tribe. A march was made inland, but he was forced to return unsuccessful. An attack by the savages was beaten off, and Pemisapan killed in the skirmish. But the settlers had now to face the prospect of starvation. Raleigh's promised supplies had not arrived; though they had sown corn, it was not yet ripe, and they watched the shooting blades with anxious eyes. They had none of the Indians' skill in fishing, and were hard put to it for their daily rations. Lane now detached

a small body of men to a neighboring island, where they could get oysters, to watch for passing ships. On June 8th Captain Stafford, who was in command of this detachment, sighted a fleet of three-and-twenty sail, and sent word to Lane. To the settlers' joy it proved to be the fleet of Sir Francis Drake, returning home victorious from the sacking of Spanish cities in the West Indies. Out of friendship for Raleigh he had come out of his way to see how the new colony prospered. Thoroughly dejected and homesick, the settlers begged to be taken home. Drake consented; and so, after a whole year spent in Virginia, this first colony returned to Portsmouth. It was on this occasion, probably, that potatoes and tobacco were brought back by Hariot to his master.

Scarcely had Drake's ships set sail, when Raleigh's long-expected ship arrived with stores; and a fortnight later arrived Sir Richard Grenville, bringing three ships, with new planters and fresh supplies. Finding the coast deserted, Grenville left fifteen men to continue the occupation of Virginia, and returned home.

Discouraging indeed was that year's experience. But Raleigh was bent on succeeding; he still had faith in his cherished enterprise.

April of 1587 saw yet another fleet set out from Portsmouth; and this time it was John White who was chosen to be governor. A number of women and some children were taken on this voyage; among them was White's daughter, Elinor, the wife of his lieutenant Ananias Dare.

In spite of some mishaps and a narrow escape off Cape Fear, owing to the careless or treacherous conduct of Simon Ferdinando, the Spanish master, the colonists arrived safe at Hatteras on July 22nd. Raleigh's new instructions were to establish a settlement and fort on Chesapeake Bay; and White's plan was to sail along the coast in that direction, after first landing at Roanoke to find the fifteen men left by Grenville and confer with them. But the planters,

incited and abetted by Ferdinando, complained that the summer was too far gone already, and would hear nothing but of landing forthwith at Roanoke and settling there. No one supporting him, the Governor was obliged to yield. Beaching his boat on the island, he set out with a party in quest of the lost fifteen. Coming in sight of the former settlement, they found the fort razed but the houses still standing. On a nearer view they saw that the lower parts of the houses were all overgrown with melon of several sorts, and a troop of deer which were nuzzling and browsing on the fruit fled at the men's approach. The houses were empty. When they saw this they lost all hope of the fifteen, who had in fact been surprised and killed by the savages some months before.

It was with no light heart, then, that the new colony set about the task of repairing the houses and building new ones. The auguries were ill. Discontent grew apace; and there was the usual anxiety about supplies. Late in August all was ready for the departure of two of the twelve "assistants," who were to sail home and arrange for the sending out of stores and necessities; but at the last moment disputes arose as to the choice of those who were to go; all the twelve but one absolutely refused, and he was talked over by his comrades. There was a deadlock, and worse threatened. The next day the whole company of planters came to the Governor and implored him to go himself to England, as no subordinate could represent their needs efficiently. White indignantly refused to abandon his post. Nevertheless, persistent entreaties prevailed, and on the morning of August 27th he was constrained to leave Roanoke, and by midnight was on the open sea.

Only ten days before, his daughter, Mrs. Dare, had given birth to a child, the first child of English blood born in English North America. She was fitly christened Virginia. With how torn a heart the Governor said fare-

One of the wives of Wynnyno.



From John White's original water-color drawing in the Print-Room of the British Museum

THE WIFE OF A NATIVE CHIEF

well to daughter and grandchild we can only guess. He went against his own will and judgment, and fortune was all against him; he was never to see them again.

Landing on the west coast of Ireland in November, White made the best of his way to England, and set about preparing help for the colony. Learning his news, Raleigh at once gave orders for a pinnace to be sent out with all such necessaries as the settlers stood in need of, and wrote letters to them promising a good supply of shipping and men to be with them in the following summer. Early in the year this fleet was got together at Bideford by Sir Richard Grenville. It lay in the harbor waiting only for a favorable wind when news came of the huge preparations in Spain for the invasion of England by Philip's Invincible Armada. The country was thoroughly alarmed; the English fleets were small in comparison, and orders came from Government that no ship fit for war was to leave an English port.

White, however, was determined to get some relief sent to his people across the sea; and by persistent exertion and entreaty succeeded in procuring two small pinnaces, the *Brave* and the *Roe*, which set sail from Bideford, in April, 1588. He himself remained at home, thinking that in this time of unsettlement and danger he could serve the interests of the colony best by representing them in England. Little indeed was to be hoped from this expedition of two puny vessels—all that could be spared from the defence of Britain's coasts; and it failed ingloriously. The crews thought more of prizes than of their instructions; sailed south, fell in with the Spanish, were worsted in fight, and came home again in a month.

Not till early in 1590 could White himself manage to start on the voyage of relief. Even then it was only by special license procured through Raleigh that the ships were allowed to leave, fears of invasion still, it seems, persisting; and these vessels were

owned by others, who put every difficulty in his way. Though they started early, on March 20th, it was not till the beginning of August that they found themselves off Woccon. The season was most inclement; and in steering through the passage to Roanoke a boat was lost with seven hands. But they had sighted a column of smoke on the island, near where the colony had been left, and White's hopes rose,—only to be dashed when they penetrated into the woods and found no sign of men. They rowed round to the northern end of the island, and as darkness fell were cheered by the sight of a great flame shining through the trees. Fearing an ambush of natives, they lay to and sounded a trumpet call. There was no answer. Then they tried songs, singing familiar English tunes in the darkness; still there was no sound from the shore but the crackling of the flames. Waiting impatiently for dawn they landed, and, pushing through the woods, to their astonishment found nothing but burning grass and charred stumps of rotten trees. Here and there were footprints of savages, but no trace of their countrymen till they came to the old settlement. Here the houses were ruinous, but enclosed by a great palisade, on which was cut, in fair capital letters, CROATOAN.

At parting from his people, White had told them, if they should move their settlement, to write up where they were going, and if they were in danger to inscribe above the name of the place a cross. There was no cross above the name Croatoan, and he was therefore not without hope that the settlers were safe on that island. Thither now the party determined to sail. But they had not reckoned with the weather. Storms blew with increasing violence; anchors were lost, cables were snapped, food and water ran short. They made shift to steer for St. John's Island, meaning to return with fresh water and replenished supplies. But westerly gales drove them out of their

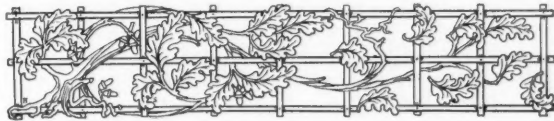
course and there was nothing for it but to run before the wind to the Azores. The season was too advanced to put back, and on October 24th the three ships arrived at Plymouth.

This was John White's last voyage to Virginia. Raleigh's mind was now turned to new schemes—he was soon to sail himself on the Guiana expedition—and without Raleigh's help White could do nothing. In the following year Sir Richard Grenville died in the Azores, in the famous last fight of the *Revenge*.

White retired to Raleigh's estates in Ireland. The last glimpse we have of him is in a letter of his to Hakluyt, dated February, 1593, from Newtown in Kylmore. He writes

like an old man, broken in hope, but piously resigned; still trusting that the colony and kinsfolk whom he could no longer help might yet be living and preserved by Heaven's protection. "I leave off prosecuting that whereunto I would to God my wealth were answerable to my will." So he writes; and so we leave him.

But of that lost colony, the little company of English men and women and the child Virginia Dare, none knows the story or the fate. Sacrificed first-fruits of the colonizing spirit of their country, they disappeared with no more memorial than that strange solitary fire, which those who sought them saw burning in the deserted woods of Roanoke and hailed with their Devon songs, and there was none to reply.



VOLTERRA AND THE ETRUSCANS

By W. L. ALDEN



STARTED for Volterra in 1861 and finally reached it in 1906. Many other men have tried to go to Volterra, but lacking perseverance

have been less successful than myself. The place seems to be easy of access when one looks at it on a map of central Italy. Thirty miles by rail south of Pisa is Cecina, whence there is a branch line to the Volterra station. The tourist, studying the map, says to himself: "I must really go to Volterra. I will certainly stop there on my way to or from Rome." But when he finds on further investigation that the chances of making any connection at Cecina with the train for Volterra

are extremely small; that, although it is only fifteen miles from Cecina to Volterra, the train takes more than an hour to travel that distance, and that to drive from Volterra station to Volterra itself takes two hours, he decides to postpone his visit to a more convenient season, and as a rule that season never arrives.

Volterra is one of the oldest of the Etruscan towns, and like all Etruscan towns is set on a hill, which is a particularly high one. From the railway station Volterra looks to be about a mile distant, but the road leading to it winds and zigzags until it is many miles in length. At one moment you see Volterra from the left window of the carriage, and fancy that you are almost there. Half an hour later you discover by



PRETORIAN PALACE, VOLTERRA.

leaning far out of the right window that Volterra is several miles in the rear of the carriage, and that you are apparently going steadily away from it. But when at last you are thoroughly tired, and painfully hungry, the carriage rolls into the town, and sets you down at the door of the hotel, where you are soon filled with an excellent dinner and self-approval at the thought that you are actually in Volterra, in spite of the ingenious efforts of tiresome trains, malignant maps, anarchical time tables, and conscienceless cabs.

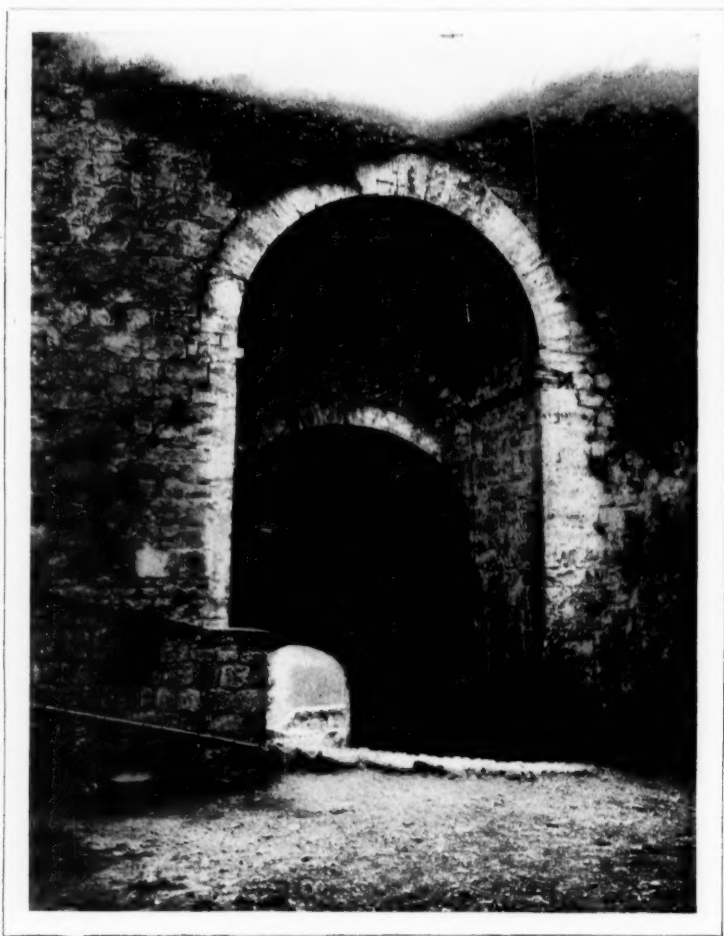
According to the guide-books the attractions of Volterra consist in its Etruscan walls and tombs, its picturesque mediæval buildings, and its alabaster works. In the days of the Etruscans it must have had many thousand inhabitants, for its ancient walls enclose a space of four miles and a half in circumference. It was besieged and captured by Sulla, and was more or less destroyed at intervals by the Romans and its mediæval enemies. At present it is a comparatively small place, and its inhabitants, who live almost exclusively upon alabaster, or rather on the proceeds of alabaster carving, are far from prosperous.

The chief hotel at Volterra is a compound building. Part of it consists of an immense square tower, with walls so thick that the windows are set in embrasures almost as large as the average New York "hall bedroom." The tower is at least six hundred years old, but the rest of the hotel is painfully modern, having been built no more than a hundred and eighty years ago. My bedroom would have delighted the soul of Mr. Ruskin, in spite of the fact that it was eminently comfortable. Its walls were hung with real tapestry; its ceiling was vaulted; a half-concealed door opened upon a narrow stone staircase, that led nowhere, for the reason that after ascending to about the height of the next story it was walled up. My windows looked into dark and narrow streets, and over the tiles of build-

ings standing at a lower level than the hotel. For Volterra slopes in every direction, being built on the very summit of a hill. In early days it must have been an enormously strong place, for there could have been no room outside of its gigantic walls where battering rams, catapults, and other artillery of the period could have been planted.

The Etruscans had always had a fascination for me, and it was this that drew me to Volterra. No one knows whence they came, or where they finally went. The Romans found them flourishing in Italy, but of their origin they knew nothing. Their complete disappearance is explained by the theory that they were gradually absorbed by other races, but this does not seem very plausible. The Greeks settled southern Italy before the time of the Romans, and to this day unabsorbed Greek cities still exist on the Adriatic shore, where Greek is the vernacular, and the worship of Greek gods is still secretly practised among the peasantry of the region. The unabsorbed Roman still inhabits the Trastevere, and the fair hair and blue eyes of the German barbarians are constantly seen throughout the north of Italy. Why should the Etruscan have been utterly absorbed, while the Greek, the Roman, and the Celt have in a measure defied absorption. What became of the Etruscans is really as great a mystery as their origin.

All that we know of them is that they were a people who built cities surrounded by immense walls, behind which they gave themselves up to the ceaseless manufacture of pottery. The Etruscan walls were far thicker and higher than the walls built by the Romans, but much of their height and thickness was mere surplusage. Their pottery was not manufactured for exportation, and the supply must greatly have exceeded the needs of the Etruscans themselves. Nevertheless, every Etruscan rose up early and made pottery with feverish activity until night. He must have done this every day, including Sun-



FLORENTINE GATE, VOLTERRA

days, until he died, and his friends seized the opportunity to get some small portion of his pottery out of the way by burying it in his tomb. Sometimes this pottery consisted of plain black earthenware of no real use, except as tobacco jars. Sometimes it consisted of elaborately decorated urns and vases that are beautiful in every way. What has troubled archaeologists is the fact that the Etruscans were so curiously insatiable in their craze for pottery. Why did they devote their whole

lives to the incessant making of pottery, until it accumulated in such quantities that they were compelled to bury it in order to keep room for themselves in their streets and houses?

Then again there is the mystery of the Etruscan inscriptions. These inscriptions are fairly numerous, but hitherto they have proved to be utterly undecipherable. The Etruscan is the only dead language that has defied investigation. Considered as a language nothing could seem more improbable than the hieroglyphics

of the Egyptians; but Egyptologists can read them with such ease that almost any given series of hieroglyphics can be read in three or four ways by an equal number of rival Egyptologists. Any language more utterly impossible at first glance than the Assyrian arrow-headed language could not well be imagined, but there are many learned men who can read, write and speak arrow-head with facility. And yet no man can make the least sense of the writings left by the Etruscans, although they are written in Roman characters. All that we know of the Etruscans seems unreasonable and preposterous. Naturally this makes them fascinating to every one who delights in mystery and the solution of puzzles. I need hardly say that, although I felt the fascination of the Etruscans, I had not the slightest hope, when I went to Volterra, of hitting upon a probable explanation of those remarkable people. Nevertheless I found there a clue to the Etruscan mystery, which I should like to submit to some archaeological Sherlock Holmes.

Early in the morning after my arrival I went forth from the hotel to inspect Volterra. Outside of the

door the inevitable guide was awaiting me, having doubtless lain in wait since the hour of my arrival the previous afternoon. He was a little, old man, with a curious pointed beard that seemed in some way to be familiar to me, and a glittering eye that suggested the prehensile organ of the Ancient Mariner. He was clean though shabby, and he lost no time in informing me that he was the only guide in Volterra, and that he would show me positively everything. I accepted his services, knowing well that short of homicide it would be impossible for me to rid myself of him. He led me rapidly down a steep street until we came to the great Etruscan gateway that is still in use, and is one of the proudest relics of the Etruscan city.

"This," said he, "is the Porta dell' Arco. It was built by the Etruscans three thousand years ago. My father was the principal architect. Here"—and he tapped with his stick on a projecting block of stone—"I have sat many times, watching my father as he scourged the idle workmen. You believe this, Signore?"

He looked at me with a manner half beseeching and half threatening,



THE ROOFTOPS OF VOLTERRA



416 ETRUSCAN ARCHED GATEWAY IN THE FOUR-AND-A-HALF MILE WALL WHICH SURROUNDS THE CITY OF VOLTERRA

and I instantly appeased him. "Why should I not believe you?" I asked. "I assure you that I have as much confidence in your statements as I should have if they were to be printed in the very yellowest newspaper of my native land."

"A thousand thanks," replied the guide with profuse gratitude. "The signore is not only capable of distinguishing truth from falsehood, but he is also a true gentleman. Now last year there came to Volterra an English signore, and I showed him this gate, and spoke to him of my father, as I have spoken to your excellency. He looked at me, and he said in his language, 'Garn!' I know not precisely what the word means, but I saw that he disbelieved me, and I gave him back the cigar he had given me although I had smoked only half of it and it was good, and I left him and saw him no more. Signore! I am a poor man, but I have my honor!"

I comforted the guide by assuring him that "garn" was an English exclamation meaning much the same thing as "bravo." He straightened himself perceptibly on hearing this veracious explanation, and expressed regret that perhaps, after all, he had misjudged the Englishman, and had been over-scrupulous in returning the half-smoked cigar.

"I am," continued the guide, "an Etruscan. I am the only Etruscan now living. I am three thousand two hundred and eighty years of age. I know all about Volterra, and how could I know so much if I were not an Etruscan?"

I had already made up my mind that the poor man was undoubtedly mad, but his seemed to be a harmless sort of madness, and it could not seriously interfere with his efficiency as a guide. So I humored him, and cheered by my calm acceptance of all his assertions the old man chirped gayly, and on the whole intelligently, of Volterra, the Etruscans, and the modern Italians, for whom he expressed an antique and austere contempt. "The Italian sol-

diers!" he said in reply to my expressed admiration for a company of infantry that we had passed in the chief piazza of the city. "Yes! they are good enough to meet any modern enemy, but you should have seen our Etruscan soldiers, when they marched from here to join Porsenna the king of Clusium. My father was a centurion, and went with them. They were soldiers such as you will never see."

"I thought you said your father was an architect," I remarked,

"Perfectly so," he answered, "he was an architectural centurion. Your excellency does not doubt me?"

"Not in the least," I replied. "I have often seen ornamental soldiers, and I should not be a particle surprised to meet an architectural, or a monumental soldier. There are many kinds of soldiers—too many in fact."

The man smoothed his pointed beard with an air of satisfaction, and then it flashed upon me that he wore it in precisely the same way as beards were worn by the Etruscan figures painted on burial urns.

"This," presently remarked the guide, as we paused at the foot of the great Etruscan wall, "is the largest part of the old city wall. His excellency will observe the great size of the stones of which it is built, and he will understand that the Etruscan workmen were men of the strength of giants."

"What I don't understand," said I, "is why you built your walls so high and so thick. Walls half the size would have been ample for the defence of the town."

"We built them so high and thick as you see them," replied the guide, "because there was no salt tax, and there were many nightingales."

The explanation seemed to me to leave something to be desired, but I accepted it in the absence of a better one. It did seem strange that without the help of steam cranes the Etruscans could have lifted those immense blocks of stone to the top of the great wall. I tried to think

of any probable way in which the work might be done, but I could think of none, except that they may have used inclined planes, an explanation which had always irritated me when put forth in connection with the building of the pyramids. It leaves unanswered the question how did the builders of the pyramids build their inclined planes? So after pondering the matter for some minutes I appealed to my guide.

"In those days," said the guide, gesticulating in a scientific and impressive manner with his forefinger, "we understood some of the uses of lemons which the people of to-day have forgotten. That is how we raised those great blocks of stone."

I wanted to suggest that baking powder might have done the work more easily, but I feared that he would think I was ridiculing him, so I simply said: "Of course! That explains it perfectly." And then we turned back to the town to inspect the Etruscan museum.

It is a good museum, in spite of the fact that it contains a picture-gallery filled with paintings by masters so old that it is obvious to the most uneducated observer that they must have painted long after senility had claimed them for its own. However, one need not look at the pictures, unless he is a new and inexperienced tourist, who still regards all Italian pictures with holy reverence. The Etruscan vases and other objects are numerous and interesting, and there is a collection of Etruscan jewelry which few women could see without perpetrating an immediate and compound fracture of the tenth commandment. Also there are a number of Etruscan inscriptions that seem plausible when looked at carelessly, though the most learned philologists have found them undecipherable.

"You, of course, can read the inscriptions in your native language," I remarked to the guide.

"Surely," he replied. "My father taught me to read when I was four years old. He was a most learned

man, and could write with both hands at the same time."

"Then do me the favor to read the inscription on that tombstone," I said, pointing to a slab of stone covered with letters.

"That is not a tombstone," said the guide in a pitying voice, "it is a public notice. This is what is written on it — 'Smoking is strictly prohibited.'"

"And what is that other inscription on the side of the thing that looks like a frying-pan without a handle?"

"That, Excellency, says 'The Socialist Club of Volterra meets here every Sunday evening at eight o'clock.'"

I thanked the guide, and complimented him on his knowledge of the Etruscan language. It is not for me, who know no Etruscan, to cast doubt on his reading of the inscriptions, but it struck me that he was rather too fluent in his rendering of them.

The piazza where the Palazzo Pubblico stands is, perhaps, the most picturesque part of Volterra. It is likewise the windiest place in that windiest of towns. Usually it is thronged with furtive conspirators, wrapped in black cloaks, and obviously hastening to some meeting where dark deeds are to be perpetrated. Also there are scores of chattering girls with dangerous eyes, and old women who, by their wrinkles, suggest that they too, like my guide, have survived the siege of Sulla. Nothing better adapted to meet the deep wants of the soul of the tourist who clamors for the picturesque and the mediæval could be asked for. After emerging from the museum I spent the next half hour in enjoying the piazza and in walking at random through the gloomy streets of the mediæval town, before I yielded to the guide's reiterated advice that we should see the alabaster factory.

There is a certain kind of alabaster found near Volterra which is found nowhere else in Europe, and this is manufactured in vast quantities, and sent all over Italy to be bought by tourists, and immediately broken in

their trunks. Alabaster confronts you at every step in Volterra. If a small boy throws a stone at a dog it is a piece of alabaster that, in any place but Volterra, would be thought valuable. If a man wants a gravel walk in his garden he crushes slabs of translucent alabaster until they are fine enough to take the place of gravel. If you ask for a hot brick to be placed in your bed at the hotel, the chances are that it will be a brick of alabaster. Why the Etruscans did not engage in the alabaster industry, instead of confining themselves to pottery, is as mysterious as everything else pertaining to that mysterious people.

I bade the guide farewell at the door of the hotel. He asked only three franks for his services, but I gave him more. I reasoned that if he were really a lunatic it was an act of charity to help him, and if he were a liar his boldness and ingenuity in lying deserved substantial recognition at the hands of a journalist. I submitted the question of his sanity to the head waiter, who, I might mention, was an extremely pretty girl, but I gained little satisfaction by so doing.

"Old Checco?" she remarked, when I had told her my experience with the guide. "He is a good devil. Some say that he is a little mad, and others that he is only more clever than other people. Who can tell! The poor man must live, Signore, and in this accursed city it is hard to find bread to eat."

I am still uncertain whether the man was insane or a liar, but he certainly did suggest to me a new, and I think plausible, explanation of the Etruscans, which is that they

were all mad. Their extravagance in building preposterously big walls, their inexplicable craze for making endless pottery, their undecipherable inscriptions, which may have been merely the incoherent scribbles of lunatics who fancied that they were writing intelligibly—all these things can be explained by assuming that the Etruscans were mad. And then if we assume that madness was immensely prevalent in Italy two thousand years or so ago, and that the sane people gathered the lunatics together, placed them in cities with immense walls over which they could not climb, left them to pass their time in making useless pottery, and called them "Etruscans" because the word sounded better than "lunatics," and was less likely to hurt their feelings, we can account both for the origin of the Etruscans and their disappearance.

I do not expect that this theory of the Etruscans will meet with much acceptance. I tried it on a German professor whom I met at dinner in Pisa, and when I had finished my explanation he rose up hurriedly and went away, leaving his dinner unfinished. The proprietor of the restaurant where I dined was an old acquaintance of mine, and he told me as an excellent joke that the German had complained to him of having been placed at the table side by side with a dangerous madman. But I console myself with the reflection that from time immemorial great discoverers have been suspected of madness. I only wish that German would go to Volterra, and spend an hour with my Etruscan guide.



A GREAT ENGLISH SCHOLAR

By H. A. L. FISHER



HERE need be no hurry to estimate the historical work of Frederick William Maitland. He had no rivals, he will have no successors; centuries may elapse before any one will arise with the rare combination of endowments which made him so unique and commanding a figure in historical literature. Everything which he wrote, in earnest or in jest, in a volume or on a postcard, bore the unmistakable print of his vivid genius. To those who knew him, his learning, which was deep, wide, and accurate, was not the greatest thing about him. They can speak of the beautiful modesty which was part of his character as it was part of his scholarship, of his prudence and tact in affairs, of his radiant wit, his fresh and humorous insight into men and things. In the memory of many he will live as the best and liveliest of companions, the gayest of the gay, a fountain of brilliant sayings, a man so light and nimble of wit that it seemed improbable that he had swallowed libraries of dry and technical knowledge, and yet with that persistent habit of darting to the core of a question which marks the penetrating mind. Of Lord Acton he once said that the pearl of his humor was often mistaken for the pebble of fact. No one could enjoy Maitland's company for long, without reaching the conclusion that his pearls of humor were fished from the bottom of the well of truth. Many a great historical argument was compressed into a brilliant epigram.

It has been said by one competent

judge that no finer intelligence has ever been devoted in England to the study of history. Other men have told captivating stories, but none have applied themselves to the most difficult, the most important, the most fundamental problems with an equipment so completely adapted to solving them. Maitland possessed in the highest degree qualities which are seldom united in one man. He was a good practical lawyer, who had read with a conveyancer, and knew by experience the far-reaching practical implications of technical phraseology. He was a philosopher, familiar with the world of abstract ideas, and walking with ease in the rarified atmosphere of legal metaphysics. Endowed with wonderful powers of eyesight he made himself an impeccable paleographer, and in later years a great teacher of the deciphering art. That it was in him to become a philologist of the highest rank was made apparent when to the amazement of his friends he settled the grammar of Law French in a preface to a volume of fourteenth-century year-books; that he had mathematical talent was clear from a subtle dissertation on the land-measures of Domesday. No learning was too tough or technical for his acumen; no detail too small for his patience; no drudgery too repellent for his zeal. His lucidity and humor in exposition made every fragment of his knowledge quick and living.

Every great life has a unity of its own. Maitland's life was dedicated to the exploration of legal antiquities. He might have been many other things, a musical critic, for instance, or a judge, or a metaphysician; but

fortune determined that he should be an historian. It was perhaps fortunate that after a brilliant undergraduate career at Cambridge he should have failed to obtain the coveted Trinity Fellowship, for the failure sent him to a conveyancer's office in London. The niceties and humors of the law found a love such as they have rarely had. Every legal phrase and formula became for him charged with history, with the tragedy and comedy of human things. "The glad-some light of jurisprudence" shone upon his head. Then, after some ten years in London, a moment came, memorable in the annals of English historical writing, when Maitland realized what his task was to be.

An eminent Russian scholar, Paul Vinogradoff, informed him of an unexplored ocean of legal records, of a mass of continuous testimony lying in the Public Record Office in London such as no other nation in the world possessed. In an instant Maitland's mind was made up. He would at least make an effort to redeem the reproach to English scholarship. He drove to the Record Office and asked to see the pleas of the Crown for the County of Gloucester, his native shire. The publication of these plea-rolls of the year of grace 1221 was his first serious contribution to mediæval scholarship. "Perhaps it may be welcome," he wrote, "not only to some students of English law, but also (if such a distinction be maintainable) to some students of English history. It is a picture, or rather—since little imaginative art went to its making—a photograph taken from a point of view at which chroniclers too seldom place themselves. What is thence visible in the foreground is crime, and crime of a vulgar kind, murder and rape and robbery. This would be worth seeing even if there were no more to be seen, for crime is a fact of which history must take note, but the political life of England is in the near background. We have here, as it were, a section of the body politic which shows just those most vital points of which,

because they were deep-seated, the soul politic was hardly conscious—the system of local government and police, the organization of county, hundred, and township." The date was 1884; Maitland was then thirty-four years old.

Twenty-two years followed filled with achievement so arduous and triumphant that it is difficult to believe that it could have been accomplished even in a long and vigorous lifetime. The feat becomes all the more remarkable when it is remembered that it was the work of a delicate man, continually harassed by pain, and condemned for the last few years of his life to winter in a southern clime. Bracton's Notebook, a collection of cases decided in the King's Court during the reign of Henry III., was edited for the first time in 1887, and at once placed the editor in the first rank of English scholars. The three substantial volumes showed all, or nearly all, Maitland's gifts, his inexhaustible patience in pursuit of the "elusive fact," his wide knowledge of French and German mediæval law, his light, firm touch, his grasp of general principles. In one sentence,—"*Bracton learns rationalism rather than Romanism from Azo's book,*"—he settles the relation between Roman law and the native system of mediæval England. Such an editor the academic world could not afford to lose. Cambridge reclaimed him first as reader, then at the first occasion promoted him to be Professor of English Law. The title of his inaugural discourse, delivered on 13 Oct., 1888, was significant: "*Why the History of English Law is not Written.*" It was only learning such as his own, "wide and deep, tough and technical," undaunted by "tons of unprinted plea-rolls," which could put the history of English law on a scientific basis. "What is got more cheaply will be guesswork or a merely curious collection of odds and ends, of precarious odds and questionable ends."

The "*History of English Law,*" published in 1895, is a measure of the

rich results which may be achieved by the genius and diligence of one man. Much of the material out of which the history was built had been deciphered, copied and edited by Maitland himself, nor is there any work in English mediaeval history, with the possible exception of Stubbs's masterpiece, which so completely revolutionizes our knowledge of the subject with which it deals. Stubbs had prodigious learning, a strong, shrewd judgment and a gift of humor; but Maitland had more besides, —a freer spirit, a power of philosophic speculation to which the clerical historian did not pretend, and a finer gift of divination. There are four chapters in the first volume of the history which should be printed on the mind of every intelligent youth who wishes to understand the secret of the persistence and wide diffusion of the English common-law.

It has often been regretted that Maitland did not carry on the history beyond the reign of Edward I; but he was scholar enough to see that to write history before the materials for history had been published, was to continue a bad tradition. By his energies the Selden Society was founded for the purpose of publishing such material as might illustrate the early history of English law; and the literary director of that society lived to see the appearance of no less than twenty-one volumes, edited with a fine and lavish scholarship which has not been surpassed even by Stubbs's contributions to the *Rolls* series. Eight of these volumes were Maitland's own work; the remaining thirteen were due to his initiative, and passed, sheet by sheet, under his supervising care. Like Sergeant Maynard he had "a relish of the old Year Books," contending that in the Year Books or law reports of Edward II.'s reign he was giving to the world more first-hand mediaeval conversation than could be gathered from any other source. These law-reporters of the fourteenth century were very human beings. "What they desired was not a copy of the chilly record cut

and dried, with its concrete particulars concealing the points of law. . . . What they desired was the debate with the life and blood in it; the twists and turns of advocacy, the grip courteous and the countercheck quarrelsome." Even the profane may derive amusement from these volumes of ancient legal debate rendered in Maitland's crisp English from the quaint law-French of the period.

The Selden Society, with all its editorial labors, did not exhaust Maitland's energy. The machinery of an early Parliament was revealed in a splendid volume contributed to the *Rolls* series. An Anglican fable, which, owing to some indiscreet encouragement from the great Stubbs, was working some havoc among innocent minds, was dissipated by a masterly treatise on the English Church and the Canon Law, which proved up to the hilt that every portion of the Canon Law was accepted in England prior to the Reformation. No one, after Maitland had been over the ground, could any longer contend that the Church of England was "Protestant before the Reformation and Catholic afterwards." Meanwhile, in *'Domesday Book and Beyond,'* he had attacked the most difficult controversial problems of Anglo-Saxon antiquity. The "History of English Law" had dealt somewhat slenderly with the Saxon age; but only two years after its appearance, Maitland, who was never afraid of puzzles, in this, certainly the most ingenious and brilliant contribution ever made to Anglo-Saxon history, explores the origins of borough and manor, and indeed all the vexed problems of Anglo-Saxon jurisdiction, finance and agrarian organization. The argument from known to unknown, which had been applied to agrarian problems by Seebohm, is here used with greater cogency and learning over a wider surface; and even if some of Maitland's conclusions may be rejected, the book will remain a classic. Its value lies in its method, its wonderful marshalling of evidence, its grasp of

the complexity of ancient arrangements, its realization of the haziness of the barbarian mind, "the thoughts of our forefathers, their common thoughts about common things." In the eighteenth century it had been the fashion to contrast the complex artifice of civilized life with the simplicity of the state of nature. Maitland believed, with Hegel, that the course of history disclosed a growing rationality, and that early institutions were the irregular products of indistinct thought. The beautiful arguments in "Domesday Book and Beyond" were afterwards reinforced by speculations on the growth of the idea of the Corporation, which was shown to be a refined and comparatively late legal conception. Here was a field congenial to Maitland's vein of gay and learned subtlety. A course of lectures on Township and Borough, delivered to the University of Oxford, entranced an audience, who knew nothing of legal metaphysics or municipal antiquities; and the conclusions which were yielded by a close study of Cambridge history, were subsequently driven home in a translation from a work by the great German scholar Otto Gierke, who reaches Maitland's results after a general survey of the political theories of the Middle Ages. Maitland always followed the ore. It sparkles up into the sunlight with every stroke of his pick.

When the Cambridge Modern History was planned by Lord Acton, Maitland was taken into constant counsel, and to him was entrusted the task of describing the Anglican settlement in the early years of Elizabeth. The criticisms which ignorant men have levelled against this wonderful chapter are depressing to those who believe in the function of criticism; but for all students of the religious settlement in the first four years of Elizabeth's reign it will and must be the beginning of sound knowledge; for it is marked by three rare and sovereign qualities: a complete detachment from theological

prejudice, an extraordinarily close and sensitive inspection of motive, and a strict exclusion of every shade of thought or atom of knowledge which belongs to a date subsequent to the facts described. The sixteenth century was not Maitland's period, but he has set the stamp of his genius upon it. Approaching the age from the point of view of a lawyer, he was struck by the fact that while in Germany and Scotland the Renaissance was accompanied by a reception of Roman law, England stood outside the general stream of tendency. In a Rede lecture on Sir Thomas Smith the cause of this phenomenon was explained. It was shown how there were those in the reign of Henry VIII who would have welcomed the reception of Roman law, a system favorable to absolute power, how there was a moment when the common law was in danger, and by what forces that danger was once and for all averted. From this brilliant little treatise American citizens may learn why their law is what it is.

The life of high and passionate scholarship demands heroism, and heroism is often akin to inhumanity. Maitland might have attained success by many paths. He preferred to devote himself to a career poor in earthly rewards, and full of arduous and sustained endeavor. The heroism was clear. There has been no more valiant record of pleasures resolutely abjured, time strictly economized, physical pain vanquished by iron force of will. There was never a piece of work scamped; there was never a sign to the outer world that the author of this buoyant literature was not himself rioting in boisterous health. But if there was heroism, there was also humanity. Just before he sailed upon his last voyage, reviews had begun to appear of the "Life and Letters" of his friend Leslie Stephen. That book cost Maitland much, for it was written straight from the heart, from one of the noblest and tenderest hearts that ever beat.

"A HOUSE DIVIDED"

The author of this article feels that it is too intimate and personal to appear above his signature. THE EDITORS.



O every man whose boyhood fell within the period of the Civil War and of the events immediately leading up to it, that long and savage struggle must forever remain a prime element in experience. As I look back to my own childhood, the time before 1861 seems as a sunny land of dozing quiet, shut away behind a high, impassable wall from the turmoil of the period that immediately followed, and from all the thickening years even to this day. My ear even now seems to catch from behind that wall the soft, barefoot patter of the few slaves that trod the streets of our little Border State village. In the drowse and hush of that sunny vanished land I see dim familiar figures moving with languid grace, and faces that link that time almost with the beginning of the Republic. Indeed, some half-beliefs and semi-superstitions of the period seem one with far earlier times.

There in especial is my old great-aunt of the picturesque Huguenot name, who told me quaint tales of her early life on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. As girls, she and her sisters year after year wove silken bolting cloths for her father's mill, and made coarse, comfortable garments for his slave family. The old lady drew graphic pictures of the fishing shore, and of seine-hauling at night by the light of the pine-knot torches. Fireside gossip of the Revolutionary period had told her of the Tory "black camp" near her father's house, and to her dying day she be-

lieved that Great Britain contemplated the reconquest of the United States. She recalled the salt-boiling on a narrow sand-spit fronting the surges of the Atlantic, and the return home of winter evenings across the seven miles of salt water between the beach and the mainland, when her father had to stride up and down his long narrow "bugeye," and keep his negro oarsmen awake with a whip lest they drop the oars, and freeze in their slumbers. She remembered the drive in her father's gig from her Eastern Shore home to Philadelphia, a matter of two hundred miles, and could repeat after fifty years the song of the negro pepperpot venders in the streets of Philadelphia:

Pepper pot, piping hot,
Got chicken in it, too.

She recalled, as well, a scurrilous rhyme of the days when Federalists and Democrats were arrayed against each other. As a matter of fact her father might have had a share in the first election of Washington, so that she, with her vivid memories, seems to identify the drowsy land behind the wall, not with the century so recently ended, but with our colonial period in which her father was born. He lived, indeed, to delight in Scott's novels, and to name some of his slaves for favorite characters in "Ivanhoe." He had a Gurth, a Wamba, a sable Rebecca, and even a dusky Rowena. Only the descendants of his slaves now bear the family name, and I wonder whether there are yet black Gurths and Wambas on the Eastern Shore. I have the old gentleman's portrait in oils, no doubt by a travel-

ling painter, which shows a gray bullet head, a smooth-shaven, ruddy face, a good nose, a firm mouth, and a merry brown eye. His high-necked, blue, brass-buttoned coat seems to mark him as essentially a man of the eighteenth century, though he lived well into the nineteenth. On the quiet Eastern Shore of his day, however, the centuries overlapped.

One of my liveliest visions of the period is that of my tall, elder brother with tense, angry face silently tearing all the leaves of a book from its cover, and thrusting the volume bodily into the fire. That book, I make small doubt, was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or possibly Helper's "Impending Conflict." It was a matter of astonishment to the child, such a performance by the infallible elder brother in a house where books were almost sacred things; but even that significant vision does not disturb the peace of the sheltered land behind the wall, as I now recall that dim, delightful country.

Another vision of that land and period shows me a green arch spanning the dusty village street in front of my father's house. Where the keystone of the arch would have shown had it been of masonry, instead of vine-wreathed wooden poles, there hung a bell woven of white flowers. The emblem was that of the so-called Constitutional Union party, which in 1860, with futile opportunism, sought to ignore the burning issue of the time, and to send Senator Bell to the White House in the name of the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws. Even the turmoil of that election did not suffice to break for me the peace of my afternoon land behind the wall. It was all a spectacle provided for the delight of childish eyes,—the daylight parades in which appeared wagon-loads of girls in red, white and blue, each to typify a State of an unbroken Union; better still the torchlight processions at night, when neighbors afoot, and other neighbors looking half-heroic and wholly unfamiliar on horseback, moved through

the village street beneath the flare of their smoky torches to the music of shrilling fifes, until they seemed in their distant trailing mass like a great fiery serpent. Ever since, on frosty October nights beneath the stars I seem to hear that shrill music of the fifes, and to see those fiery serpents unroll their enormous coils.

With that picturesque campaign and election came for us the end of peace. We were Copperheads, and uncomfortably conspicuous as such, for a peculiarly bold and hated leader of the faction was a relative bearing our own name. As a matter of fact, I was the only male member of the family to escape arrest for disloyalty. One brother was seized just as he was about to lead a band of Marylanders into the Confederacy from the Eastern Shore of Virginia; another was banished to the South with a family of our friends at Cumberland. Both brothers eventually joined the Confederate army. My father, pastor of two large country churches, was seized with half a dozen of his neighbors rather late in the contest, and required to take the oath of allegiance. The oath forbade him to give aid and comfort to his own sons.

A Copperhead household in a Border State was in an anomalous position, especially when one of the name was almost daily denounced in the newspapers for sensational acts of opposition to Mr. Lincoln's administration. My childish prayers went up for Jefferson Davis's government. My toy ships were named for the Confederate privateers. Day after day I left the sidewalk and took to the dusty or miry street rather than pass beneath the American flag, which waved from the front of the village post-office. I distinctly recall the family gathering and the expressions of satisfaction when I brought home from a knot of street gossips news of the disastrous Federal defeat at Ball's Bluff. We passed our loyal neighbors then with averted eyes, and firmly believed them the instigators of the petty persecutions that we suffered. My loyal schoolmates

taunted me with my hated name, and occasionally expressed their disapproval in acts.

Nevertheless we Copperheads had whatever compensation lay in strong private conviction of a righteous cause. Perhaps the Copperheads will be the very last of those who shared in the turmoil of the Civil War period to receive dispassionate treatment at the hands of posterity and of the historian. Looking back in the light of what has followed, I see how wrong we were, and remember how right we felt. The bitter indictment of the time against us was a true bill: claiming the protection of the flag, we execrated it; and exercising all the privileges of American citizens, we rejoiced at every defeat of the Federal arms, hated the authorities at Washington, and desired nothing so much as the triumph of the Confederacy. We believed that liberty was persecuted in our own persons and those of our fellow-Copperheads; we were convinced that the party in power was bent upon turning the Federal Government into a permanent despotism.

In our partisan blindness we saw in Mr. Lincoln, not the man of infinite patience and charity, amid that desperate conflict ever mindful of the time to come when the mutual enemies of that day should again be brethren in a common country, but the head of a hated tyranny. The blameless beauty of his thought, the almost flawless charm of his style, the simple power of his noble eloquence, were all lost upon us because our perceptions were dulled by the bitterness of the time. The son of a near neighbor, having crept home from the Confederacy to his mother's bedside, was seized and condemned as a spy. Friends on proper terms with the authorities interposed in his behalf, and the clement Lincoln, it was said, declaring it a pity if a poor lad could not visit his sick mother, signed his pardon; but even this act of grace left us stonily unchanged in our opinion of the President.

Strong as effective public opinion

was against the Copperheads, a Copperhead family in our village did not suffer odium in mere lonely rectitude. In fact, there were heart-warming little assemblies at one house or another, when minds were freed, and congratulations were exchanged. Boxes of clothing and dainties were made up for the Confederate prisoners in a neighboring fort, though we willingly believed that the best of all we sent was confiscated and enjoyed by the jailers. There were stories of unnecessary suffering at the fort, of three hundred wretched prisoners huddled together with only one stove to warm them in winter. Now and then some one whispered a tale of an escaping prisoner sheltered and sent on his way in a safe disguise. At such gatherings there was a quiet exchange of news from the Confederacy, for other families than ours had sons and brothers in the Confederate service. Now and then some one brought to the meeting a Confederate flag, and saucy girls occasionally wore in public the colors of the Confederacy.

We watched with joy the advance of Lee into Maryland before Antietam, and later the invasion of Pennsylvania, which seemed to promise a fulfilment of the boast that the horses of the Confederate cavalry should drink of the Delaware at Philadelphia. When a portion of Milroy's broken and defeated troops marched through the village, we heard with scorn of the feast spread for them in the street by our loyal neighbors. Philadelphia we hated with a peculiar hatred, as a great community arrogantly calling itself loyal, an adjective that we especially detested. That splendid expression of a people's loyalty and charity, the Sanitary Fair, we flouted with bitter contempt. For us the Emancipation Proclamation was just another proof that the Administration prosecuted an unnecessary war, not to preserve the Union, but to free the slaves. Of what worth a Union pinned together with bayonets? we triumphantly asked. We believed not only that

General Butler habitually purloined domestic silver, but that General Grant was a drunkard, and the President a social barbarian. Hardly any rhyme in ridicule of Mr. Lincoln was too bitter to please us, scarce any caricature too brutally unjust.

The crown of martyrdom was ours when the Copperhead leader whose name we shared was seized and tried by court-martial. The country cried aloud for his blood, and we hardly expected anything short of death as the judgment of his captors. I fear we failed to see the humor, wisdom and mercy of the sentence as commuted by Mr. Lincoln to banishment beyond the Confederate lines. Then came the great disappointment of Gettysburg, to be followed by other Federal victories premonitory of the end. Even, however, amid these triumphs of the enemy we had the consolation of watching with sympathy and glowing hearts the heroic struggle of the doomed Confederacy. There were, too, bright spots of victory even for us. Part of a command to which one brother belonged made a daring raid into Cumberland, Maryland, and carried off two general officers in the presence of 10,000 Federal troops. The captors numbered one hundred men. Did not this, we asked, justify the modest boast that one Southerner was a match for four Yankees?

Often have I asked myself how my father, whose blameless life won him in old age something like a saintly reputation, could have justified to his own conscience his attitude of sympathy toward a cause having for its objects the disruption of the Union and the perpetuation of slavery. He had been a Whig in youth, and was all his life a keen lover of politics. He had taken part as a delegate in that enthusiastic National Convention at Baltimore in 1844, which nominated Henry Clay for the Presidency. He had practised law with Edwin M. Stanton, who upon occasion shared his office, and whom he remembered not altogether pleas-

antly as a man of dictatorial temper, given to browbeating witnesses and even the court. Slavery he had known in its mildest form on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. My mother had been a slaveholder with an uneasy conscience, as her father before her had been. At the death of the latter a considerable sum of money, found in the attic of his quaint old house, with its double chimneyed gables, was conjectured to be the price of the only slave he had ever sold. He could not quite bring himself to profit by such a transaction, though he compromised with his conscience by placing the tainted money where his heirs were likely to come upon it.

To a man thus acquainted with slavery, the abolition movement, with its intensity of denunciation, and its hideous pictures of the hated institution, was at once shocking and puzzling. I am not sure that he ever came to realize the ugliness of slavery *per se*, and the fact that some of the slaves of his wife's family continued long after the abolition of slavery to be the loving and loyal hired servants of persons connected with their former masters by blood or marriage perhaps strengthened his prepossessions touching the institution. He held the abolitionists responsible for the Civil War, and when the war came he vainly endeavored with many other Border State men to occupy a middle ground. Circumstances came to cut that ground from beneath his feet, and almost in spite of himself he was more sympathetic with the Confederate cause than even the relative whose audacious activities procured him banishment. He took his stand with entire good conscience, and, carefully excluding all political references from his pulpit utterances, was genuinely scandalized by brother ministers who preached abolition and loyalty. Doubtless he loved the Union and would have been glad to see it preserved on terms favorable to the South. All his life he idealized that region.

With the assassination of President Lincoln came a shock that

horrified and silenced for the moment all but the bitterest partisans of our little group. We made proper public display of mourning as our loyal neighbors did; but neither then nor for a long time after did we come to realize the greatness and goodness of Mr. Lincoln. I know we were shocked as if at sight of sacrilege when he was compared to Washington, and pictured as companioning the father of his country in Paradise. The malignant caricature of the man which had become our conception of him was etched too deeply with the bitter mordant of political hatred to be so easily effaced. I think we and our friends were a little impatient of the long display when the body of the murdered President was carried for days from city to city on its way home to Springfield.

With the war over, our immediate concern was for the missing members of the family. One had surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. The other, a mere boy, barely twenty, small of stature and wofully near-sighted, mounted on a mule, and provisioned with a little parched corn, had ridden manfully off, hoping to cut his way through to the armed Confederates in the Carolinas. The elder sold his horse Garnett, mounted upon which the Confederate general of that name had received his death-wound, and bought himself clothes with the proceeds. He quaintly said, "I got off Garnett's back and put Garnett on my back." Both brothers finally reached home. There was nothing in the outfit of the elder to indicate that Garnett had been a specially valuable horse. As to the younger, a photograph of the period shows him a rather ludicrous figure. I am not sure but he came home in his Confederate gray. The plight of these young men was that of several hundred thousand other young Confederates, with the additional hardship in the case of the latter that they often returned to ruined homesteads and neglected lands in a country where civil government was about to be turned into a ridiculous travesty of itself.

There were murmurs among our loyal neighbors at the presence of these red-handed rebels in the community, and threats of violent expulsion. Then came a hopeful sign of the times: a neighbor's son, who had come back from the Federal service with the honorable scar of a bullet wound through the cheek, actually fraternized with the returned rebels. That act was worth more than a whole printed volume of arguments to support the theory that a Union may be pinned together with bayonets. Here was a wound healing by first intention; there in our little group reconstruction had really begun. Among the non-combatants, however, the fires of those old hatreds long burned and smoldered. We and our loyal neighbors were slow at reconciliation. It seems even at this distance of time almost a miracle that the children of some such families are among my nearest friends. The heat and the bitterness of the period still occasionally seem to burn and bite through all the intervening years, although I have exactly reversed my own inherited opinions touching the merits of the conflict, and the marvel yet appears, not that the vanquished remember, but that any one forgets. As to my father, the war left him much where it found him. He outlived its close, however, almost forty years, and saw the middle of his nineteenth lustrum. For the last quarter-century of his life he walked the village streets a silver-haired patriarch, pursued by the affectionate glances of old and young, and laying his hand upon the heads of little children with a touch that seemed to carry a benediction. Some of his loyal neighbors, who shared with him the serenity of those long closing years, seemed to forget that they had ever applied to this gentle old man the bitterest term of a bitter time, and he in turn seemed, in his later relations with those whom he had almost held as personal enemies, to typify the new reign of national peace and good will.

"MY COUSIN THE BOOKBINDER"

AN IMAGINARY MONOLOGUE. TIME, 1824

"O, I am so poorly! I *waked* it at my cousin's the bookbinder, who is now with God; or if he is not, 'tis no fault of mine."

CHARLES LAMB (to Patmore), 1827.

By E. V. LUCAS



So you've been reading that, sir, have you? I have a copy, too. I'll fetch it and show you. . . . The inscription? Oh, yes, that's all right. He's my cousin, true enough; his real name's not Elia, of course; his real name's Lamb—Charles Lamb. He's a clerk at the East India Company's in Leadenhall Street—a little dark man with a large head. Must be nearly fifty by this time.

"Genius," you say? Well, I've heard others say that, too—one or two persons, that is, customers of mine; but I don't know. Perhaps I'm no judge of such things. I'm a bookbinder. The outside of books is my line, not the inside. Oh, yes, I've read Elia's essays—not all through, perhaps, but here and there. 'Genius,' you say? My idea of genius is not that. I like a straightforward thing. Did you ever read the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' by Thomas Gray? Now, there's genius. So beautifully it goes—never a trip in the tongue from beginning to end, and everything so clear a child could understand it, and yet 'tis literature, too. My little girl used to say it. 'Rasselas,' too—do you know that? The happy valley and all the rest of it. That's genius, I think. But not this twisted stuff, going backwards and forwards, and one never feeling quite

sure how to take it. I like a plain man with a plain mind.

"It's just the same with my cousin when you meet him. You never know what he's at. He's so nice, sometimes, all heart, and friendly—and then the next time I have a notion that everything he says means something else. He leads me on to talk—just as I am now to you, sir, and he seems to agree with what I say so warmly; and then all of a sudden I see that he's just making fun of me all the time. He must have his joke. He comes in here sometimes on his way from the office, and precious little he does there, I can tell you. Oh, they're an easy lot, those East India clerks!

"But with all his odd ways and that mischievous mouth of his, his heart's in the right place. Very different from his brother, who died a year or so back. He was nothing to boast of; but the airs that man used to put on! I remember his father well—a little brisk man, wonderfully like Garrick, full of jokes and bright, quick ways. He was really a scrivener, but he did n't do much of that in those days, having fallen into an easy place with old Mr. Salt, the Member of Parliament and a great man in the law. This Mr. Salt lived in the Temple, and little John Lamb—that is your Elia's father—he was his servant, did everything for him, and lived in clover. Mrs. Lamb, she cooked. Mr. Salt was the generous

kind—sent the boys to school and all the rest of it. They had it all their own way till the old gentleman died, and then things went wrong one after the other. It's too sad to talk about.

"Except that Mrs. Lamb and her husband's sister, Miss Sarah—'Aunt Hetty,' they used to call her,—never quite hit it off, it was as happy a family as you'd ask for. But there came a terrible time. . . . It's too sad. Where was I?—oh yes; so you see that Mr. John Lamb, Esquire, who died the other day, had little enough to boast of, but he walked about as if he owned the earth. He used to come in here now and then to give me an order, and he threw it to me as if it was a bone, and I was a dog. Many's the time I had it on my tongue to remind him what his father was, but I kept it back. A word unsaid is still to say. He was at the South Sea House, near his brother in Leadenhall Street, but they did n't have much to say to each other. Mr. John, he was a big, blustering, happy man, while this little one who calls himself Elia is all for quietness and not being seen, and having his own thoughts and his own jokes. They had n't much in common.

"Besides, there was another thing. There's a sister, you must know, sir, a wonderful wise woman, but she's not always quite right in her head, poor dear; and when it was a question of whether some one had to promise to be responsible for her or she must go to an asylum for the rest of her life, her younger brother, the writer of that book there under your arm, said he would; and he gave up everything and has kept her—it was thirty years ago very nearly—ever since. Well, it was thought in the family and by their friends that John, who was a grown man at the time and a bachelor, and beginning to be prosperous, ought to have done more than he did, and I think that sometimes he thought so too, although he was usually pretty well satisfied with himself. Anyway, he did n't go to see his brother and sister much, and when he did I've

heard that there was often trouble because he would have his own way and argufy until he lost his temper. I was told as how he once had a dispute with Mr. Hazlitt, the writer, over something to do with painting, and knocked him down. Just think of knocking a man down about a matter of paint! but there's some that high-handed they'd quarrel over anything.

"Like his little brother, he tried writing, too, but he could n't do it. He wrote a little tract on kindness to animals and brought it here to be bound in morocco. Not to give away, mind, but to keep. 'Author's copy' I had to letter it. . . . 'Kindness to animals,' I nearly said to him; "what about kindness to sisters?" But I did n't say it.

"The sister? Ah, yes, she's the pick. She's a great woman, if ever there was one. I know her better than any of them, because when they were living near here, and her brother—your Mr. Lamb, the author—was at his office, I often looked in with a pork chop or some little thing like that. There's no jokes about her, no saying things that she does n't mean or anything like that. She's all gold, my cousin Mary is. She understands everything too. I've taken lots of troubles to her—little difficulties about my children and what not—and she understands directly, for all she's an old maid, and tells me just what I want to know. She's the clever one. She can write, too. I've got a little book of her stories and some poetry for children; here they are—I bound them myself. That's the best binding I can do, real Russia, and hand-tooling, every bit of it. Did she write all of them? No, she did n't write all, but she wrote the best. Her brother Charles did something to each, but I don't mind that. I think of them as her books—Mary's. If only she had better health she would write much better than he does; but her poor head! . . . Every year, you must know, she goes out of her mind for a little while. Oh, it's too sad! . . .

"Have they many friends? Oh, yes, a good many! Most of them are too clever for me; but there are some old-fashioned ones, too, that they like for old sake's sake. They're the best. One or two of them are very good customers of mine. There's Mr. Robinson, the barrister, he brings me lots of books to mend, and I've had work for Mr. Alsopp, too. But as for your Mr. Lamb—Elia—never a stitch will he have put into any book, even if it's dropping to pieces. Why, he won't even take the dealer's tickets off them. He never thinks of the outside of a book, but you should see him tearing the heart out of them by the light of one candle. I'm told he knows more about what books are worth reading than anyone living. That's odd, is n't it? and his father a little serving-man! Life's full of surprises. They say he knows all about poetry, too, and helped the great poets. There's Mr. Wordsworth—why, he dedicated a book to my cousin! I've got it here, 'The Waggoner,' a pretty book it is, too—and Mr. Coleridge, who wrote about the old sailor man and the albatross, he let my cousin put some little poems of his own into one of his books. It turns one inside out when one thinks of this and then of the old days, and his father powdering Mr. Salt's wig. But I suppose everyone's father had to work once. Still, it's funnier when one belongs to the same family.

"Now I come to remember it, his father used to write a little, too—free and easy pieces for a charitable society he belonged to, and so on. It's odd how writing runs in a family. But there won't be any more Lambs to write—John left no children, only a step-daughter, and Charles and Mary are single. This is the end. Well—

"Yes, they've moved from London now. They are living in Islington. They used to live in the Temple, for years, and then they went to Covent Garden, over a tinman's. Miss Lamb liked that better than the Temple, but her brother liked the Temple best. It gave her more to do, poor dear, during the day, because her sitting-

room window looked over Bow Street, and she could see all that was going on. I'm afraid Islington is very dull after that. She could see the two great theatres, too, and they both loved the play.

"He wrote a farce once. I went to see it. Nearly twenty years ago, at the Lane, when Elliston had it. We had orders for the pit, my wife and I, and the house was full of clerks from the South Sea House and the East India House. But it would n't do. 'Mr. H.' it was called, and the whole joke was about the man's full name. But it would n't do. No one really minds names, and his was n't so monstrously bad—only Hogsflesh when all was said and done. All his friends did what we could for it, and the gentlemen from the great offices cheered and clapped, but the Noes got it. I never heard such hissing. I climbed up on the seat to see how poor Miss Lamb and her brother were taking it—they were right in front just by the orchestra—and there was he, hissing away louder than anyone. Think of it, hissing his own play! It's one of the best jokes I ever heard. But she, poor dear! she was just crying.

"No, he never tried the stage again, not to my knowledge. But I always say it was n't a bad little play. If he'd only let his sister touch it up it would have been all right. She would have told him that Hogsflesh was n't a good enough joke. She knows. . . .

"I went up to Islington to see them only last week, but he was out. A nice little cottage, but very quiet for her. Nothing to see but the houses over the way, and the New River, and the boys fishing for sticklebacks all day long. The river's absolutely in front of the house: nothing between you and it. Have you ever heard of Mr. Dyer, the writer? An old man, nearly blind. Well, he was coming away from my cousin's one day last year and he walked bang into the water before anyone could stop him. Plump in. It's a wonder he was n't drowned. There was an account of it in the *London Magazine* for December;

for my cousin's a terrible man to serve up his friends and have jokes against them. He writes about everything just as it happens. I'm always expecting he'll have me in one of his essays. In fact, to tell you a secret, sir, that's why I read them. But I don't think he's got me yet.

"Yes, Islington's very different from Covent Garden, and the Temple too, for though the Temple is quiet enough, you've only got to pop into Fleet Street to be in the thick of everything. When they lived there she used to like doing her shopping in Fetter Lane, because it was at the top of the Lane where she used to go to school years and years ago. For she's getting to be an old woman, you know. Let me see, how old is she? Why, let's see, when was Mary born? It must have been 1763; no, it was 1764. Why, she'll be sixty this year!

"What does she do all day?"

Well, she reads a great deal, stories for the most part. And she sews. She's very good with her needle. And then, she has her thoughts. And at night they play cards. He gets back pretty soon, you know. Those East India gentlemen, they don't do too much, I can tell you, and I'm told he's one of the laziest, always either talking or writing letters, I hear. There's a good story of him down there. One of the superiors met him coming in at about half-past ten, and he said to him, sharp-like, 'Mr Lamb,' he said, 'you come very late.' And what do you think my cousin said, the impudent little fellow? 'Yes,' he said, as cool as you like, 'yes,' he said, 'but see how early I go,' he said. I can't say it as he did, because he stammers and stutters, and I'm no mimic; but the

brass of it shut the gentleman up. My cousin told me himself. He likes to tell you his good things; but I can't understand a lot of them. Everyone has a different idea of what's funny. I'm with him, though, about old Munden. I could laugh at him all night.

"I'm troubled about them up there, so far from London and the theatres and the noise. It's a mistake to give up so much all at once. And they've given up their regular evenings, too, when people came in to play cards and talk. You can't ask busy folk to go to Islington.

"My cousin told me some bad news last week. She says that your Lamb—Elia,—although he has such an easy time and a large salary, wants to leave the East India House and do nothing. I hope they won't let him. I know enough of life and of him to see what a mistake it would be. It's a mistake to go to Islington; it will be a worse mistake to retire. He says he wants to live in the country; but he does n't really. Authors don't know what they want. I always say that every author ought to have a bookbinder to advise him.

"She knows it's all wrong, poor dear, but what can she do? He worries so. She sees him all miserable, and after she's said all she can against his plans she agrees with them. That's like good women. When they see that what must be must be, they do their best. But it is very sad. . . . It's her I'm so sorry for. He's the kind of man that ought to go to business every day.

"Well, sir, good-night to you. I hope I have n't been tedious with all my talk.

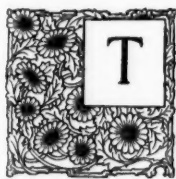
"No, sir, not quite a genius; but very clever, I grant you."



HENRY JAMES—"IN HIS OWN COUNTRY"

By H. G. DWIGHT

II



THE most obvious reason, to the mind of a friendly critic, why Mr. James is so slow to come into his own, is the impossibility of making anything like a final estimate of his work. While it is highly doubtful whether such a thing as a "definitive essay" ever was or ever will be written in this world, it certainly can not be done during the life of a writer so voluminous, so varied, and so novel as Henry James. The more so as the remarkable development which has taken place in his work has so far cut him off from his first audience that he is forced to gain a second at a time when most men of his calibre are reaping their successes. For him, therefore, the period through which great talents often pass, between their first vogue and their final acceptance, is doubly discomfiting. And, in the meantime, those who still feel disposed to make his acquaintance find small encouragement. No publisher has yet hazarded a collected edition of his fifty or sixty books, nor does it occur to librarians to repair the deficiency. At all events no public library in New York, where if anywhere one might expect to find the documents to one's hand, can afford a complete set of the writings of this not unknown New Yorker. To attempt to consider his published work as a whole is accordingly a formidable task. Yet it is only in that light that something of the import of the man begins to become apparent.

Curious indeed seem the freaks of

fame when we consider that on one of the earliest and slightest of his novels, "Daisy Miller," does Mr. James's reputation in America largely hang. It is, however, in the character of a novelist that he has most frequently appeared. Some twenty-five, or nearly half, of his books have been novels—a number which would be considered a very fair output for a man who had done nothing else. And whatever may have been brought against him, no one has ever accused Mr. James of being slipshod in his work. Yet he has made his mark in no less definite a manner as a writer of short stories. If it appear to the lay mind that a man who can produce so many novels merely requires a little patience to sit down and produce twenty volumes of short stories, the instructed are only too sadly aware that not every talent can pursue those two arts with equal success. But it is not alone to the fictive branches of literature that Mr. James belongs. His work as a critic, in fact,—although the later results of it have yet to be put into attainable form,—has won recognition from many who are unable to read his fiction. If the life of Hawthorne, in the English Men of Letters Series, should be included among his half dozen books of this class, that of the sculptor Story occupies a place by itself in American biography. And then we have said nothing of the early descriptive essays—that go on the same shelf with Hawthorne's "Our Old Home" and Howells's "Venetian Life" and "London Films"—of the ten or more volumes translated or edited, and of the many

stories and essays which have never been collected between separate covers. The fecundity of mind and constancy of purpose capable of producing so much work of so high an artistic level, with so little encouragement, would argue in itself a personality not without interest—were that the point at issue. So various is the expression of this personality, so novel in manner and matter, and so widely related to things beyond our Anglo-Saxon ken, that our inability, after forty years, either to accept or to reject it is perhaps not to be wondered at.

Proceeding in this way the affair of the second manner becomes easier to handle. That there is a second manner it is hardly necessary, at this late day, to point out. It has been made sufficiently patent even to the reader least versed in the technicalities of the art of which accident makes him a critic. It has not been made sufficiently patent to him, however,—because no one has told him and because it is hard to find out for himself,—that there are several Jameses of whom he must take account, and not one. Not only does Mr. James assume in turn the rôles of novelist, story-writer, critic, essayist, biographer, and editor, but each category of his work contains examples of his two manners. If, therefore, "The Sacred Fount" and "The Papers" and the new American impressions are Henry James, so are "Roderick Hudson" and "A Passionate Pilgrim" and "Transatlantic Sketches." And it seems to one reader, at least, that the difficulties of the former, elevated as they have been to the dignity of a tradition, are absurdly exaggerated. It also seems to him that the extreme tendency of the moment to recommend the telegram as a literary model has a good deal to do with it.

Far be it from us, however, to assume any appearance of special pleading for the second manner at the expense of the first. Whatever our opinion of the former may be, there is much in it to repay the study of

those who happen to be interested in the art of writing. And it is quite possible that the matter of its development may become in time an interesting point of literary history. The present scribe has often connected it in his own mind with a passage of Mr. James's second essay on Turguénieff, in "Partial Portraits." In this passage—which in spite, or perhaps because, of the comfort it would seem to give to the enemy one is sorry not to quote in full—Mr. James tells with the candor that is the mark of his criticism how he used to send his books to the great Russian novelist, and how the great Russian novelist, to the best of his friend's belief, was unable to read them. This, Mr. James opines, was because the manner was more apparent than the matter; they were too *tarabiscoté*, as I once heard him say of the style of a book—had on the surface too many little flowers and knots of ribbon." The reader is accordingly free to wonder if this experience would not naturally tend to have an influence upon what we may call, after Mr. James, the little knots of ribbon of his youth. So distinguished a stylist, and one so sensitive to the passing impression, cannot have failed to study his instrument—with a constancy of which our rough and ready writers can have no inkling—in every reflected light. Though if this particular light revealed what its beneficiary regarded as an excessive finish, it would seem on the other hand that he was not too easily to be moved. For the essay was written nearly twenty-five years ago, about the time of "The Siege of London" (1883), and before the celebrated second manner, which though less smooth could be called more *tarabiscoté* than the first, began to take its present form.

There is another passage in the essays of Mr. James which has a still greater significance with regard to the development of his style. This is in "The Lesson of Balzac," where he draws the distinction between poet and novelist, between the impression

of life and the image of life. In his own work, as it has grown more impersonal and more architectonic, it is easy to trace the gradual suppression of what he calls the lyric element. And, at the same time, one thinks of his essential modernity. This is an aspect of his critical work, in particular, to which Mr. Brownell, in the essay to which we have alluded, takes exception. Yet, from another side, the fact is significant not so much of the partiality of Mr. James's culture—it may well have seemed to him, in the days of Lowell and Arnold and Taine, that he had little to add to the commentaries of Dante and Shakespeare—as of his essential freedom from the academic, his so little noted relation to the men of his time, his outlook upon a time to come. Moreover if one were polemically inclined one might point out that not only does such criticism as his necessarily presuppose a background of academic culture, to be anything more than the merest beating of wings in the void; but that to discuss accepted traditions may conceivably require less keenness of eye and a less synthetic type of mind than to lay the foundations of tradition. At all events, that in Mr. James which leads him to criticise the men he has known rather than the men he has not known, to write of the society in which he moves instead of some society imagined or desired, to seize so infallibly the accent of the contemporary, must have led him more and more to conform his style to his idea of the real. And in that matter a letter which we might have quoted in the preceding paper has a high documentary value. For the writer belongs to the same craft, although indeed to a different branch of it, as that pursued by Mr. James. Mr. Charles Battell Loomis attended the lecture on Balzac, and this is what he says about it (*New York Sun*, May 19, 1905):

"I am not what is called an admirer of Henry James. I think that his present writing style is deplorable

and chiefly valuable as furnishing topics of conversation at afternoon teas between people who never read him and people who never understand him when they do read him.

"This morning I read in your literary notes that in his lecture on Balzac which he is reading 'to the chosen few who sit adoringly at the feet of this apostle of the complex,' his sentences are 'not designed to be understood' and 'are not constructed to be parsed.'

"May I be allowed to differ?

"Having a curiosity to see and hear the man who has irritated and interested me so many times during the last twenty-five years, I went over to Brooklyn to attend his lecture on Balzac.

"I have an ordinary intelligence, which was not unduly taxed, for Mr. James gave us a series of long but perfectly parsable sentences—sentences that curiously enough were not in the least reminiscent of the manner he uses when constructing his ingenious fogs. The sentences might have been called Evartsian in length, but the average high-school boy of to-day would have been able to grasp all that he said.

"Like Evarts, too, he showed himself to be possessed of a dry, shrewd humor (and this humor pierces the fog of his books at times, although his devotees would be surprised to hear it, as they are looking for something else and are too intense to recognize unlabelled humor).

"His written style lends itself most delightfully to parody, but his speech is that of a sincere man with something to say, and he says it delightfully.

"Were I to try to read 'The Ambassadors' again, I would again plunge into a London fog, not absolutely impenetrable and lighted here and there by flashes of wit and humor, but full of paths leading nowhere—literary *culs de sac*. James is wilfully obscure, and like those other humorists, George Bernard Shaw and Henrik Ibsen, he laughs in his sleeve at his devotees.

"But when it comes to his talk on Balzac, why, it's an interesting lecture about a wonderful man by a brilliant American, who, by the way, has scarcely a trace of English accent, despite the fact, that he was born in New York and has lived twenty years or more in England.

"Let us be fair and discriminate."

Let us indeed. For the important thing about this very frank and sincere statement is that the style of "The Lesson of Balzac" is precisely the same as the style of "The Ambassadors"—as the critic previously quoted from the *Sun*, for instance, evidently felt. The difference is that Mr. Loomis heard Mr. James read the former, whereas with the latter he never enjoyed that advantage. And the fact throws a striking light on the subject of the famous second style. The present writer has sometimes wondered if so small a matter as the habit of dictation might in the least be concerned in it; not at all for laxity, but for conscious approximation to the spoken word. The later manner of Mr. James is more than anything else a speaking manner. If it is not the manner of the barrel oration, nor yet of such picturesque varieties of oration as were first transcribed by Bret Harte and latterly by the young men in whom his influence mingles with that of Mr. Kipling, it even more sternly eschews what they would call fine writing. So colloquial is it, indeed, that many a reader otherwise amiably disposed would prefer the little knots of ribbon of the earlier days to the *argot* of Mr. James's present circle. It is probably safe to say that no one else has ever gone so far toward reproducing the actual course of thought and speech—which is to be figured not so much by the solitary tidal wave rolling unimpeded to its shore, as by the breaking crests of a sea subject to cross currents and inconstant winds. The clauses, the parentheses, the intonations of daily life are of course familiar enough to our ears; but they still have a strange-

ness for eyes accustomed to the telegraphic brevity of the newspaper.

This stretch of realism puts Mr. James into a category so new that he will not fit into any of our comfortable old pigeon-holes. Which would of itself create uncertainties, and be in no small measure responsible for the resentment he seems so curiously capable of arousing, without a tone that is highly exasperating to certain types of mind. There is too often, for instance, an unmannerly levity about him, as of him who should go into great company whistling, with his hands in his pockets. We relish the grand air better, and a proper sense of one's responsibilities. Then he will not tell you whether he is Guelf or Ghibelline—though he will sometimes leave you a horrid suspicion that he is neither. In other words, he does not obviously give you, as Mr. Brownell puts it, a "synthetic view of life seen from a certain centralizing point of view." It may be remembered that an old dramatist died in Norway not long ago, of whom the same thing was far more bitterly said. And life, the master of them both, has the same nasty trick of leaving you to draw your own conclusions. Nevertheless a partial reader is inclined to think that this attitude is what gives Mr. James his usually conceded supremacy as a critic. He is no dogmatist—or at least he never has been one since a few paragraphs of "French Poets and Novelists." He is not in the least concerned that he or his subject should prevail. His concern is the sufficiently exacting one of realizing his personal point of view, of allowing his characters to do the same. It would be hard to catch him in a phrase we quoted in the preceding paper, which betrays a weak point in mail so closely woven as that of even Mr. Brownell: "Of what he might have achieved by pursuing a different course, I cannot myself think without regret." That may be perfectly true and yet perfectly beside the question. To criticise a work of art in the light of what it

might have been is simply not to criticise it at all. And to those who find no principle of selection underlying such an attitude might be quoted two sentences from "Picture and Text": "Criticism is appreciation or it is nothing, and an intelligent appreciation of the matter in hand is recorded more substantially in a single positive sign of such appreciation than in a volume of objections for objection's sake—the cheapest of all literary commodities. Silence is the perfection of disapproval, and it has the great merit of leaving the value of speech, when the moment comes for it, unimpaired."

It is time to point out, however, that the novelty to which we bear witness is even less one of manner than of matter. We might learn to swallow Mr. James's split infinitives and the adverbs of his love. We might come to feel a degree of friendliness toward persons with invented names. We might—who knows?—discover a way through the multiplicity of commas so bewildering to an unpunctuated age. For mannerisms, after all, are a part of every artist's medium. And time might reconcile us to Mr. James's tone. But there would still be things to which custom alone could scarcely soften us. He demands, for example, more attention than many readers think a mere book deserves. He is concerned with the things of the mind, and he takes a corresponding concern for granted. More particularly, though, is he concerned with the things of what we call, for lack of a better word, the soul. Indeed this interest has gradually superseded others in him, making all his later work a series of studies in the dark drama of the inner life. This is the real difficulty of his books, rather than any external matter of style. Not only does he explore a field as yet almost unexplored, but he happens, curiously enough, to belong to a people the most objective of any, the least sensitive to the movements of the inner life. If, therefore, professional critics hint at a lack of common sense in him,

and a tendency to reinforce his observation by his imagination, it is scarcely to be wondered at that a public without leisure, and as yet unaccustomed to find amusement in the province of the intellect, should be somewhat nonplussed by books which not only compel thought but record things scarcely observed before.

The individual quality of Mr. James's work is best brought out by contrast with that of such a man as Rudyard Kipling. No two writers could be more different—and nothing could be more characteristic of our age than their well-known interest in each other. Children both of a wandering blood, and born outside the fold of their race, each typifies a phase of that race's greatness. The one speaks for all in it that is the fruit of time, of consciousness, of civilization. The other, with that in his veins which civilization never yet has quenched, is more at home in the hinterlands of civilization, where adventure wears a more open face than in boulevards and ball-rooms. And Mr. Kipling is likely to grow rather than to diminish. Even after we shall have lost the stimulus of his immediate presence, his art—that little contradiction in itself!—is too perfect, he falls in too completely with a certain saving restlessness of the spirit, for us to let him go. At the same time the preponderance of his influence over that of Mr. James has one very curious aspect. Nothing is more natural than that we in this country should have fallen so helplessly under his spell. The conditions of our life are very much the conditions of his. The more elemental qualities of man and the less tamed aspects of nature are those with which he, and we, are most familiar. But with the word civilization so often on our lips, and with the spectacle so portentously in our eyes of our effort to achieve it, there is some singularity in the fact that the civilized man should have for us so little interest. The pioneer, the soldier, the sailor, the artisan, the vagabond, the criminal, are

evoked among us to satiety. But where is the literature of the civilized man? Mr. James has been writing it for a generation, and we fly from it as from something unknown and abhorrent! If the situation be one from which a cynic might draw conclusions after his own heart, it is also one for the old proverb *de gustibus*. That proverb, however, might well be quoted anew to those who happen so strongly to prefer the literature of colonization to the literature of civilization. Such a preference is hardly the best of grounds for denying existence to the latter. The civilized man after all exists, poor dear, quite as palpably as the pioneer or the soldier or the sailor or the artisan or the vagabond or the criminal. Why then is he not equally worthy of study? He is a human being like another. He has passions, ambitions, sensations like another. It is even probable that his veins would be discovered to contain "red blood," although it may not lead him to speak in strange idioms or to fire pistols at inadvertent moments. And if the narrative of his achievements does not happen to constitute the "strong and snappy" story beloved of the magazines, it is not his fault. He is what we have labored with great industry, for many centuries, to make him. Desperate indeed is his case when we consider that after sailing seas and conquering continents to produce him we at last shrink in horror, like the creator of Frankenstein, from the work of our hands!

One should no more expect identities of taste among the experienced, of course, than among the inexperienced. But one might expect, in the case of the critics, a little more interest in phenomena as phenomena, irrespective of personal leanings. The declaration is not seldom made that while Mr. James may be clever enough in what he chooses to do, it is not worth doing. The present writer, for his part, has never been able to rid himself of a sense that either everything is worth doing or that nothing is worth doing. And

surely Mr. James is not to blame, as he says in "The Beldonald Holbein" ("The Better Sort"), if he is "so put together as to find more life in situations obscure, and subject to interpretation, than in the gross rattle of the foreground." One might expect, too, among critics, a little more alacrity in connecting certain signs of the times. A point not the least significant about the work of Mr. James is one that has been least dwelt upon. Different as he is from Ibsen, from Maeterlinck, from D'Annunzio, from Hauptmann and Sudermann, from Paul Bourget and Anatole France and the Russians, he is yet one with them, as they are one with each other, in a certain unmistakable trend of modern literature. Whereas the episode, and particularly the denouement, were long the main object of the writer's care, they had been strikingly affected by an awakening of interest in that which lies behind the episode and a growing sense of the continuity of things—a sense that nothing ever really begins or ends. Interest in the plot has therefore been steadily yielding to interest in the atmosphere of the plot. Indeed in some parts of the world the presentation of an atmosphere, entirely apart from any weaving of "intrigue," has become recognized as a legitimate end of creative art. And Mr. James is the first considerable English novelist—he has a slight advantage of years over Mr. George Moore!—to feel and to reflect this tendency. The repression of action in his later novels, the tracing of action to its secret sources, which to a public schooled in the older tradition seems perverted or ridiculous, may be primarily a matter of constitution; but it has the closest possible relation to a movement in the wider world of letters. If there is anything at all in what we vaguely call the *Zeitgeist*, it would seem that as consciousness increases, as we become more trained to the consequence of much that we have regarded as inconsequent, books like "What Maisie Knew" and "The Sacred Fount" and "The

Golden Bowl" will take on for us a new significance.

All this has a very intimate relation with another aspect of the work of Henry James, and of the disapproval with which his countrymen so frequently regard it. What has been noted of him with regard to his so marked interest in his own age is in fact worth noting. It has made him the first English writer to reflect certain tendencies of European art. It has also made him the first American man of letters to be a citizen of the world. Franklin, to be sure, was one—if we may call him a man of letters—and Lowell was of a wider world than that of his birth. Lowell, however, was essentially the offshoot of an English tradition, while Emerson and Hawthorne and Poe and Whitman stand out the more saliently, in their several degrees, by virtue of their isolation. They beautifully prove the secret bond between the local and the universal. But Henry James is the first to bridge the separating waters, to know at first hand the greater and more complex spectacle of life, to enjoy that companionship of the craft which is so high a stimulus and reward of art. Whereas others have seen the world as did those who made the grand tour in the good old times through the rattling windows and from the comfortable cushions of their own travelling coach, he has seen it as one who fares afoot and puts up at country inns and forms familiar ties with the people of the land. And it is the thing that his own people most lay up against him. They can forgive almost any of his shortcomings before they can forgive his exile.

Nothing could be more natural than such a feeling. It is the feeling always inspired by those who worship other gods than ours, who act from motives to which we do not hold the clue. Moreover it seems to include and express the disagreeable effect of Mr. James's other idiosyncrasies—the novelty of his subjects, the strangeness of his style, the

minuteness of his analysis, the lightness with which he goes about serious things, the curiosity he displays toward things which it is our Anglo-Saxon instinct to avoid, his evasion of our attempts to lay a finger upon one or another of the philosophies we profess. And this feeling is intensified by the nature of our relation to the world at large. Not only are we peculiarly isolated from that world, but we have been so deeply concerned for the success of our national experiment that the matter of comparisons has always been our tenderest point. In no other country, perhaps, is there so quick a national jealousy. The defection of Mr. James therefore touches us much more nearly than would otherwise be the case.

That this intensity of feeling will have an admirable effect upon our art and literature we cannot but expect. At the same time, we must admit that an incapacity to conceive how one's country may in any imaginable sense be less fortunate than another, however honestly and enthusiastically entertained, is not quite a disposal of the matter. Least of all is it so in our own case. We are too notoriously the product of the very things we disclaim. Separated though we are by vast oceans from the rest of the world, pursue though we may courses of our own choosing or of our own invention, the fact remains that without Europe we should not be. Thither do all American trails lead. Our civilization and our family trees alike have there their roots. Millions of us still have actual ties on the other side. We are, deep down in our blood, of an allegiance so divided that we must necessarily be, for all it may mean of good or ill, the nomads and cosmopolites of the earth. Our restlessness at home, the hordes of us that pour annually abroad, testify to it—and to a nostalgia for things our soil has not had time to produce. The matter is not one for resentment or denial. How could a land settled centuries after other lands, by adventurers of the most varied traditions, possibly

have had time to evolve all that the parent lands have evolved? And how else can we stimulate and strengthen the process than by returning again and again to our sources? The evolution proceeds, to be sure, thanks to the period at which it began, with infinitely greater rapidity than any other such process on record. And in the meantime we enjoy the peculiar incentives and rewards of a pioneering age. But for temperaments in which certain of our inherited traditions happen to be very strong, together with a sense of the gap between those traditions and our realization of them, there is much that this country cannot yet give. Indeed, in a way, there is less than there was. For our land, noble as it is and ever must be in all its natural features, is inevitably losing the charm, the mystery, of primeval nature; and before it can acquire the charm which is only of long habitation, it must pass through that terrible period of devastation and experiment characteristic of the first touch of man.

To state these facts in so many words is rather like proclaiming the law of gravity with all the fervor of a divine revelation. Yet when one of the most enlightened and enlightening of New York papers can inform its readers that an alleged musical atmosphere of whose absence certain eccentric persons are wont to complain is at last domesticated among us by the establishment of a large and handsomely endowed music school, one realizes again how much there is in our lively air to fill the room of any elements it may lack. One may accordingly entertain scant hope of making it plausible that there seems to be no essential bond between art and patriotism—between, say, a strong sense of color and a strong sense of the dignity of the ballot. If, however, we are not quite ready to countenance the general thesis that art has no country and must find the air which it can breathe, we will perhaps allow its application to specific instances. Those of certain

English and German poets, of certain masters of the Renaissance, occur most readily to one's mind—of whom it is notorious that not only did they often exhibit a strange indifference to ties of blood and party, but that it has been found very hard to state, in any such terms, what they stood for. The centralizing point of view of which Mr. Brownell speaks is precisely the point of view whose interpretation, in the highest art, admits of the widest possible diversity. Lest we seem, however, to hover in regions too lofty for our present purposes, it would be possible to refer to such names as those of Whistler and Sargent—or, in our immediate field, of Henry Harland and F. Marion Crawford. Nor do we appear to lay it up very seriously against them that their Americanism is strongly interfused with other elements. And even in the case of Mr. James we can hardly help according him the benefit of extenuating circumstances. It was not his fault that he was born with the one temperament that this country is least capable of satisfying, that he was taken as a child to Europe and put there to school. And after New York—that big bare rambling village of the forties and fifties and sixties, with its innumerable offences to the eye and its appalling emptiness of compensation for such offences—it does not seem altogether unnatural that Geneva and Paris and Rome and London, with all their lures of a richer, riper, comelier life, should have had for a young and sensitive mind a tremendous appeal.

But this is not by way of apology. It is merely to clear the ground. For the fact is that Mr. James is as truly and typically American as Hawthorne or Bret Harte or Walt Whitman or the strenuous young men of the hour. That he happens to be of another type takes nothing away from his representative quality—or from our honor. No other country could have produced him. And he has revealed a side of American life that no one before him has

touched. Expressive of our secret relation to the world from which we sprang, of that in us which reaches back after the things we have renounced, he has voiced the predicament of thousands of his countrymen that, as a literary property, is perhaps our most original contribution to letters. We are not, as some of us would like to think, a legendary race in its infancy face to face with the primal problems of man. Neither are we, as others of us would like to think, a historical race rich with the accumulations of ages. We are, rather, the younger sons of the ages, with a tradition and a country that do not match. Our feverish activity, our prodigious progress, are the haste of pioneers with civilization in their blood to create anew—and more perfectly!—the world from which they came. Our case therefore, as such things go, is something new under the sun. And Henry James, instead of blinking it or failing to perceive it, has discovered the dramatic possibilities of the case. The eager American, with slumbering things in his veins, trying to waken them in his own clear air or suddenly confronted by the embodiment of them in richer and headier airs—that picturesque contrast, with many of the variations of which it is susceptible, Mr. James has recorded with a consummate art.

The contrast is more than picturesque, however. For all in our life that is of the finer consciousness it has a stimulating critical value. And no other method could so bring out the distinctively American quality. A certain deep and delicate simplicity of it, for instance—as it were the wisdom of the ages filtered through the primitive condition—Mr. James has particularly dwelt upon. Madame de Mauves, Isabel Archer, Christopher Newman, Francie Dosson, Milly Theale, the unforgettable Strether, and Adam and Maggie Verver of "The Golden Bowl," testify so strongly to it, are altogether a tribute to their country so much higher than any one else has paid,

that they disprove more effectually than any argument the charges of injustice and lack of patriotism so often brought against their creator. But of course the comparative method, disinterestedly pursued, is bound to reveal the less flattering points of the picture with the more so. Thus it is that the lives of Hawthorne and Story, and the recent American papers, often offend our passionate national sensitiveness. They are, nevertheless, documents of a striking and important kind. Of the last in particular it can be said that nothing of the sort has been done, with the same degree of sympathetic penetration—unless by Dr. Hugo Münsterberg. As free on the one hand from the animus of most foreign critics as they are on the other from the fatuous complacency of the average native, they form a valuable commentary, social and æsthetic, on the democratic experiment. They supplement too, in a highly suggestive way, the studies which have latterly been making objective certain aspects of our industrial and political life. But Mr. James's experience has been fed from so many sources as yet closed to us that we can hardly be expected to see with his eyes. Only a later generation, rich in a thousand things which we to-day must go without, and able to look back upon our time as we look back upon the dark ages of the early nineteenth century, will be in a position to judge of his attitude.

So, for one who does not happen to agree with the majority of his countrymen on the subject of Henry James, is it possible to account for the so marked indifference revealed by his return. The various elements of novelty in his work, that in it which tends to grate upon tender sensibilities, and the absence—as yet—of a proper perspective from which to regard it, would seem to afford reason enough for discounting anything that may be said about present unpopularity or the lack of qualities needful to fame. It must remain for the future to decide

whether a work so voluminous and so studied was merely the most portentous of mistakes. But in the meantime we may note two or three points which the event of history will not affect. Significant as it is of Mr. James, for instance, and of our country, that he should be so deeply concerned with the finer flowers of civilization, his significance does not reside in the fact that he has written of drawing-rooms and ancestral acres rather than of mining shacks and the untrodden wild. Others have gone farther afield and have brought home emptier wallets. He has taken a longer step than any of his contemporaries in relating the scene of every day to the background of

mystery against which it moves. And at a time when the cheap and easy seem almost to be at a premium, he has afforded one of the few examples of a talent never contenting itself with the second best and never ceasing in its own line of development. Moreover, with reference to ourselves, it is not necessarily detrimental that upon our huge welter of races and traditions, so largely unconscious and unguided, there should sometimes be cast a light from without. Nor is it any dishonor to us that one of our own countrymen should have been the first, in his generation, to open a door between English letters and the wider world.

DR. SOMMER AND "THE ARTHURIAN CYCLE"

57-59 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W. C.

3d APRIL, 1907.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUTNAM'S MONTHLY."

SIR: In the article, "The Arthurian Cycle," contained in your March issue, I find a statement which has been turning up at irregular intervals in the daily press during the past eighteen months. As this is the first time it has appeared in a responsible journal, I hasten to correct it.

The statement is as follows: "The first volumes of 'Le Morte Darthur' were published at his own [i.e. Dr. Sommer's] expense and with the aid of an enthusiastic friend."

I beg to state in the most emphatic way possible that the entire expense of publishing the three volumes of Dr. Sommer's edition of the "Morte Darthur" was borne by my firm; that the said expense included a sum of £75 paid to Dr. Sommer; and that the latter did not contribute directly or indirectly one penny towards the cost of production. If this statement is challenged, I am prepared to substantiate it by submitting my account-books to Mr. George

Haven Putnam or to Professor Kittredge.

Under the circumstances, I think it desirable to put on record the history of this edition. It was originally planned to occupy two volumes, and on the basis of the printer's estimate I offered it to subscribers before completion of the two volumes at £1.1.0. As the work progressed, Dr. Sommer found that the projected two volumes were insufficient for the exhibition of his results. Yielding to his earnest request, I agreed to bear the cost of a third volume, running to some 400 pages, and to issue the additional matter to the original subscribers without charge. After its issue I raised the price of the three volumes to £2.10.0, which price is still valid.

I must further add that the major portion of the cost of producing Dr. Sommer's edition of "Le Roman de Merlin" was borne by my firm; the remaining portion of £150 was paid by me to Dr. Sommer. In both of these cases there has been a heavy loss, and I am still some £300 out of pocket by these books and by Dr. Sommer's edition of the "Recuyell

of the Histories of Troye" which I likewise published at my expense.

All the preceding facts were and are perfectly well known to Dr. Sommer. I must leave it to the judgment of American scholars to say how far they bear out the statement that "the land of his adoption had strangely refused him an outstretched hand." On the contrary I assert, and am prepared to submit correspondence in support of my assertion, that Dr. Sommer has been treated with unexampled liberality by the "enthusiastic friend" to whom reference is made. Concerning his treatment of that enthusiastic friend, I prefer to say nothing.

So far I have written as a publisher. Writing as one of the small band of Arthurian scholars, I must protest more emphatically against the tone of the article, a tone only

to be excused by the writer's ignorance.

The great progress in Arthurian studies during the last twenty years is not, as might be imagined by the unwary readers of the article, the achievement of one but of many scholars. Most of them gladly recognize and sustain the labors of their fellow-workers. Dr. Sommer's own contribution has been substantial and meritorious enough to make it as unnecessary as it is undesirable for him to act differently.

I am, dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

ALFRED NUTT.

[Miss Stedman begs us to say that she regrets the unfortunate error regarding the editorial and publication expenses of "Le Morte Darthur."

THE EDITORS.]

TRAVELLERS' TALES

By CHARLOTTE HARWOOD



APRIL snowstorms and May showers failed to discourage that strenuous bird of passage the American woman, who for weeks past has been flying to other lands—lands that are fast becoming "home" to her, and may, indeed, by reason of her many-nationed ancestry, be claimed as a birthright. Europe is glad to welcome her, and the refreshing rain of dollars that accompanies her, and the kingdoms of the Old World vie with one another in providing her with all the comforts of home, and many discomforts not of home, but so sprinkled with the sugar of distractions and novelties, and the quiet—also not of home,—that they are rendered more than tolerable. The "genteel poor" as well can be sure of a welcome in Europe, and rest and refreshment for the soul.

For those whose object is merely a pleasant summer, and not the social whirl of London or Paris, Europe offers an embarrassment of riches, and the question of where to go is rendered a problem. England is always beautiful, with a restful, alluring beauty all her own; always cool, *not* always wet, and, by reason of the language, always comprehensible. Cross the Channel, and we are in a foreign country. The tower of Babel looms before us, and those who have not the Pentecostal gift feel strangely lonesome, like deaf and dumb folk, though interpreters buzz around like mosquitoes on the Jersey coast. But this strangeness is offset by the charm and novelty of all we see around us, whether we journey through France, Holland or Germany, or, leaving England for a *bonne bouche* at the end of the trip, take the steamer from New York straight to Italy, where perhaps New Yorkers are apt to feel most at home by reason of the swarms of

"dagoes" in the streets. Any one who has travelled from London to New Haven through the lovely counties of Surrey and Sussex, where one is "all in the downs," and then, crossing to Dieppe, has journeyed through the beautiful valley of the Seine, the heart of Normandy, to Paris, must have been struck by the similarity of the landscape in the two countries. One feels that the two coasts must once have touched each other and parted gently to let the Channel pass through, the whole landscape broadening as it stretches into France, rivers becoming longer and valleys wider with the greater size of the country. Normandy teems with interest. Not only is it a beautiful and fertile land, but it is studded with lovely old churches and castles, ruins that would delight the heart of the most ruinously affected of Americans, and historic remains that would be the fortune of any American summer resort. It is therefore with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation that one takes up Mr. Louis Becke's* "Sketches from Normandy," only to lay it down in grim disappointment. Not that the book is not well enough written, nor that it fails to provide a certain amount of humor. But the question is whether it was worth writing at all. The author and his family merely "happen" into France, and stay there; but if they had half the disagreeable experiences he relates, one wonders why they stayed. There are mildly humorous tales of French sport, of clumsy French maids and sharp landladies; of a slightly amusing person called "Jimmy Potter"—he is, in fact, the personage of the book; of an unfortunate "eldest daughter," whose mission is to do the necessary complaining; of a dog, also a "personage"; and a chapter of good advice to those who would go to cheap farmhouse *pensions* on the strength of advertisements. But it all seems such a waste of Normandy. All these things, the usual uncomfortable experiences

of people who try to live on small means, might as well have happened anywhere else. There is none of the charm of Normandy and little of the atmosphere. But for the French interpolated they might as well have been sketches from Pittsburg, where charm is not, and atmosphere can be spared.

Normandy does not, however, monopolize all the historic buildings and picturesque ruins of France. Down in the South, in Languedoc, Provence and Gascony, are cathedrals and cloisters of bygone ages enough to feed all the slaves to the picturesque and the past that our land contains. It is a true pleasure to wander through these dim aisles in company with Elise Whitlock Rose* as author and Vida Hunt Francis as illustrator, to tread in the steps of Crusaders, and see the massacres of the Albigenses, to be with the Popes at Avignon and hear Queen Joan of Naples pleading her cause, with her new husband, the murderer of her old one, beside her. We note and appreciate the insight into the peculiarities of each cathedral, the careful verification of facts and the giving of local tradition as such only. The whole south country has been thoroughly and faithfully explored and many remote corners, unknown to even the most rabid globe-trotter, are unveiled in story and picture. The pictures, indeed, are not the least delightful part of the book, being numerous and complete. It is evident that loving and conscientious thought and ample time have been given to the making of these volumes, which are full of interest, architectural, historical and picturesque. But, though sufficient information is vouchsafed, it is not as a text-book or treatise on architecture, but rather as a pleasant travelling or even fireside companion, that these volumes must be regarded.

It is but a step from France into Switzerland, that little country that we are too apt to regard as merely a

* Sketches from Normandy. By Louis Becke. Lippincott.

* Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France. By Elise Whitlock Rose and Vida Hunt Francis. Illustrated. Putnam.

place where hotel-keepers house tourists. But a glimpse into Mr. Clarence Rook's* volume quickly dispels that illusion. Here we have the story of Swiss patriotism and the growth of the gallant little republic—some say the only true democracy in the world—from the time of the meetings on the Rütli to the present day of the hotel-keeper's apogee. A picturesque story it is, of the sturdy mountaineers defying the Austrian power, Tell and Winkelried and their brave followers founding a little haven of liberty in the midst of all the tyrannies of Europe. Swiss history does not stop here, however, and the struggles of the Reformation, Zwingli's part in it and Zwingli's character are carefully described and in them is explained the means whereby the men of different religions were enabled to live peaceably side by side at a period when disabilities and even persecutions were the rule elsewhere. The author also makes it clear how one patriotic nation has been welded out of several communities of different speech, so that French, German and Italian are forgotten in devotion to the little republic of Switzerland. The work is in no sense a guidebook, but primarily a short, easy history of the Swiss Confederation, though chapters are devoted to Switzerland in other aspects—one on "Lake Lemman in Spring" chatting pleasantly of the charms of that neighborhood, while another treats of "Literary Associations." Others on winter sports, on the Swiss as schoolmaster, as soldier, as engineer and, last but not least, as host, relieve the volume of pedagogic quality. The colored illustrations make one long to take steamer and train to so wonderful a country. No doubt we have as fine scenery at home, but alas and alack! we have not the same system of hotels and inns, our roads are inhospitable, and the American of small means dreads to venture far from home, knowing that, as he cannot afford to go to the "gilt-

edged" hotels, nothing but an overcrowded, noisy, fly-spotted boarding-house can be his fate.

In all parts of Europe it is different, and if we journey from Switzerland to Italy we may be sure to find applicable the sentence that was inscribed on an edition of Zola's works, "Entertainment for Man and Beast." As for the beast, we do not know, but the average man or woman will find plenty of entertainment in Mrs. Champney's book on the Italian villas.* The author is well known for her series of "Romances" on the French Feudal and Renaissance Châteaux and the Abbeys, and she has a way all her own of dealing with her material. She takes a subject of deep human interest, such as Bianca Capello or Vittoria Accoramboni, studies it from all points, gazes long and earnestly at all pictures of it, reads about it, goes where it went, lives where it lived and listens to all the old traditions about it. Then, when she is thoroughly saturated with her fascinating theme, she weaves a romance about it that may or may not be absolutely true, but that surely impresses the reader as what "might have been." The heroines of these romances do not always stand forth just as we have been accustomed to think of them, but the atmosphere is there, and Italy's subtle charm steals over us, the warm, sweet-scented air, the flowers, the fountains, the lovely women and gallant men. The tragic note is perhaps lacking. Power is not Mrs. Champney's strong point. Maurice Hewlett does this sort of thing better; he knows Italy as she was, and dips his pen in the blood she has shed and the wine she pours forth, while Mrs. Champney's style suggests rather the honey-sweetness of her flowers. But with the subjects she has chosen it would be hard not to make a readable book, and this one is eminently so, and the illustrations add greatly to its interest. Only the villas of Northern Italy are described, Tuscany, Lombardy and

* Switzerland, the Country and its People. Written by Clarence Rook. Painted by Effie Jardine. Putnam.

* Romance of the Italian Villas (Northern Italy) By Elizabeth W. Champney. Illustrated. Putnam.

Venetia having been the fields of the author's delightful wanderings.

Many others have wandered in Northern Italy, among them Mr. Thomas Okey,* whose little book appears in the series on Mediæval Towns. It will be found a most useful guide to Venice, as well as a history of the enchanting city. The fore part of the book is devoted to history; old chronicles have been freely drawn on and modern historians consulted to great advantage, while the best-known writers on Italian, especially Venetian, art have indirectly aided the author to give a concise and clear account of the treasures of architecture, sculpture and painting. Part II renders the book practically useful to visitors, giving a complete description of Venice as a city, of its churches, palaces and galleries, with all that they contain, and the outlying islands, with useful advice as to the best means of going to these places, and a map of the whole.

For those who fancy a trip on the Rhine, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould† has adequately provided. He describes the river in detail, though he disclaims all thought of writing a guide-book or mere collection of Rhine legends. "A traveller wants, or rather should want," he says, "more than an enumeration of objects of interest, and to know something more than fantastic fables attaching to some of these. He should understand the meaning of what he sees, how things came to be as they are now seen." This is quite true. But the scope of his work has enabled him to give only scraps of history, and the result is that the book is neither a chatty travelling companion nor really very enlightening, while the style is a thing to be avoided.

What is not to be avoided, but to be most highly commended, is a new edition of the letters of James Howell. This "Clerk of the Council in Extraordinary" under Charles I

and "Historiographer Royal" under Charles II left a voluminous correspondence,* and, though but one of the four volumes in this new edition tells of journeys abroad, that one is so delightful and presents such a contrast to our luxurious modern travelling, that it will afford as much entertainment as any modern book of travel, and from the other volumes one can obtain a vivid picture of the writer's times. It is like reading old newspapers of near three hundred years ago. Amsterdam, where he first landed, impressed him by her great prosperity, equality of means and cleanliness; of Antwerp he says, "There are few places this side the Alps better built and so well streeted as this." Paris he describes as a place that good Americans would not care to go to when they die, though in life they might (New Yorkers at least might) have felt strangely at home there: "the streets generally foul, all the four seasons of the year, . . . a world of coaches, carts and horses of all sorts that go to and fro perpetually, so that sometimes one shall meet with a stop half a mile long of those coaches, carts and horses that can move neither forward nor backward by reason of some sudden encounter of others coming a cross-way, so that often times it will be an hour or two before they can disentangle." Perhaps the "good Parisians" of the seventeenth century came to New York when they died, and tried to reproduce those conditions here. In St. Malo the author was "curious to converse with some of the lower Bretons who speak no other language but our Welsh," a fact that may still be noted in Wales, where the Breton boys who come over in the summer selling onions can speak with and understand the Welsh people, and are deaf and dumb to the English. Through Spain he travelled with keen observation, and on to Italy, where Venice soon held him captive—"a place where there is no-

* The Story of Venice. By Thomas Okey. Illustrated by Nelly Erichsen. Macmillan.

† A Book of the Rhine. From Cleve to Mainz. By S. Baring-Gould. Illustrated. Macmillan.

* The Familiar Letters of James Howell. With an Introduction by Agnes Repplier. 4 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

thing wanting that heart can wish." "The Neapolitans," he says, "make strong, masculine promises, but female performances, . . . and if in a whole flood of compliments one finds a drop of reality, it is well." Florence is "a city so beautiful that the great Emperor [Charles V] said that she was fitting to be shown and seen only upon holidays." Now that we have our choice of tunnels whereby to cross the Alps, we realize what a perilous undertaking travelling was when we read of Howell's journey on foot from Turin to Lyons, which he made in company with some pilgrims, being,

"by some disaster, brought to an extreme low ebb in money." The whole volume gives, indeed, a quaint picture of places and people in the seventeenth century; news of so many of the stirring events of the time came to him so quickly that, as Miss Replier says in her Introduction, "it is hard to realize he was not always an eye-witness of the events so graphically described." It is a book that seems as fresh to-day as when it was written, nearly three centuries ago, and, though it may never be popular, it will always be valued by the discriminating few.

THE LURE OF THE MOUNTAINS

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY



REMEMBER being in one of the forest-covered hill parks which give a touch of the wild to Seattle's suburban beauty. A typical summer afternoon of the coast country, the sky was absolutely clear save for a mist bank above the southeastern horizon. Slowly it began drifting apart until it but partially veiled the massive white figure it had obscured. A few moments and the cloud curtain was gone entirely, but it dissolved so slowly that part by part was the great dome seemingly built by Nature before one's eyes. And Nature with the instinct of the artist deftly concealed the base on which her sculpture rested, making it appear as if this dome, radiant in the sunlight, was suspended in the skies by an unseen hand.

"Our mountain has shown itself at last. I had n't seen it for a week." The remark of the man, who standing near me was also gazing on this tableau in the heavens, aroused curiosity.

"Why do you call it our mountain?"

"Because it is ours," and he looked at me surprised at the question. "You must be a stranger here. Everybody in Seattle knows Rainier belongs to us, even if the people over in Tacoma call it after their town."

Yes, over in Tacoma it is Mount Tacoma, and there also it is "our mountain." Up in the valley cut out of the Oregon country between Mount Hood and Mount Adams, the people north of the Columbia pay homage to Adams, those across the great river to Hood. The teamster, the cowboy, even the Indian on the way across the Painted Desert look at the peaks of San Francisco with something besides curiosity as they see them pink in the afterglow of the desert sunset. It may be admiration, it may be awe of this bit of the world which has been upheaved on the plain far isolated from other ranges, but San Francisco is Arizona's mountain.

It would be interesting to know just what influence the snow-covered tops of the earth have had on the humanity of the West—the effect they have unconsciously produced in broadening out its men and women. Merely the spectacle of one,

protruding as it were out of the sky, makes an impression upon the visitor who sees it for the first time which is seldom forgotten; and the people, whether of Seattle or Tacoma or the little hamlet which has just grown from the woodland clearing, having such a vision almost daily before them, do not weary of it. To them it never becomes monotonous. The man of the Pacific coast is enthusiastic about his mountains as about his gold mines or his city lots. The East is "tame" to him, largely because he misses the evidence of might, of vastness, which the mountains, whether in peak or range, convey to him. When he speaks of his home country as "big," he is thinking not merely of how it measures from end to end, but of its distance up and down. To the guest he points to Shasta or Rainier or some lesser peak with the same pride that the Eastern man shows his friend Niagara's gorge or Mount Washington.

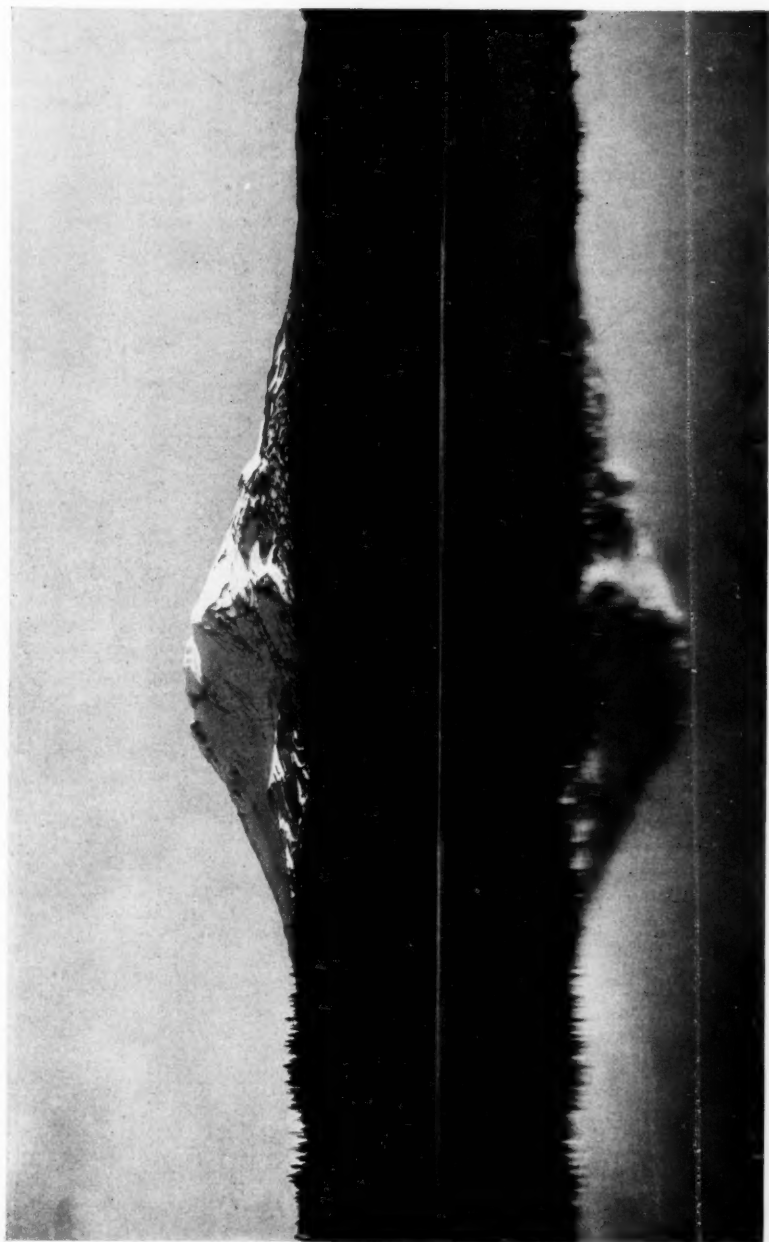
To the stranger in the coast country or the Oregon country, the general familiarity of the people with that other region above them, that country above the clouds, is surprising. The ascent of summits, the exploration of glaciers, is a common method of whiling away the vacation days. In the conversation heard in the home, occasionally in the store and office, are many words that strike strangely on the ear. They are mountaineering terms, coined in the absence of better words to express the meaning, and are yet to be printed in the dictionary. Here is a land where only the pony trail may be available for travel, hence both sexes and nearly all ages are accustomed to the saddle; nor is it considered remarkable for a woman to journey without escort to the camp or cottage of friends, though the way may lie through the depths of the forest with only the blazed trees for a guide, or through mountain passes where there is no human habitation.

On a July afternoon a dozen years

ago, a group of about a hundred people looked down upon a sea of clouds from the little plateau that marks the highest point on Mount Hood. To be two miles up in the world is an event to be remembered in a man's life. To many of these adventurers it was their first victory in the attack of a mountain whose top was clothed in a garment of perpetual snow, and they celebrated it by forming themselves into a society which combines recreation and education. To be eligible to membership in the Mazamas you must have ascended at least one peak whose summit is snow-clad; but, besides enjoying the pastime of the alpinist, the society seeks knowledge of the mountain. The study of the glacier, of the flora and fauna of this upper land, is among the objects to which it devotes its attention. Publishing the results of its investigations from time to time, it has done a good work in making us better acquainted with the great pinnacles of the world which are contained in our own country.

Since that first meeting on Hood's crest, the Mazamas have increased in numbers until over five hundred people have enrolled themselves; but there is also the band which John Muir has so often led into the wilderness to become for the time children of nature. The Sierras can likewise be counted by hundreds, and, while they prefer exploring the great parks in the wilderness, their study of this outdoor region has added many valuable data to the fund of information we possess. Nor is this fascination confined to the West. From the East have come the Appalachians. Not content with climbing the ranges in New England and the Middle States they have made numerous ascents in the Rockies and Cascades, including some peaks never before conquered. The flag of the Rocky Mountain Club has been planted on several of the highest points in America by its daring members.

It is worth while to follow one of



SUNRISE ON MOUNT ADAMS

these expeditions into the country above the clouds if we would know why it exercises such a fascination. As the summit to be ascended is usually decided upon during the year previous, as are the time and place of rendezvous, the members have ample time to read what literature may be available relative to the mountain: they note its position on the map, ascertain the number and size of its glaciers, study its formation. But the printed page conveys no impression of its greatness. If Tacoma could be set down in New England, this single mountain with its foothills would cover a greater area than the State of Rhode Island. A portion of its forest-covered slope has been wisely converted into a reservation by the Government, a reservation containing many square miles, but only a little patch of the mountain-side. When the alpinist attempts the Matterhorn or Jungfrau, he calculates his time by hours. To ascend the peaks of the Pacific Northwest, you must calculate by days, perhaps weeks, for some of

them are a hundred miles and over from the nearest highways.

So the annual outings of the Sierras and Mazamas can well be called expeditions as carefully planned as the campaigns of an army. The rendezvous may be the log home of an isolated pioneer, but so it affords a roof for a shelter, that is enough. If possible, a place is selected on one of the country roads, or, better still, a railroad station, so it can be readily reached; but mountains were not thrown up by nature with the view of being railway or highway terminals, and that white point in the sky, the goal of the adventurer, is apt to be fifty or sixty miles, even as the crow flies, from the meeting-place. As the day for the start approaches, by twos and threes and dozens do they make their appearance. There is the man who is toughening himself for the final climb. With pack on his back he trudges into camp afoot. If a wagon road leads to it you see all sorts of vehicles in which the country folk make the journey. Astride pony



CROSSING A DANGEROUS CREVICE IN A GLACIER



THE SIERRA CLUB ON MOUNT TACOMA LOOKING AT NISQUALLY GLACIER—A CHASM AS LARGE AS NIAGARA CONTAINING A RIVER OF ICE 500 FEET DEEP

and burro come the city people, some of whom started by rail from far-away Portland, perhaps San Francisco. At the end of the way of steel they trust to the hoof to carry themselves and their outfit to their destination. In the groups continually arriving are men of science, nature students who have come across the continent in quest of knowledge as well as pleasure; but you see men and women in many walks of life. Artists with the brush and camera, the botanist, the geologist, the zoölogist, the tradesman and the clerk, even the farmer are greeting old comrades and making new acquaintances. In their enthusiasm for the common cause, appearance and conventionality are forgotten. Each has donned the rough and ready attire of the mountaineer, from boots or leggings to the homely but practical slouch hat. Huge goggles of colored glass will protect the eyes of the professor from snow-blindness, and he casts aside his dignity to put on overalls of jeans and a workman's

apron if they will further protect him in scrambling up the cliffside. Collars, cuffs and white shirts are tabooed. With the women the sweater is as fashionable as the short skirt and bloomers, while they have borrowed the hat or cap of father or brother.

The organization of the party savors of the military in its arrangement. With one of the officers of the society as commander, the members are told off into companies, varying according to the number. Each has its captain, an experienced alpinist. If possible, some one who has already made this ascent is chosen, and care is taken to apportion the women so that they will have enough male escorts in difficult or perilous places. With the organization completed, each member is required to make a promise to obey all of the orders of the captain. If he refuses to do so, he is not permitted to join a company. While the people are thus being grouped, a committee of the society is busily

examining the equipment. The iron tip of the alpenstock must be firmly attached to its shaft. It may have to hold the weight of a man on an ice-wall where its failure would mean death. The ropes are uncoiled and tested for weak spots. More hobnails and caulks are driven into the shoe-soles to prevent slipping.

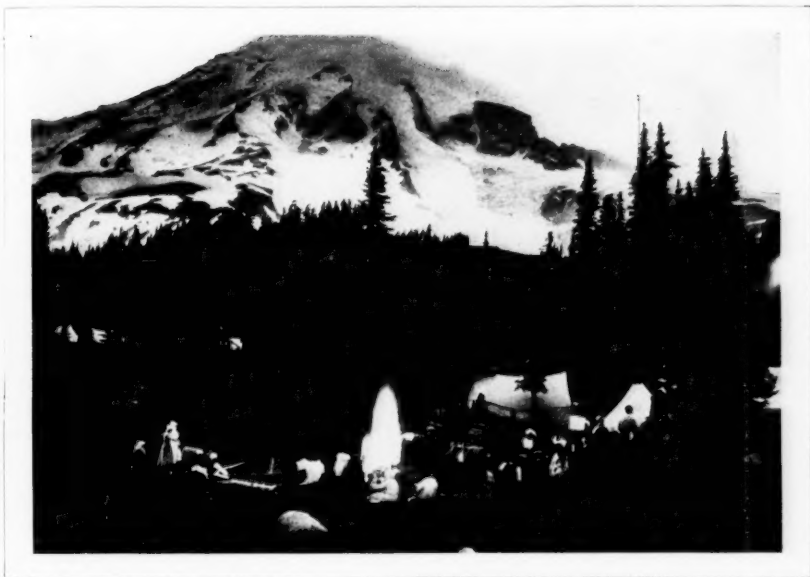
the end of the little logging railroad that stretches out toward it from the city of Tacoma, the party straggles along the valley highway, which suddenly terminates in a woodland trail. In a moment they have literally plunged into the primeval forest. So closely together stand the great fir columns that the sunlight only



CUTTING STEPS IN AN ICE WALL FOR THE WOMEN CLIMBERS
AT 10,000 FEET

Lights go out early the night before the start, for before dawn all must be up and dressed. With the first gray streaks in the east, breakfast is served; then each joins his company, and with the captains in the lead the expedition gets under way. Let us suppose that white-crested Tacoma is the objective point. From

here and there finds a crevice to send a ray through the roof of branches. Everywhere is the gloom of nightfall, through which may be dimly seen huge trunks of tree giants which have fallen through the weakness of age. From the rich cool earth ferns and grasses spring luxuriantly. So dense is the forest



SIERRA CLUB CAMP ON THE SLOPE OF MOUNT TACOMA
(This picture was taken by moonlight)

growth that even the breeze does not rustle the branches. The singing of birds and the hum of insect life are strangely absent. The tread of hundreds of feet makes no echo on the soft ground. In and out amid the fir columns winds a wagon track, the sole link that connects with civilization. Go out of sight of this track and there is no sign by which the steps can be guided, for he who is lost in this forest is like to see neither sun nor stars.

Closely do the companies follow their leader for mile after mile, until the sound of rushing water comes as a pleasant relief to the silent monotony. It is getting lighter ahead. They are coming to a gap in the woodland where the river is hurling itself along over its bed of stones. Ice-cold from the melting glacier which gave it birth, the water is as refreshing as the spring which gushes from the rock. Just a halt for a drink, then on to the log which bridges the stream. From those who reach it first, a shout goes up and the others hasten forward. At last na-

ture has made a rift in the landscape. Towering high above them they see the mighty dome glistening in the sunlight—the first view since they saw it from the waters of Puget Sound, nearly a hundred miles behind them. The novices would linger to enjoy the picture, but the leader knows time is precious. Again is heard the command "Forward!" and they re-enter the forest. Now the way becomes steeper, rougher; more muscle is needed to get over the ground. An hour and they reach another glade, where the wagon-ruts end. From now on only the sure-footed pony or the human feet can proceed. Here again the mountain fills up the niche which it would seem has been cut out of the nearer hill chain, and halting for the noon meal the adventurers enjoy it to the full; but with the end of an hour the march is resumed. The way leads out of the forest and along the edge of a cliff. Across the gorge are a range of mountains with summits jagged like great saw-teeth. The Tatooshes are well named.

Though mere foot-hills of Tacoma, some of them are high enough to have white streaks which mean that they are within the perpetual snow line. But relieving the wildness of the view flowers in profusion tempt one to pluck them as they reveal their varied hues in the sunlight. Occasionally the roar of a cataract strikes upon the ear, to be followed by a glimpse of a curtain of white as the mountain river falls a hundred feet sheer over one of the great shelves of rock. The world is in its most attractive guise, and when the wanderers reach their halting-place for the night, well may they express their delight, for Paradise Park is indeed a fitting title. Though held in winter's grip nearly all the year, Nature is gracious enough to free it from snow and ice during August and September, when it is carpeted with verdure and abloom with wild blossoms. Amid its groves of trees one is here under the very shadow of Tacoma, and for the first time can you realize the vastness of this upheaval.

You have called it a peak, summit, mountain? It is more than this. Words cannot measure it for the reader. Why, the Nisqually glacier, that river of ice roaring like Niagara a thousand feet below you, is a mile in width and probably 500 feet in thickness; but it is merely one of sixteen such glacial rivers on the surface of Tacoma. The line of the extinct crater, which seems but an hour's walk, is twelve miles distant by the nearest route. The rock, whose black walls form such a contrast to the glitter of the ice-fields about it, is truthfully called Gibraltar, for it is over a thousand feet high. Now do you begin to appreciate the grandeur, the magnificence of this pinnacle above the earth. Even after nightfall you gaze at it for hours, a resplendent spectacle, for its coating of ice and snow illumines it as if the electric rays had been turned upon its face. It is a fact that the camera lens has caught the image of Tacoma on a moon-

less night, so vivid is its strange illumination.

But our party is here to conquer as well as to admire. Thus far the expedition has been merely a stroll along the approach to the summit. Now the real work begins, and the morrow finds the companies taking an early start. As Paradise Park is the timber limit, fuel for the night camp must be "toted" along, and the male members take turns in carrying the bundles of fagots. Treading on the verge of the great gorge of Nisqually a few minutes bring the climbers to the first snow-field, but it is a little one and the ropes are not needed. The commander carefully feels his way across the glacier beyond. Here are no crevasses, and the passage is made safely; but next comes a ledge of rock which requires scaling, and some of the women are pulled up with the ropes. Another snow-field, and then they face an ice-wall, a challenge to their skill and courage. A stairway over a hundred feet high must be cut in the face of that precipice as hard and as smooth as glass. The members of each company are roped together in groups of a half-dozen or so, care being taken to put an experienced climber at the end of each rope, and to "sandwich" the women between the men. While this is being done, up goes the leader cutting his way step by step. Following him come two or three of the veterans. As soon as they reach the top of the wall, they brace themselves securely and, dropping a line over the side, aid the others in a safe ascent. One group at a time mounts the barrier, each member being tied to the others until orders are given to remove the ropes. Time passes quickly in the effort to struggle onward and so upward. The halts for rest are more frequent, for with the toiling over the snow-fields, the frequent climbing up the masses of ice and rock, weariness comes on apace. Glaciers are ever treacherous. Crawling out upon a snow bridge over another crevasse to test its strength,



PORTION OF PARADISE PARK AND SOUTH SLOPE OF MT. TACOMA OR RAINIER

This view shows route taken in climbing to the summit and the great Gibraltar Rock 12,000 feet high. The foreground is 7000 feet high.

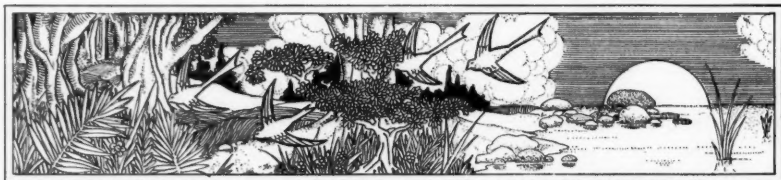
the commander has broken through the crust, and only the trusty rope has kept him from falling into the gaping crack in the ice. To avoid this danger a detour of half a mile must be made. With nightfall, however, the wall of stones which thoughtful John Muir and his followers years ago erected for sheltering mountaineers is reached, and here the party rests for the night. Over 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, the bivouac might remind one of a company of Arctic explorers, for around the flickering camp-fires all huddle, thinking less of sleep than of the frost-laden air. At this elevation they are indeed surrounded by perpetual snow, and the breaking of dawn is gladly welcomed. With it comes the beginning of the end—the dash for the top; but there is still half a mile of vertical ascent, with more snow-fields to cross, more glaciers yet in their pathway, and before beginning the last climb to the crater not a few have given up to exhaustion. On push the survivors, however, and at last stand upon the spot where they can mount no higher.

Over the cable from the other side of the world recently came the news that the Workmans had at last succeeded in ascending the Himalayas to a height of over 20,000 feet above the sea. For years husband and wife have explored and studied these, the earth's highest peaks. To mount to the very tops has been their life ambition, and it has remained for a woman to exclaim "Excelsior!" for Mrs. Hunter Workman has performed the greatest achievement in the mountain-climbing, ascending 350 feet higher than her husband. But

while these intrepid American mountaineers were in the Asiatic upper world, the Duc d'Abruzzi, the Italian conqueror of St. Elias, had succeeded in penetrating the almost unknown regions about the Mountains of the Moon. At last this mystery to the African geographer has been cleared away, and man has stood on the highest summit of Ruwenzori, after overcoming difficulties which seemed well-nigh impossible since these peaks are so far removed from the nearest human habitation. The next message was that Dr. Cook has finally succeeded in his endeavor to ascend McKinley, which towers above St. Elias, in Alaska.

But these men and women who risk life and spend time and fortune in the effort to surmount one of the great points of the world, do not strive merely for the knowledge they may add to the fund we possess. Interest in the ologies is not all. Ask one of them, "Is it worth while, does it pay?" and he will give the same answer as the novice who stands on Tacoma for the first time—"Yes, a thousand fold." They know the exhilaration that comes to the one who stands where only the heavens are above, the earth at his feet unfolded in a sublime panorama. Pain, hunger, exhaustion are for the time forgotten in the feeling of exultation that is his.

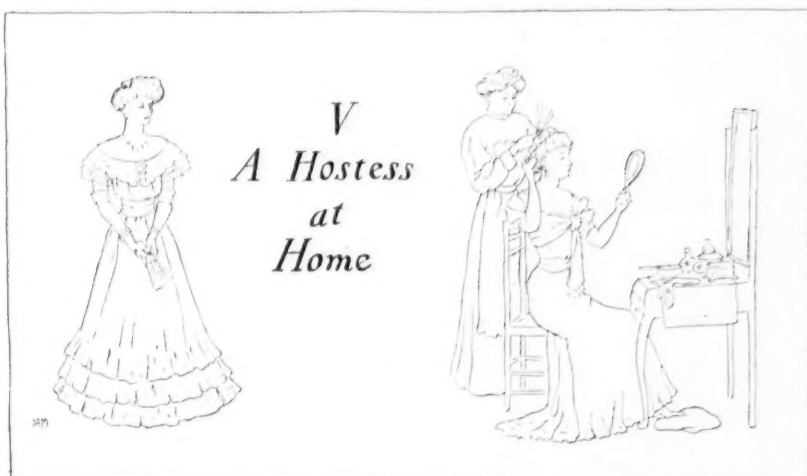
To the Lure of the Mountains do we owe many of the most important additions in geography, geology and natural history, but to it we also owe much of the increasing love for the outdoors, for adventure which is harmless and healthful, for the life that makes a man look up, not down.



THE EMILY EMMINS PAPERS

By Carolyn Wells

With Drawings by Josephine A Meyer



AN English Telephone is a contradiction in terms. If it is in England, it is n't a telephone. It is a thing that looks something like a broken ox-yoke, that is manipulated something like a trombone, and is about as effectual as the Keeley Motor.

A course of lessons is necessary to learn to use one, but the lessons are wasted, as the instrument is invariably out of order, and moreover, nobody has one, anyhow.

But one morning, before I had discovered all this, I was summoned to the telephone booth of the Pan-

theon Club, and blithely grasped the cumbersome affair, with its receiver on one end and its transmitter on the other. I ignorantly held it wrong end to, but that made no difference, as it would n't work either way.

"Grawsp it stiffer, madame," advised the anxious Buttons who engineered it. At length I discovered that this meant to press firmly on a fret, as if playing a flute, but by this time the party addressing me had been disconnected from the other end, and all attempts to regain communication were futile.

The boy took the instrument, and I have never seen a finer display of human ingenuity and patience than he showed for the next half hour try-

ing to hear that chord again. Then he gave it up, and laying the horrid thing gently in its cradle, he nonchalantly informed me that if the party awrsked for me again, he'd send me naotice, and then demanded tuppence.

This I willingly paid, as I was always glad to get rid of those copper heavy-weights; and, too, it seemed a remarkably small price even for a telephone call,—until I suddenly remembered that I had n't made the call,—nor had I received it.

The call was repeated later, and after another distracting session of incoherent shouting, and painfully-cramped finger muscles, I learned that I was invited to an informal dinner that evening at Mrs. Marchbanks at seven-thirty.

I had not intended to plunge into the social whirl so soon, and had declined all the many invitations which had come to me by mail.

But somehow the telephone invitation took me unawares, and too, I was so pleased to succeed in getting the message at all, that it seemed ungracious and ungrateful to refuse. So, I took a fresh grip on the fretted monster, and aiming my voice carefully at the far-away transmitter, I shouted an acceptance. I hoped it reached the goal, but as there was nothing but awful silence afterward, I had to take it on faith, and I went away to look over my dinner gowns.

The invitation had been classed as "informal," but I knew the elasticity of that term, and, so, though I did not select my very best raiment, I chose a pretty *décolleté* frock, that had "New York" legibly written on its every fold and pucker.

So late is the dusk of the London spring, that I easily made my toilette by daylight, and was all ready at seven o'clock.

Carefully studying my Baedeker maps and plans to make sure of the distance, I stepped into my hansom just in time to reach my destination at a minute or two before half past seven, assuming that New York customs prevailed in England.

The door was opened to me by an amazed-looking maid, who seemed so uncertain what to do with me,

that I almost grew embarrassed myself.

Finally, she asked me to follow her upstairs, and then ushered me into a room, where my hostess in the hands of her maid, was in the earliest stages of her toilette.

"You dear thing," she said, but her uninterested voice, and preoccupied manner by no means fitted the words.

"How sweet of you to come. Yes, Louise, that *aigrette* is right. Here is the key of my jewel case."

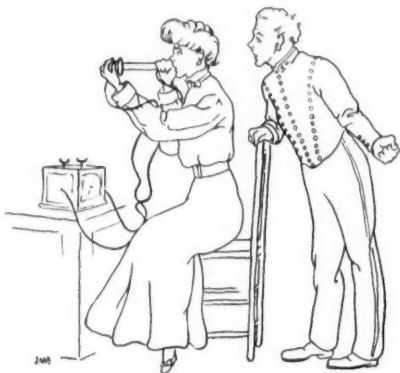
"I fear I have mistaken the hour," I said; "the telephone was a bit difficult,—but I understood half-past seven."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Marchbanks, studying the back of her head in a hand-mirror, "but in London seven-thirty means eight, you know."

This was definite information, and I promptly stored it away for future use. Also, it was reliable information, for it proved true, and at eight the guests began to arrive.

Dinner was served at quarter to nine, and all was well.

Incidentally I had learned my lesson.



"GRAWSP IT STIFFER, M'AM"

The half-hour in the drawing-room before dinner was an interesting "first impression" of that indescribable combination of warmth and frost known as a London Hostess.

Further experience taught me that Mrs. Marchbanks was a typical one.

The London hostess's invariable mode of procedure, is a sudden inordinate gush of welcome, followed immediately by an icy stare. By the time you have politely responded to the welcome, your hostess has forgotten your existence. Nay, more, she seems almost to have forgotten her own. She is vague, self-absorbed, and quite oblivious to your existence. I have heard of a lady with a gracious presence. The London hostess is best described by a *gracious absence*.

But having adapted yourself to this condition, your hostess is likely to whirl about and dart a remark or a question at you.

On the evening under discussion, my hostess suddenly broke off her own greeting to another guest, to say to me, "Of course you'll be wanting to buy some new clothes at once."

This statement was accompanied by a deliberate survey from *berthe* to hem, of my palpably American-made gown, and as the incident pleased my sense of humor, I felt no resentment, and amiably acquiesced in her decision.

Then, funnily enough, the conversation turned upon good-breeding.

"A well-bred Englishwoman," my hostess dictatorially observed, "never talks of herself. She tactfully makes the person to whom she is talking the subject of conversation."

"But," said I, "if the person to whom she is talking is also well-bred,

he must reject that subject, and tactfully talk about the first speaker. This must bring about a deadlock." She looked at me, or rather through me, in a pitying, uncomprehending way, and went on.

"The well-bred Englishwoman never makes an allusion or an implication that could cause even the slightest trace of discomfiture or annoyance to the person addressed."

This of itself, seemed true enough, but again she turned swiftly toward me, and abruptly inquired, "Does n't the servility of the English servants embarrass you?"

This time, too, my sense of humor saved me from embarrassment, but I began to think serious-minded persons should not brave the slings and arrows of a well-bred Englishwoman.

Geniality and ingenuousness are alike unknown to the English hostess. It is a very rare thing to meet a *charming* Englishwoman. Good traits they have in plenty, but magnetism and responsiveness are not among them.

And I do not yet know whether it is through ignorance or with *malice prepense* that an English hostess greets you effusively, and then drops you with an air of finality that gives a "lost your last friend" feeling more than anything else in all the world.

This state of things is of course more pronouncedly noticeable at teas than at dinners. At an afternoon reception, the hostility of the hostess is beyond all words. Moreover, at English afternoon teas there are two rules. One is you may not speak to a fellow-guest without an introduction. The other is that no introduction is necessary between guests of the



HE AMUSED ME WITH JOKES DIRECTED AGAINST
HIS NATIONAL PECULIARITIES

house. One of these rules is always inflexibly enforced at every tea; but the casual guest never knows which one, and so complications ensue.

English hostesses always seem to me very much like that peculiar kind of flowered chintz with which they cover their furniture. The kind that looks like oilcloth, and is very cold and shiny, very slippery, and decidedly uncomfortable.

But in inverse proportion to the conversational unsatisfactoriness of the English women are the entertaining powers of the English men. They are voluntarily delightful. They make an effort (if necessary), to be pleasantly talkative and amusing.

And notwithstanding the traditional slurs on British humor, the English society man is deliciously humorous, and often as brilliantly witty as our own Americans.

At the dinner I have mentioned above, I was seated next to a somewhat insignificant-looking young man of true English spick-and-spanness, and with a delightful drawl, almost like the one written as dialect in International novels.

Perhaps in consideration of my probable American attitude toward British humor, he good-naturedly amused me with jokes directed against his national peculiarities.

He described graphically an Englishman who was blindly groping about in his brain for a good story which he had heard and stored away there. "Ah, yes," said the supposed would-be jester; "the man was ill; and he said his physician advised that he should every morning take a cup of coffee and take a walk around the place."

"He had missed the point, do you see," explained my amusing neigh-

bor, "and the joke should have been 'take a cup of coffee, and take a walk on the grounds,' do you see?"

So pleased was the young man with the whole story, that I laughed in sympathy, and he went on to say;

"But you Americans make just the same mistakes about our jokes. Now only last week *Punch* had a ripping line asking why the Americans were making such a fuss about Bishop Potter, and said anyone would think he was a meat potter. Now one of your New York daily papers borrowed the thing, and made it read, 'What's the matter with Bishop Potter? Anyone would think he was a meat packer.' 'Pon my honor, Miss Emmins, I know that for a fact!'"

"Then I think," I replied, "that we ought never again to throw stones at the British sense of humor."

In the pause that followed, a bulky English lord across the table was heard denouncing the course taken by a certain political party. So energetic were his gestures, and so

forceful his speech, that he had grown very red and beligerent-looking, and fairly hammered the table in his indignation.

The young man next to me looked at him, as an indulgent father might look at a naughty child. "Is n't he the saucy puss?" said my neighbor, turning to me, with such a roguish smile,

that his remark seemed the funniest thing I had ever heard.

I frankly told my attractive dinner partner, that the men of London society were far more entertaining than the women. He did not seem surprised at this, but seemed to look upon it as an accepted condition.

I glanced across the table at a



DENOUNCING THE COURSE TAKEN BY A
CERTAIN POLITICAL PARTY

young Englishwoman. She was an "Honorable," and possessed of a jointed surname. She was attired with great wealth and unbecomingness, and to sum her up in a general way, she looked as if she did not write poetry.

"Yes," she was saying, "cabs are cheap with us, but if you ride a lot in a day, they count up." This is a stock remark with London women and I was not surprised to hear it again.

I glanced at my young man. He too, had heard, and he quickly caught my mental attitude.

"Yes," he said, "Englishwomen and girls are very fit; they're good form, accomplished, and all that. But somehow, er,—their minds don't jell."

As this exactly expressed my own opinion, I was delighted at his clever phrasing of it.

But if the Englishman is charming as a dinner guest, he is even more so, when he is host, as he often is at afternoon tea. And though I attended many teas presided over by London men, all others fade into

insignificance, beside the one given me at the *Punch* office.

I was the only guest, the host was the genial and miraculously clever Editor of *Punch*.

The tea was of the ordinary London deliciousness, the cakes and thin bread-and-butter were, as always, over there, the best in the world; but it was served to us on the historic *Punch* table, the great table where every Friday night, since the beginning of that publication, its editorial staff has dined.

And as each diner at sometime cut his monogram into the table, the semi-polished surface shows priceless memorials

of the great British authors, artists, and illustrators.

I was informed by my kind host that I might sit at any place I chose. I hesitated between Thackeray's and Mark Lemon's, but finally by a sudden impulse I dropped into a chair in front of the monogram of George du Maurier.

The Editor of *Punch* smiled a little, but he only said, "You Americans are a humorous people."



SHE WAS AN "HONORABLE" AND POSSESSED OF A JOINTED SURNAME

RAHWAY, N. J. April 23, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR:

By an oversight, artistic talent was left out of my make-up, but I have done my best to indicate to your artist the general effect of an English telephone. Emily Emmins's remarks were not in the least exaggerated: they did n't half describe the clumsy awkwardness of the thing. And it is *invariably* out of order, and exceedingly difficult to use. The cords should be *longer* than I have shown them, as the user can stand two or three feet away from the desk, or sit down at the machine, if she wishes.

A is the receiver, and is a black rubber

disk, that is laid flat against the ear.

B is the transmitter, and is fully 18 inches away from the mouth of the speaker after the receiver is placed against the ear.

C C are the cradles or racks, in which the telephone rests when not in use. They plunge down a little into holes, when the instrument is laid on them.

D is a sort of fret, about five inches long, which presses into K. All four finger tips must press *hard* on this, *all the time* the telephone is in use. If you let it slip out (as in illustration) you can't hear a word.

E E are green cords just like those on our own telephones. But there's a lot of them as to length, and they tangle them-

selves all around your hands, and eventually go into holes in the box.

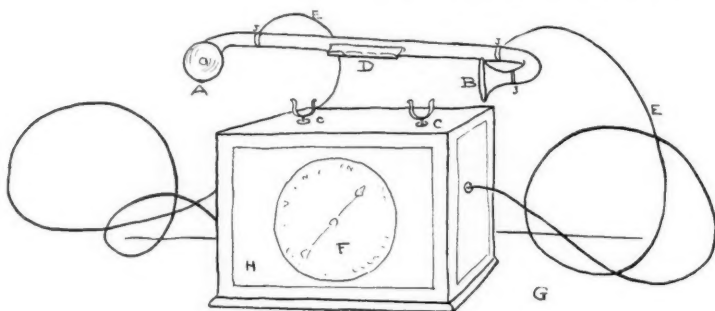
F. A sort of dial plate, I forget the *exact* appearance or use of this, so make it hazy and sketchy.

G. The large desk or table on which the whole affair sits.

H. A polished wooden box that holds the mechanism. This box is about a foot high and perhaps 15 inches wide, and 10 deep.

K is a wooden (or metal) cylindrical shaped thing, about 18 inches long. This is grasped in one hand (fingers on the fret) and the performer usually pulls at the transmitter with the other hand, in a futile endeavor to draw it nearer. This gives much the effect of a trombone player. K is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ times as thick as a broomstick.

J J J are joints. Rather more clumsy and ill-fitted than I have shown.



AN AMERICAN STATESMAN: WILLIAM LYNE WILSON

By H. PARKER WILLIS



HERE politics as commonly pursued is at best a salaried occupation, and at worst the readiest means of access to the people's purse, the acceptance of public office as a privilege and duty is rare. The sacrifice of self-interest for an idea so intangible as the national welfare is rarer still. In American political history, a few examples of such a spirit stand out conspicuously, but it is likely that there are others which pass altogether unnoticed because their unusual character prevents them from being understood or appreciated.

William Lyne Wilson of West Virginia is one of the very few men in

recent public life with whom the sense of service to the nation was wholly superior to personal considerations of any sort. His career fell at a time when contemporary politics had reached a crucial point; it included a commanding part in the discussion of great problems, but its singular devotion to principle is what makes it worthy of exceptional study. Mr. Wilson was not a politician by inheritance or training, but entered public life from a widely different occupation. Although he began his active career as a lawyer, the profession which has furnished to American politics more men perhaps than have been drawn from any other, this was not his original calling. He had been graduated from the Columbian University at Washington in 1860,

and had served as a private in the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., until the surrender at Appomattox, before he began, in 1865, his study of law. During the two years spent in professional study at his *alma mater*, he served as Assistant Professor of Ancient Languages, and after taking his professional degree he became Professor of Latin because unable to practise law in West Virginia under the legislation debarring ex-Confederates from the pursuit of that profession. It was the four years of duty in a college professorship in Washington that determined his habit of mind, and made him throughout his later career predominantly a student attached to the retired and simple life.

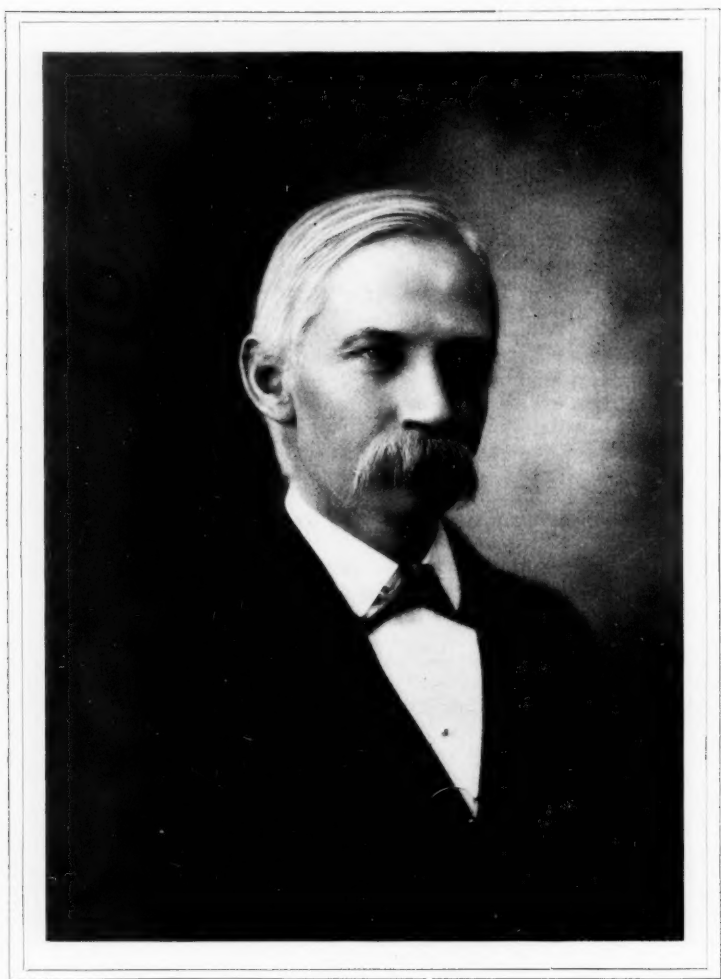
Eleven years spent in the practice of law in Charlestown after the abolition of the lawyer's test oath brought to him a distinguished standing at the bar of his native State. His reputation far exceeded these local limits, for he was already spoken of in influential quarters as a suitable appointee to a place then vacant on the Federal bench when the University of West Virginia offered him its Presidency. It was while occupying this latter post in 1882 that he received his call to the active political career in which his reputation became national.

Seldom in our public life are recruits drawn from the Presidents of our universities. But, with his studious habits and tastes, Mr. Wilson possessed a consuming interest in affairs. It would have been a sacrifice of rare qualities had he consented to contemplate public questions from a purely academic standpoint, or to spend his whole life in the important but humdrum occupations of a trusted lawyer in a provincial town.

The attraction of politics had for many years made itself felt in Mr. Wilson's field of thought. As far back as 1868 he had been in the habit of writing political articles—a temptation which he regretted but could not resist. "A disposition to politics seems to have descended to me from

my father," he wrote; and he confessed that he was in danger of "devoting too much time to this unprofitable subject." Already he had borne a small part in national politics, having been in 1874 a delegate to the Democratic Convention at Piedmont, in 1880 one of two delegates to the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati, in the same year an elector-at-large on the Hancock ticket, and later the messenger to carry the vote to Washington. Long and serious study had familiarized him with pending public questions, and the call to action in the autumn of 1881, when, after an unexpected deadlock in the Congressional convention, he was nominated, found him ready to "leap forthright, accoutred, accepting, alert," from his retirement. From that time until the day, fourteen years later, when he was driven into private life with the conservative wing of his party, after an ineffectual struggle with the forces of radicalism, his whole thought and strength were given to the nation with a single-mindedness rarely if ever surpassed in American politics.

The year 1882 marks a critical period in the history of the Democratic party. Gradually, under able leadership, it was regaining a portion of its lost prestige. Tariff questions had been allowed to come to the front after determined opposition on the part both of interested Democratic and Republican politicians. The beginnings of the movement toward monopoly were already in sight—closely allied in their inception, as in their later growth, with the tariff and its discriminatory schedules. The overgrown pension system and the excessive inflation of public expenditures called for immediate and courageous pruning. Civil-service ideas were in their infancy, the spoils system being still in almost undisputed control. Perhaps there has not been a juncture since the close of the civil war when there was greater opportunity for faithful and useful public service. There was work to be done in re-



WILLIAM LYNE WILSON

shaping the ideas and principles of the Democratic party—work that would call for the utmost effort that could be put forth by conservative men. It is not certain that when Mr. Wilson entered national politics he fully foresaw the chance for this large service, but he came at a time when there was urgent need for just such talents as his. His worth was at once recognized and his committee assignments early showed the value

that was placed upon his capacities by party associates. He was, from that time on, the chosen aid of the best men then in national public life, numbering among his close friends Cleveland, Carlisle, Fairchild, Morton and many others. They valued him not solely for his ability but for his trustworthiness and freedom from selfishness as well as from the personal ambition which with many politicians makes every act a claim

to be presented in the future.

The absorbing effort of Mr. Wilson's career was his struggle to secure the application of tariff-reform ideas. Besides being an important political issue, tariff reform was to him a moral question of commanding significance. In all that he spoke and wrote, the recognition of protective duties as a kind of class discrimination most injurious in its effect upon the distribution of wealth, holds a prominent place. Never for a moment did he allow himself to be diverted from his opposition on grounds of principle by argument as to the temporary effectiveness of the tariff in stimulating home industry. Yet he was by no means a doctrinaire, and there was no more careful thinker on details of tariff administration. He was exceptionally well-informed when confronted with the problem of shaping schedules to take the place of those in operation. It happened that Mr. Wilson's advent in Congress coincided with the first serious acceptance since the Civil War of tariff reform as a Democratic principle. At the opening of his first term, he was called upon to choose between the Democratic group which had allied itself with the forces of protection, and that which stood for the reform of the schedules. This question presented itself in one of those peculiarly trying forms which are often accounted sufficient reason for a breach with principle. He was confronted in casting his vote for the Speaker of the House with the necessity of choosing between Mr. Carlisle, the avowed candidate of the tariff-reform wing of the party, and Mr. Randall whose term of office a few years before had been marked by a manifest indisposition to favor changes in the schedules. Sharp pressure from the Governor and principal politicians of West Virginia, coupled with threats of political destruction, did not move Wilson, and he voted for Mr. Carlisle, who was elected. He knew that this act was but the opening of a continuous contest with the protected interests. Yet, "when I faced the

alternative of giving my first vote as a policy one or as a conscientious one, I was unable to do violence to my convictions," he wrote in his journal.

From the election of Mr. Carlisle onward, there was hardly a session of Congress that was not marked by some sharp and trying struggle over the formative tariff question. On the Morrison and Mills bills, Mr. Wilson shared in the history-making debates which mark out those abortive measures as pivotal points in the record of the tariff contest. He was also prompt in antagonizing strong interests other than the tariff. His opposition to the pension policy, then popular with Congress and with a section of the country, was ascribed by many to an early bias, presumably acquired in the army of Virginia. Nothing could have been further from the mark than such an interpretation. His attitude was the outcome of earnest belief in governmental economy and of the repulsion excited by the greed of unworthy pension claimants. In the contest over the enforcement of the arbitrary rules of procedure which it was sought to foist upon the House, Mr. Wilson fought on the side of pure democracy and popular government. He believed firmly in the House as a representative body, and in his latter days often spoke with regret of the decadence and loss of initiative which characterized the lower chamber.

But, throughout the whole of his first ten years in Congress, it was the tariff question which was most constantly present to his mind. Coupled with this issue during the later eighties, the trust question began to attract much of his attention. The problem thus presented to the country became an absorbing passion with him and the perception of the close connection between the trust movement and the tariff largely modified his views as to the direction in which duties should be modified. Democracy was now on the mend from the political standpoint, and it was the recognition of Mr. Wilson

as the strongest revenue reformer in the party that placed him in the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee in 1893. Completely absorbed in the preparation of a new tariff bill, he devoted to that effort his whole strength until the passage of the measure through the House, when his health gave way under the prolonged strain. The main ideas of the original "Wilson bill" were by no means revolutionary, yet they were ample as a beginning of the reaction away from the extreme protection which the country had reached under the McKinley act. The bill was worded with the greatest care and was worked out with minute attention to details. Provision was made for free raw materials, so far as the exigencies of the revenue situation permitted, and, in every case where a monopolistic interest was hidden or strengthened by a tariff duty, it removed that duty. Care was taken to attack no legitimate industry unnecessarily, but it was sought to cut the duties on finished products, where possible, to a revenue basis and to make them as even and equitable in their general application as might be. The clauses providing for income taxation were inserted partly at the request of other Democratic leaders, but were not among the original ideas with which the author of the bill started. Although Mr. Wilson recognized the justice of proper income taxation, he questioned the wisdom of injecting this issue into the tariff contest and thereby complicating it. As it came from the Ways and Means Committee, it is probable that there has never been a more carefully drafted bill before the House of Representatives, unless it be that classic of American tariff legislation, the reform measure of Robert J. Walker.

It was in connection with the Wilson bill that its author showed his weakness as a politician of the manoeuvring type. He took it for granted that the main body of his party associates in both Houses were as single-

minded as himself. How many of them were impregnated with protective ideas he had probably never realized. How many were simply doing the will of monopolistic masters he had certainly not guessed. The disfigurement suffered by the new bill in the lower chamber was far from re-assuring, but it was little more than a suggestion of the treatment to which the measure was subjected in the Senate. The Senate, under the lead of Gorman of Maryland, mangled the bill until it was unrecognizable. The sting of disappointment was tenfold more keen because this was the work of Democratic Senators. Only after the bill had been stripped of its most characteristic features and largely devitalized, was it returned to the House. Mr. Wilson was not enough of an opportunist to take this defeat and make the best of it. He pleaded with all his might against the acceptance of the emasculated legislation, but to no purpose. It was some consolation that in his utter humiliation he found a warm sympathizer in President Cleveland, who directed to him the famous letter in which he exposed the Judas-like tactics of the Democratic Senators who were responsible for the change in the bill, and held them up to scorn and contempt. In part, at least, it was a recognition of the deep disappointment experienced by his floor leader that induced President Cleveland, instead of signing the bill, to permit it to pass to the statute books unsigned. The President did what he could, as an individual, to alleviate the disappointment of his friend by dispatching to him, through a special messenger, a letter of warm appreciation and of regret for the fate of what both men now clearly saw must for many years be a lost cause.

In dealing with the silver question, Mr. Wilson showed the same qualities of statesmanship as in his tariff reform contest. He would have been glad, had it been possible, to lay the monetary question aside for a period,

until the tariff had been disposed of. This was not due to a disposition to shirk the issue, but to a feeling that by pushing forward the silver question, as many unscrupulous politicians were then seeking to do, the tariff, which he considered paramount, would be thrown into the background. When it became evident that the silver question would assume a prominent place, he endeavored to have it disposed of in a way that would permanently settle it. He was very close to the President in the effort to secure the repeal of the Sherman act, and it was probably due more to his efforts than to those of any other one Democrat that that piece of legislation was at last repealed. Mr. Wilson had early urged the Democrats of the country, and particularly his own Southern brethren, not to weaken their party before the country by involving it with a doubtful issue, thus enabling their opponents to shift the contest in the coming Presidential struggle away from the familiar tariff ground. In an article published in the *Forum* early in the year 1893, he took this point of view with unsurpassed force and vigor. "Upon what plea," he asked, "will the most sincere advocate of free coinage within the Democratic ranks justify to himself the forcing upon the party, in the present state of public opinion and in the coming campaign, an issue that threatens to defeat the party and carry down, in one common wreck, party, tariff reform and possibly bimetallism also?" This was the cry of the political leader appealing, in language that could be understood, to the free-silver Democrats. Later, when the drift toward free silver was too pronounced to be misunderstood, Mr. Wilson did not hesitate to give expression to his opposition to it. In the plainest of terms he again and again, during the campaign of 1896, urged the voters of the country not to give their adherence to the silver cause. Even in his own town, where the intense bitterness of the feeling with regard

to this subject had resulted in visiting upon him unpopularity as great as his former favor, he did not hesitate to assert his principles. It was in his two-hours' speech at Charlestown, on October 17, 1896, that he reached highwater mark in an oratorical career which has had no superiors among his contemporaries in national politics. Although at first drowned by the shouts and outcries of vulgar partisans, it was but a few minutes before the high enthusiasm and sheer moral power of the man brought the audience perfectly under his control as in the old days of his repeated nominations for Congress. Yet this was only the flickering of the political candle. The effect was powerful but temporary. The speech, as a local journalist put it, "hypnotized the Democrats for a time, but it intensified their bitterness against him." This had been fully foreseen by Mr. Wilson, for he realized the strength with which the silver idea had taken hold of the radical elements in his party. In fact, he had entered the silver struggle knowing that his complete defeat and overthrow would probably result from his part in it.

From the very first, Mr. Wilson's district had been extremely "close." A plurality of ten votes was all he was able to gather in his first election, and even then it was more than anything else his own personal popularity and standing rather than his party relationships that gave him a hold upon the constituency. With an established body of voters in a district of conservative tendency, like that now worthily represented in Congress by the Hon. S. W. McCall of Massachusetts, he would have been a fixture in Congress for life, had he cared to stay so long. But political conditions in West Virginia were neither conservative nor established. His own district had been in a constant state of industrial and political change. Two distinct sections existed within it—the western, undeveloped and sparsely settled, and the eastern, agricultural, inhabited by people akin to those of the Shenan-

doah valley. It was from this latter constituency that he had drawn his main support throughout an area practically free from self-interested motives. Industrial change radically altered the local conditions. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad penetrated this region soon after 1870. Between 1880 and 1890, the construction of the West Virginia Central added largely to the possibilities of industrial exploitation. Railway building naturally developed the resources of the western part of the district. Coal, timber and oil regions were opened. The immediate result was the up-building of many small industrial towns. Population flowed in to take advantage of the work and wages which were offered in increasing amounts. From New England, Pennsylvania and New York, miners came in large numbers; from the south came an influx of Negro laborers. In point of population, the western section of the district shortly overbalanced the eastern portion. The new voters were for the most part either predisposed toward protection, or were of too little intelligence to give much thought to political questions in any form. Both these classes of immigrants readily lent themselves to the ambitious politicians of the protective clique, which included representatives of both the old political parties. The growth of a strong branch of the Republican party in the western section of the district was rendered easy, for the profits of the coal, iron and timber operators were bound up with the tariff, and it was easy, as usual, to convince labor that its interests were identical with those of manufacturers, and of owners of protected raw materials.

Tariff beneficiaries and industrial promoters had good reason to fear the continuance of Mr. Wilson in Congress, whether with a Democratic or Republican majority. The coal schedules of his tariff bill of 1894 deeply offended the local interests of this class. It was easy to make him a target on the ground of his

anti-free-silver views. On this pretext, chiefly, though really because of his ceaseless war upon the protected interests, opponents made shift to secure his retirement from public life. Lax election laws rendered corruption at the polls safe and easy, and such methods were freely resorted to against him. His retirement, coming as it did just at the close of the fruitless and discouraging struggle against the corrupting influences in the Democratic party, seemed like a rebuke, and deeply depressed him, but the constant support and confidence shown by President Cleveland did much to neutralize this feeling.

The Postmaster-Generalship, to which Mr. Wilson succeeded in 1895, after the expiration of his Congressional term, was not a place to which he had looked forward. He had cast his eyes toward the post of Minister to Mexico, which fell vacant about the time of his defeat in the West Virginia campaign. Yet as a personally proud man, realizing what were the sacrifices he had made for Democratic principle, and knowing that the leaders of the Administration were fully cognizant of his deserts, he would not stir a finger to secure for himself a place which, with its easier duties and more favorable climate, might easily have prolonged his life. He would not even consent to the intercession of friends with the President in his behalf. It was only after the appointment of another man that he permitted himself an entry in his private journal which showed a trace of disappointment. "The President has done wisely and for the best," he wrote, "but I fear I wanted the place even more than I confessed to myself." The next day he was offered the Postmaster-Generalship. It was even more acceptable to him than would have been the diplomatic appointment. Within a week he was confirmed by the Senate, and less than a month after the adjournment of Congress he was again in harness and working to his full strength.

Too little justice has been done to

the work of Mr. Wilson in the great administrative department which has so often been debased by the application of the lowest order of political methods. The department had, in Mr. Wilson's own words, "been turned over to the spoilsmen" during the Harrison administration. The railway mail service had been "looted" during the first few months, the Presidential post offices had been hastily and inefficiently filled, and political preferences and whims had governed the redistribution of other places. Some order had been introduced by Mr. Wilson's predecessor, but much remained to be done. Mr. Wilson's first principle in administration was absolute freedom from political preference. Rigid adherence to this idea is perhaps more difficult in the Post Office Department than in any other branch of the Government, yet so far did the new Postmaster-General live up to his own exacting standard that he—one of the most scrupulously honest men in public life—could write at the end of his career in the Department: "During my term, I have turned out no man or woman for political reasons. In all promotions, I chose the name with the highest record, in no case enquiring or knowing the politics of the party." The observance of honesty and equity in a field where they had been too seldom practised was not the only service which Mr. Wilson rendered to the Department of which he had so unexpectedly become the chief. Several conspicuous pieces of work mark his two years' tenure of the Cabinet place. One of these was the introduction of a merit system into the Post Office Department. Rules controlling promotions in the head offices at Washington and regulations having special application to the railway mail service were prepared and enforced. The rural free delivery system, for which so many others have taken to themselves the credit, was devised and inaugurated. Beside these positive accomplishments, there were important changes in facilitating the quick trans-

mission and delivery of mail, especially ocean-borne letters. It was further sought to secure from Congress legislation consolidating certain classes of post offices into districts—a change which would have subjected many of the employees to civil-service methods of appointment. Legislation aimed at the abolition of long-standing evils connected with the system of transmitting second-class mails was also sought. For much of what was done, and for more of what was then first originated and urged, Mr. Wilson was obliged to forego the credit which was taken by his successors in office. The work was performed in circumstances of great stress. There was no harder worker in the Cabinet than the Postmaster-General. Frequently he spoke of the exhaustion consequent upon a hard day's labor at the Department.

That the conservative element in the Democratic party must inevitably go down in defeat at the next Presidential election was foreseen by the members of the Cleveland Administration for a considerable time before the disaster itself. How sweeping would be the victory of the Republicans could not of course have been predicted, but the overthrow of those who had been in control of the Democratic party was inevitable. Mr. Wilson's means had always been comparatively limited. He thought of going to New York to engage in the practice of law, when he was offered the presidency of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia. That institution occupied a peculiar position in the minds of Virginians, especially of those who had fought under General Lee during the Civil War. Mr. Wilson had not attended the college of which his old commander became the head, but he was strongly attracted by the call. For a long time he had had very definite notions regarding the needs of the South in the matter of education for citizenship. He accepted the invitation, and in the autumn of 1897 he assumed office. His return from political to academic life

was not altogether peaceful. In a letter to Henry Loomis Nelson, then editor of *Harper's Weekly*, written soon after his acceptance of the presidency, he had used the following words:

I was influenced, I may say captivated, by the possibilities of making this institution a great centre of sound learning and sound citizenship, a power to reproduce in the South some of that high thinking which made her leadership in the past generations so conservative and yet national. I am sure the seed has not run out, but it needs strong and wholesome culture. All the rest of the country is interested in this as much as Virginia and the South.

This expression of sound and earnest appreciation of Southern educational needs, inopportunistically published, was received with extreme unfriendliness. Both Mr. Wilson and the University shared bitter abuse and even vilification from many members of the Southern press. Yet Mr. Wilson persevered in his disposition to effect such innovations as were necessary. He found the University, like other Virginian, and most Southern, institutions, suffering from an entire lack of entrance examinations, and it was to his courageous support of the system, without reference to the immediate consequences in loss of students, that their enforcement was due. In other ways, too, changes of management and organization were brought about that did much to strengthen the course of instruction. Had his life been long enough as President of Washington and Lee, he would have enlarged its material resources as greatly as he added to its internal strength. As a college president, Mr. Wilson was as unique as he had been among the shrewd politicians of the national capital. The ambitious social standards, which are to-day gaining ground in academic society, were to him unknown. The effort to ape the methods of worldly and wealthy people, which has tainted so large a fraction of the college community of

the country, was as distasteful as it was amusing to him. In another respect, too, he was remarkably individual: he was unwilling to beg, and would rarely if ever go further than to place before persons interested in education a statement of the work and principal needs of his own institution. Upon a strong foundation of innate personal dignity and self-respect there was built up a structure of regard for propriety and independence, which had been greatly strengthened by his experience in official life and by his unwillingness to ask or accept favors as a public servant. Indeed, he plainly looked upon his work as public in character, and as such not to be brought under suspicion by the solicitation of favors or aid from persons whose influence might seem questionable to those who believed in freedom of thought and instruction. For what he termed "taking up a collection in the North"—a process which, as he once remarked, made the South appear as a sort of national Lazarus,—he professed a constant and genuine aversion. Equally pronounced was his opposition to church or sectarian control of education, except in cases where such control was open or confessed. "I do not know to what church he belongs, because I did not think it worth while to inquire," was his reply to one who had asked with anxiety concerning the denominational preference of a prospective appointee to membership in the faculty.

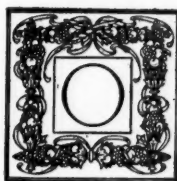
No estimate of Mr. Wilson would be even partially complete, without some recognition of the remarkable qualities of the man in his private life. Personally stainless, and possessing the domestic and social virtues in unusual degree, there was about him an unfailing charm. Ill-temper and effusiveness were equally unknown to him. He had a rare quality of evenness and graciousness. Yet he had also the power of stern rebuke upon occasion. Acts of meanness or dishonesty in college athletics called forth unvarying contempt and were

sharply punished. It was both the personal geniality of Mr. Wilson, and the knowledge that he was the last man in the world to be trifled with, that gave him his unique power over the student body. This was not due to what is usually termed "popularity." It was an estimate of the man which went very much deeper than that word as often employed would signify. The regard in which he was held by the students of the University was fully demonstrated in the hearing given to his addresses at the weekly "University Assembly," which he instituted as a means of stimulating the common college

spirit naturally lacking in an institution where the elective system was carried to an extreme and class-feeling was largely absent. It is more than mere cant to say that every member of the University felt it as a direct personal loss when death, which had been foreseen for many months, removed their President. "Blessed are the pure in heart" is the inscription on the headstone in Charlestown whither Mr. Wilson, or "the trace of him that this mortal existence had left," was accompanied by his students and associates. No words could better express the soul of the man.

A RECORD OF QUEENS

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



F all the beauty, the interest, the wonder and terror this world brings to us from one end of our journey through it to the other, the most amazing thing we encounter is ourselves. Our struggles in our environment, pushed on by an inexplicable fervor, dragged back by failure and impotence, at once so mighty and so puerile, giving each other the cruelest wounds and the sublimest self-sacrifice; now hesitating at nothing to achieve a desired end, again trembling and dismayed before the shadow of an unreality—how unending a source of interest we are to each other! The trouble is that so much of the play takes place behind drawn curtains. Doubtless the hedge-rows and byways are filled with romance and secret, astonishing battles are fought out at our very elbows; but the impenetrable veil which hangs between most of us and the rest of the world—so far, at least, as all save a few intimates are concerned—is not often lifted. We see it stir in the gust of some passion, oc-

asionally a groan or a laugh reveals that there is life behind. Seldom indeed is it torn down so that every one may look for himself—look on at the hopes, the fears, love and hate, the days and nights of another heart. It is with deep and unflinching interest that we gaze, marvelling to find another so unlike ourself, marvelling still more to find him so like—even where centuries lie between his experience of life and our own. So it is that autobiographies, biographies of an intimate, personal sort, letters written to one, but whose seals death has made free to the world, are read with a peculiar interest. Turning over such pages we enter these other lives, our blood pulses with that of the dead writer, so living once, who set down or spoke the words we read while life still drove him along the strange path whose windings and doublings we in our turn pursue.

When these transcriptions of the actual lives of human beings concern themselves with Kings and Queens, with persons of rank in the world, in art, literature or on the stage, persons who oppose so glittering a front that they disappear in their own radiance from the dazzled stare of

fellow sojourners, this interest deepens. Especially is this the case where women are concerned, perhaps because a woman's life, even when it is lived in the glare of a throne or before the footlights, is still apt to be a more personal, a more passionate and elemental life than a man's. A Louis XIV, a Napoleon, a Frederick of Prussia is a man—he is even more an epoch. But Marie Louise, Eugénie, Peg Woffington, Julie de L'Espinasse—these are women and women only, whatever trappings of royalty or genius may hang upon them. From Sappho down it is always the vivid individual note that is struck—

Let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the deaths of kings,

says Richard II, about to augment them with his own. But it is the sad lives of Queens we find told, whenever those lives are truly told. Observing them casually as they perform their set pieces and speak their written parts they seem a row of gorgeous butterflies shining with color, velvet of texture, living on flowers and fragrance, knowing only blue skies and summer lands. Yet in these records of witty or beautiful women, often both beautiful and witty, women who plunged into the maelstrom of life, Queens of Tragedy or Comedy, real and make-believe Queens, Queens of their Country, of Society, of the Stage, we find the balance heavy on the side of sorrow. Life plays with them all, and one by one they leave his table losers in the game. Marie Antoinette—how she holds all the winning cards and how she takes trick after trick—her gains heap the table, fall to the floor unheeded, so fortunate she is! And Eugénie, at the head of her gay court of beauties and wits, her hand is royal with trumps. Woman after woman the long file sweeps by us out of the past, the gleam of life once more alight in lovely eyes—with the rustle and murmur of silks and voices, the tempest of quick passions and high hopes, the pathetic deaths hushing

one after the other. How unlike they are, how infinitely various, yet how they are all bound together by that iron chain of tragedy, gay and smiling though many of them seemed to their contemporaries. The phrase of Mme. du Deffand applies but too well: "Life, truly estimated, is capable of only one grand misfortune—itself." She herself had had all Paris could give her, all even that she had asked for. Blind and lonely and old, she sums up living as synonymous with suffering; and from all these brilliant women who drank it like champagne, sparkling against the lips, comes a sigh of Amen.

Anne of Austria, the heroine of Mrs. Grant's "Queen and Cardinal,"* lives perhaps more vividly for us than many a greater woman because of those inimitable romances which Dumas hung upon some of the events of her life. "The King—the Queen—the Cardinal!" cried Aramis, Porthos, D'Artagnan; and we hear the beat of horses' hoofs through the wild night. Mrs. Grant does not give us much more history than the famous Frenchman supplied; but we get all we need, for the book's aim is to portray Anne the woman. It is the neglected wife, the so lonely young Queen, the last object of fiery Buckingham's devotion, the doting mother of the grand Louis, the mistress of Mazarin through many years, whom we are shown. The Court atmosphere has been admirably indicated—the intrigues, the gallantries, the mighty battles over questions of etiquette, the breaking of hearts behind smiling lips. We get the tittle-tattle of the courtiers, we are shown the letters of the Queen, who having learned to love in middle age seems never to have wavered in her devotion. The Cardinal commands her, brow-beats her, brings her to tears: proud Anne of Austria is meek enough with him. Perhaps the author makes too little of the Queen and too much of the woman. In the first part of the book Anne is always royal, but

*Queen and Cardinal. By Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. With portraits. Dutton, New York.

towards the end she degenerates into a plump bourgeoisie, fluttering ineffectually between the Cardinal and her son. The book opens with the description of one marriage between France and Spain and closes virtually with a second. The first time it is Anne coming to be the wife of the thirteenth Louis, who goes off duck-shooting after the ceremony, refusing to have anything to do with his new bride. The last picture is the gallant and handsome Louis Quatorze, just off with his passion for Marie Mancini, riding lover-like beside the young Infanta. Almost half a century lies between these two scenes and the chief part of Anne's life with it. On the whole a gentle, unselfish, but lazy and stupid life. The best in it was her love of Mazarin, whose cold, ambitious spirit made but a chill return. She lived five years after his death, dragging out the last three in a struggle against the horrors of cancer. As to the question of a secret marriage between the two, Mrs. Grant does not attempt an answer: the testimony, she declares, is too conflicting.

In Arvéde Barine's "Princesses and Court Ladies"* we get still another glimpse of this Queen. Her charming sketch of the Regency, summed up in the portrait of Marie Mancini, has a distinction and force quite foreign to Mrs. Grant's work. It is as vivid as a gypsy dance, as entertaining as a fairy tale: The dark-eyed adventures, full of passion and intelligence; Louis, young, ardent, imaginative; the Queen proud and conscious of her royal blood, loving Mazarin, to be sure, but not losing her queenliness thereby and forcing him to bow to her scorn of an alliance with his house. The Cardinal forbids the marriage, incidentally taking all the credit to himself. Louis submits with tears and threats, Marie fights with fury and wit; then the Infanta rises over the Spanish horizon and the Cardinal wins, though it is only at the last moment, for Marie single-handed

is almost a match for the whole of them. The crown of France thus slips from her hands and she finally marries the Connétable of Colonna. First she loves him, then she hates him, and spends a wild adventurous life fleeing from him through half the countries of Europe in every sort of disguise, stirring up convents of peaceful nuns in her meteor transits, rushing hither and thither, disappearing at last and dying no one knows when or how—

"One can imagine her old, with her wild unkempt hair, sordid in her dress, wrinkled, half impotent. Of her lost splendor nothing remains but the fire of her dark eyes. She tells fortunes and the future remains dark. She lives in the past. She takes her guitar, plays and muses. She dreams that once she barely missed being Queen of France."

Queen Christina of Sweden was as adventurous as the Mancini gypsy, for all her royal blood. Her father was the great Gustavus, her mother was a fool and her up-bringing an amazing farce. She began by living in books and ended by swaggering over Europe in men's clothes, by murdering a discarded lover, by wrangling for money like a *côcher* for a *pourboire*. Insolently witty, scorning her womanhood, passionately egotistical, she gave up her responsibilities as Queen when they bored her and never assumed any others in their place. "The Stroller Queen," she became one of the sights of her time, and crowds waited at their city gates to see her. But she palled in the course of years and it was with a certain relief that the throng followed the last splendid pageant which saw her to her grave.

With the same exquisite spirit Barine recreates for us an Arabian princess, paints us the Duchesse de Maine and the Margravine of Bayreuth. Princess Solmé, Arab inmate of a harem, runs away with and marries a German. He is killed three years later and these memoirs voice her Oriental longing for the ways and life of her own people, for the per-

* *Princesses and Court Ladies*, by Arvéde Barine. Authorized English version. Putnam.

fumed idleness of the harem, for the clink of bracelets, the fragrant nights and fervid days. This poor little princess lost in a strange land, lost still more utterly when after twenty years she thinks by returning to find her own country—how absurdly pathetic she is, as tragic as any of the rest of these forlorn princesses, who, in the words of Grumkow, "Are born to be sacrificed to the weal of their country." The Princess Wilhelmina to whom these words were addressed certainly lived a life of terror and privation which no child of the slums who could crawl to the police courts would suffer. Yet she was a sister to Frederick the Great. But old Frederick William, their father, possessed an infinite capacity for making those about him unhappy, a capacity he never neglected. The redeeming thing in her story is the exquisite love which subsisted between brother and sister, enduring till her death. So that for a year thereafter Frederick had but one cry—"In losing her I have lost all."

In a substantial volume of more than three hundred pages we are told of "The Flight of Marie Antoinette." * Nor are they any too many for the telling of this colossal failure, with its fatal consequences to almost everybody concerned in it. It is an extraordinary story, full of absurd impossibilities, only they happen to be facts, and reveal inconceivable traits of human nature—a mad tragedy-comedy played by doomed Punchinellos and ending in death. After breathlessly watching the almost miraculous escape of the royal family from the palace, where every door is guarded and pages and ladies-in-waiting actually lie at the feet and across the doorways of their masters and mistresses, we follow the big Berline from post to post. The Comte de Fersen is the magician who brings his beloved Queen and her family safe through the circle of fire; then he has to leave them and his spells fail. Everything goes wrong,

and at Varennes, amid flaming torches, excitement, pistol shots, shouts, drunken soldiers and bewildered officials, the escape ends—is proved never to have been an escape. Next we get a glimpse of Paris on finding itself without a King; seething, turbulent, shaking its fist in the face of Lafayette "who walked quickly along . . . with the bearing of a soldier, dignified, almost gay, towering above the crowd, his face pale and expressionless." The crowd penetrates for the first time into the palace, but it is respectful, curious, amused, not destructive. It jokes with the dismayed postman—"They've gone, leaving no address."

Monsieur Lenotre succeeds in giving us the vibrant atmosphere of the populace with remarkable sympathy, particularly since his insight into the feelings of the King and Queen is so happy. We pity them, we long for their escape, and yet we understand the driven and desperate people. That pursuit, with the mad riders galloping through the night, crossing each other, falling exhausted, struggling on. Then the terrible return of the poor trapped creatures through a frenzied country, accompanied by murder, riot and outrage. We hear the cries of the little Dauphin, we feel the helpless agony of his mother. As for the King—"that mass of flesh appeared to have no feeling" according to the Deputy Pétion, who formed one of his escort—rather, one of his jailors. Five days from the night of their departure (June 20th-25th) the royal family re-entered Paris amid crowds vast, silent, hostile. The little journey had turned Marie Antoinette's hair white—"white as a woman's of seventy."

One after another the actors in this drama are followed to their end, usually a tragic one. One falls into a well and dies; another is eaten by wolves. Even Fersen, le beau Fersen, nineteen years to the day on which he had tried to save his beloved Queen, is torn to pieces by a mob in the streets of Stockholm, revenging on him a crime he had

* The Flight of Marie Antoinette. From the French of G. Lenotre, by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, Lippincott.

never committed. Varennes itself, the little unknown peaceful town, is ruined from the fatal night when it barred the further progress of its King, and years pass before it recovers. There was never another story like this, and told as it is here it wrings the heart.

Mrs. Bearne, in her "Heroines of French Society"* gives us the portraits of four interesting and widely different women: Madame Le Brun, the artist; Madame La Marquise de Montague, an Emigrée and the pink of propriety in a dissolute age; Madame Tallien, a Spaniard both beautiful and gay, who, as the wife of an escaped Aristocrat, though herself a Revolutionist, is about to die on the guillotine when Tallien, master of the Terror at Bordeaux, falls in love with her and makes her his mistress. In the end she reforms and dies a princess. Last there is Madame de Genlis, the mistress of Philippe Egalité and governess of his children. The volume is full of stirring pictures of the Terror and moves with spirit; and by hook or crook all of its heroines escape the guillotine.

Madame Récamier, as painted by David and Gerard, has given lovers of beauty happiness for several generations. Even so she bewitched the people of her own time, and H. Noel Williams† presents us with the details of her long queenship of Parisian society. Married to a man old enough to be her father—and by some said to be so, especially as the marriage was merely a nominal one—she began life while the Terror was in full swing. She lived to be admired by Napoleon, to become the friend of Mme. de Staël and to be loved by Châteaubriand. She gathered around her one of the most remarkable salons Paris has known. She must have been an exquisite creature, ever more thoughtful of others than herself, even after she had grown blind. "Her history was to be loved," says her friend,

the Comtesse d'Hautefeuille. "What other glory is so enviable?"

In "The Life of the Empress Eugénie"* and "Women of the Second Empire"† we have two books on the same period, the latter being peculiarly interesting as it is largely derived from hitherto unpublished MSS. and is written by a man who personally knew, in their gray later years, many of that gay court. Women have always had their fingers in the pie of French politics and if here, according to Mr. Whiteing's delightful introduction, they played a rather sinister part, it was none the less an interesting one. Probably court life here gave its last great representation on the world's stage. Never will that romantic brilliance, that butterfly wonder hovering over stress and tragedy, that essence of idleness, wit, and intellect, so intoxicating, so dangerous yet so fascinating, exist again. It is not likely that we shall ever return that way.

Jane T. Stoddart's life of the Empress is neither so entertaining nor so brilliant as Loliée's book, but it supplies the connected story together with many an interesting page on the splendor of the court, and later on the contrast of the Empress's childless and widowed years. We may see in these books the passing of woman's influence in politics—that is, of the picturesque influence of her smiles, her tears, her beauty, her sex. The cold wind from Prussia blows them all away, withered, dying, extinguished.

One of the most interesting women who have dominated French society is surely Mlle. de L'Espinasse.‡ More than one book has been written around her, but this simple record of her life by the Marquis de Ségur is by far the most interesting of them all. It is breathlessly full of living, yet it follows the so often travelled path

* Life of the Empress Eugénie. By Jane T. Stoddart. Dutton.

† Women of the Second Empire. By Frederic Loliée, translated by Alice M. Ivimy, with an introduction by Richard Whiteing. With portraits. Lane.

‡ Mlle. de L'Espinasse. By the Marquis de Ségur, translated by P. H. Lee Warner. Holt.

* Heroines of French Society. By Mrs. Bearne. Dutton.

† Mme. Récamier and her Friends. By H. Noel Williams. With portrait. Scribner, New York.

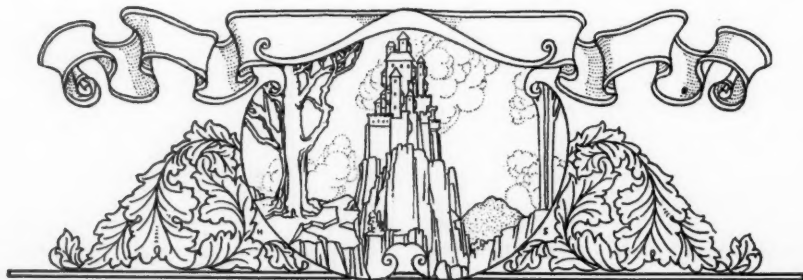
of disillusionment and suffering to the grave. She held her radiant court of wit and beauty, she loved and lost and died broken-hearted.

With Queen Louisa of Prussia* we leave France and cross over to its enemy. It is good to get a life of this beautiful woman, so full of dignity and courage, the friend and beloved of her people, the unfaltering helpmeet of her husband through the long troubles of the Napoleonic wars, although the King, harassed by his great foe and in the hands of evil counsellors, was often, to put it mildly, extremely difficult. She suffered, being great, the pain of having for king and husband a man who was not great. But on the other hand she had the happiness of loving this man and of being loved by him. She carried the sorrows of her people in her heart, but her trust in God was infinite. She wrote from the midst of her losses and defeats, "My kingdom is not of this world." The shadow of Napoleon lay black across her life. As this shadow faded, death laid its hand upon her. She had had a few days of happiness at her father's house, as a little note, the last words she ever wrote, proves. ". . . My dear Father: I am very happy as your daughter and the wife of the best of husbands." This was written on June 28th, and on July 18th she died in her husband's arms of congestion of the lungs.

* Queen Louise of Prussia. By Mary Maxwell Moffat. Dutton.

From the real queens we turn, for the last book on our list, to John Fyvie's "Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era."* There are a dozen of them and their lives are a strange medley. Tragedy was not always absent even from these stage royal-ties. Beauty, charm, wit, and the fervor of life they possessed in abundance. Princes were among their lovers, and more than one married a title. Several died in obscurity and disappointment; but, on the whole, a breath of light-heartedness pervades these stories. The ladies are merry and it is with a smile that we close the book, half expecting to see it dance a little as we return it to the shelf, chuckling over the wild doings of Peg Woffington and her sisters in comedy. A make-believe queen seems to have rather the better of it in the play of life, perhaps because she is not quite so often called upon to be a make-believe woman. Make-believe, except for children, is a dangerous occupation. Life insists upon reality and achieves it somehow, if it be only through torture and death. The lives of these women were generally sad, but it was this unlooked-for and undesired sorrow that made them real. By it they became actual human beings instead of remaining simply the decorated figure-heads placed by convention at the head of a nation.

* Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era. By John Fyvie. With portraits. Dutton.



A POET'S CENTENARY

Read at Bowdoin College on Longfellow Day, June 26, 1907*

By SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE

I

We were a busy people; axes rang,
And anvils; when amid the day's turmoil
A melody crept; a master came, and sang,
And charmed the workers, sweetening all the toil
As Orpheus did, who once, with flute to lip,
Helped mightily at the launching of the ship.

And in and out among us many a day
He went, this singer, with his happy strain;
Greeted the little children at their play,
Was present at the hanging of the crane;
Blessed maidenhood and manhood; blessed the birds;—
His life beat like the sunshine through his words.

At last he said upon occasion high,
The light of seventy summers in his face,
"O, Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you," and he said it from this place,
With aged comrades round him who should all
So soon restore life's armor to the wall.

Those men have passed into the Silent Land,
Their earthly battles ended; many a change
Has crept on us beneath time's moulding hand,
And on these scenes with faces new and strange;
But not on him: the magic of his art
Still penetrates the citadel of the heart!

And where he once has entered to delight
And cheer and strengthen, linger he must and will;
Oft mingling with the voices of the night
Some fragment of his song to haunt us still,
Or lure to far-off realms, and unawares
Scatter in flight an Arab host of cares.

A hundred years—how old he would have been!
And yet how young; for, as we turn his page,
We mark the throbbings of a life within
Old as the world and new to every age.
Beauty and love and sorrow—from such themes
Uprose the golden fabric of his dreams.

* At the exercises commemorative of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet, who graduated at Bowdoin in the class of 1825, and fifty years later read there his "Morituri Salutamus."

II

"God sent his singers upon earth," he said;
 What were the earth without them? what were life
 We call so glorious but games and bread,
 Sordid existence or ignoble strife,
 Were there no voices crying to the soul,
 Nor any vision of life's path and goal?

The truth we need and wait for may at times
 Break suddenly on us like a cannon's roar,
 But oftener comes in faintest elfin chimes
 Blown o'er the border line from some dim shore;
 Or yet, as blind and heedless as we are,
 It comes in perfect stillness like a star.

Ay, even invisible as the air that rolls,
 Stand great unproven truths which, as we must,
 We build our lives upon, and stake our souls,
 Outweighing knowledge with our hope and trust,—
 Truths which keen Science, labor as she may,
 Can never explain—and never explain away!

Science may guide o'er many a hill and plain,
 Revealing how the pathways meet and part;
 But for life's pathless and uncharted main,
 Whereon our surest pilot is the heart,
 We need their vision unto whom belong
 The mystery and the mastery of song!

"Listen! behold! believe!" are tones that fill
 The poets' signs and symbols manifold,—
 Those fables of the ever-singing Hill,
 Isles of the Blest, cities with streets of gold,
 Enchanted castles, youth-restoring streams,
 And all the El Dorados of our dreams!

For song, indeed, is truth full-winged with power;
 A faithful voice that calls us from afar;
 An impulse from some land where every hour
 God's truth reigns sovereign; some hope-bringing star;
 Some sword that stirs the spirit, as were stirred
 The Prophets and Apostles of the Word!

The poets go before us; they discern,
 Across these spaces of life's gloom and glow,
 The great ideals that ever live and burn;
 They break all pathways without fear, and, lo!
 They travel onward, keeping still in sight
 Some pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night.

The blessed poets save us—not the kings,
 And not the warriors; no great human wrongs
 Have they e'er stood for; no great rightful things
 But they have loved and cherished; by their songs
 We march and prosper; by their torches' rays
 The world moves forward into nobler ways.

And in their hands for gracious use they bear
 The crowning gift of immortality;
 The songless cities perish; in thin air
 Empires dissolve; old customs cease to be;
 But aught that is, though flung by others by,
 The poets touch it and it can not die!

Still Homer's heroes live and talk and fight;
 The old men chirp of Helen; beacons flare
 From Ilium on to Argos in the night;
 Penelope does not of her lord despair,
 But ravel still the day's work with her hands,
 And still Nausicaa by the pillar stands.

How marvellous time's world-structure named of Song,
 With masonry of dream-stuff, and with halls
 Of golden music! yet secure and strong;
 Whereon decay's dark shadow never falls;
 A miracle of the masters from all lands
 And from all times—this house not made with hands!

III

Ah! silently there sweeps before my eyes
 A vision of three poets dear to all
 Who feel the touch of beauty, and who prize
 The nobler voices that around us fall;
 Each from a different land, but all the three
 Facing the morning of a world to be.

Lo, Roman Virgil! at whose wizard name
 Things lost their power to change and pass away;
 Troy burns and does not vanish in the flame;
 A great queen greets the exiles; still to-day
 Men hear, as by the Tiber's side they stroll,
 The funeral hymn of young Marcellus roll.

Lo, also, England's Virgil! Arthur reigns
 Forever in the halls of Camelot;
 Fair women sacrifice for noble gains,
 Who never will grow old or be forgot;
 And those three Queens that helped are helping still
 The men who help to banish human ill.

And, pray, why lingers Hiawatha so?
 Why must Priscilla and John Alden stand
 Telling the old, old tale, and never go?
 Wherefore this many a year throughout the land
 Keeps sad Evangeline her unwearied quest?
 The answer is—our Virgil of the West!

Three Laureates of three great peoples! Each,
 In golden phrase and music-laden words,
 Moulded to sweetest use his country's speech;
 Loved simple things, touched ever the common chords,
 Winning the people's heart, and lived to hear
 The praises of the world sound in his ear.

The realm of books each ever loved to roam,
 Finding new glories for the song he wove;
 Sang childhood, the affections of the home,
 And the dear constancy of woman's love;
 Found tears in human things, and evermore
 Stretched yearning hands out toward the farther shore.

They sang that men should faint not, but endure,
 Follow the gleam, and wear the fadeless flower
 Of hope forever; that the goal is sure
 For those who strive and trust the Heavenly Power.
 They lived pure lives and gentle, nor through all
 Uttered a word they ever need recall.

So like in their unlikeness, that I dare
 (As else I dare not) name them side by side;
 Swayed by one mood and spirit; as they fare,
 The spaces close between them, else so wide;
 While their immortal echoes strike across
 All tumults hitherward, nor suffer loss.

IV

Bowdoin, dear Mother, to thy listening ear
 His step falls on these pathways as of yore;
 Again the "boy's will is the wind's will" here,
 And his the "long, long thoughts" of youth once more;
 For thine he was when first the vision came
 To him of the alluring face of fame.

He caught the pathos from thy murmuring pines,
 The melody from thy river, sweetness and light
 From the fair sky above thee where the signs,
 Thick with white worlds, roll solemnly by night;
 Thy son, and master in the art divine,
 All this he wrought into his lustrous line.

But chiefly—for he knew what springs had fed
 His youthful spirit in its purpose high—
 Did he remember—on the day he said
 That he was old and was about to die—
 With gracious words of tenderness and truth,
 The faces of the teachers of his youth.

Thrice happy are such teachers, with the dower
 Of knowledge and of counsel in their hand!
 They sit forever at the springs of power,
 And, from these quiet places of the land,
 No trumpet blowing and no flag unfurled,
 They shape the forces that will shape the world.

Ah! as once more we walk these shades among,
 What visions from the bygone years arise!
 The faces, O, the faces, how they throng,
 And pass, and come again, with friendly eyes,
 And fill, for each of us, with life more vast
 That other present which we call the past!

And he is of them! Lo, the hearts that brim
 With hope and courage, and do not grow old,
 Have somewhere, somehow, learned to love like him
 The nobler things that are not bought and sold,
 Remembering the light that through life's bars
 Breaks from beyond the sunset and the stars!

IN THE LAND OF CHANCE

By HAROLD S. SYMMES



LEEPLY Gates rolled over on his back. Somehow he was dully conscious that his bed had become very hard. Then he heard, indistinctly, deep sonorous snores in several keys. He opened his heavy eyelids, and the dull gray of coming dawn showed in the rectangle of a door open to the street. On the floor near him were huddled more than a dozen sleeping men—formless hulks, some in sleeping-bags, some in gray blankets, some in tattered quilts.

The exciting events of the day before came slowly back to his mind—the start from Tonopah; the ride through a long glare of desert; the wagons, stages and automobiles, all hurrying one way, their occupants dusty, wild-eyed and excited; the noon stop at the adobe of San Antonio; the sudden jerking of the stage as they entered the squat, rolling hills at dusk; the masked robber, his levelled gun, his hat full of booty; and finally the bustling arrival after dark in Manhattan, the newest mining camp in all Nevada.

The man next to Gates stopped snoring with a little jerk of his head. Gates turned over and looked at him. He was a tremendous fellow, of broad shoulders and muscular arms. A hand near his cheek was calloused, square-fisted and covered with short red hair. The bearded face was broad and burned, the nose big and thick, the beard untrimmed and

dusty. Even as Gates studied this face so near his own, the lids opened drowsily and two gray eyes stared wonderingly at him. The man swallowed, closed his eyes, opened a cavernous mouth and yawned—long, loud and luxuriously,—a lazy groaning yawn that ended in a sort of inarticulate greeting to the morn of "Aw, hell!"

Gates smiled. The other saw him. "Al's floor ain't a regular feather-bed spring-mattress combination."

"Not exactly."

"Blow in last night?"

"Yes; on Higgins's stage, that got held up."

"Lose much?" the other asked, disinterestedly.

"About all I had."

"Why did n't one o' you fill him full o' lead? I hear a little guy from Goldfield lost a whole sackful o' cash."

"Say, did you ever look into the muzzle of a shotgun at five yards, with a fool who did n't give a damn pulling both triggers?"

The older man ran his big, calloused fingers through his tousled hair and laughed heartily. Gates began to like his red-bearded bed-fellow.

"Cheer up, me boiy! 'Bad beginnin', good endin', y'er know. Now I run luck high at first, and I dassay I'll end bad. What yer goin' to do now?"

"Hunt a job."

"Ever done any minin'?"

"Four months in the North Star in Goldfield."

"Are you wise in Mex.?"

"About a dozen words."

"Cuss?"

"Ten of 'em is the kind that 'll make a jackass jump."

"Well, I guess yer could find a job on the Stray Dawg outfit, if yer hustled."

"Where's that?"

"My claim on Golden Hill. One of the best properties in camp. I'm Jerry Carter. Got in on the ground floor with Humphreys, last November."

"What you paying?"

"Five a day and beans."

"Make it seven and I'm with you."

"Lord, you got cheek for a busted tenderfoot! Well, let's andy down to Jim's joint first, and feed up."

Carter stretched his big arms and said "Aw, hell!" once more, with infinite satisfaction to his sleep-numbed muscles. They pulled on their boots, rolled up their blankets, stepped over their companions and into the frozen street.

Gates's first daylight view of Manhattan made an indelible impression upon his mind. The town wriggled itself away for two miles and more in one long crooked street, up a twisting *arroyo*. On either side low dun-colored hills, sparsely covered with desert brush and dwarfed trees, rolled back against a morning sky just warming to the rose flush of dawn. The thin blue smoke of breakfast fires rose in trembling lines into the clear air, and everywhere the hills were dotted with white tents and piles of gray-brown dirt from the diggings.

Already life began to seethe about them. The hysteria of excitement was in the air they breathed. The street was crowded and noisy, in places choked with men, teams, freight and camping outfits. Here a whole house covered with tar paper and studded with brass tacks sat complacently upon a hay wagon, after its journey from Tonopah; and there an overloaded, dusty automobile blocked the road. Everything seemed turned up and loose. Hoarse laughter broke from saloon

doors, and garish yellow lights showed where "banks" were still running.

"And this is Manhattan," Gates kept saying to himself. This the camp that had set the desert mining world afire, that had left Tonopah deserted in twenty-four hours, that had drained Bullfrog and Searchlight of their surplus population in a single night; that had stampeded Goldfield and lured from Death Valley and the Funeral Mountains wild hordes of desert rats, dusty prospectors, mysteriously called as by some scent to this new ground of gold. From these very hills had come those specimens he had fingered; chips that were two thirds free gold; ore threaded, seamed and plastered; porphyry and crystallized rock that ran from fifteen to one hundred thousand dollars a ton. A month ago these town lots he was passing had sold for twenty-five dollars; now they were selling for twenty-five hundred. Houses were going up at the rate of one an hour, and the camp was already shipping a thousand sacks of ore a day.

The fever of gold burned hot in his veins. He cursed the luck of the hold-up. Here he was, a day laborer in the hills of gold, penniless in the land of chance. But his blood was young. He had already made a friend. He felt himself close to his great opportunity, and his heart leaped to meet it in all the fiery energy of youth. The sun dawned over the rim of the eastern *mesa*. Distant hills became misty in a pink and violet haze, and the nearer ones were transformed to rose.

A few hundred yards down the street, Carter elbowed into a group of miners gathered about something on the ground. He came out with a letter in his hand, over which he smiled knowingly. He explained that this was the camp's one letter-box. Manhattan was too young for a post-office; all letters were dumped into this packing-case, and those who did not get their mail early often had their names obliterated by the thumb-prints of their fellow-citizens.

Just beyond was the Gold Wedge Saloon, where they stopped for an appetizer, and Gates began to realize he had fallen into good hands. "Big Jerry," as Carter was called, was no insignificant citizen of Manhattan. His generous ways and his fund of passing good-nature seemed inexhaustible. That he was an easy drinker and a big gambler only added to the respect in which he was held.

Breakfast at the Nevada Dining Parlors—a torn, grease-spotted tent-house—consisted of bacon, beans and bad coffee, at one dollar per; and then they started for the Stray Dog on Golden Hill.

For two days Leonard Gates bossed the Mexicans here. Carter had taken out wonderful grass-root values from the first, and even now, with a shaft scarcely forty feet deep, had a well defined vein two feet wide, running five hundred and fifty dollars to the ton, and was sacking and shipping as fast as he could find freighters.

At the end of the second day Big Jerry said the sheriff had arrived in town and wanted Gates's version of the hold-up. As they walked together toward town, Carter remarked:

"That hold-up has raised a heap o' windy talk down at Jake's. Yer see nobody felt it his particaler dooty to trail that feller who took yer boodle. He got loose easy; but now that Dutch guy, Heinz, has let it out he lost ten thousand dollars in that bag o' his. We all thought he was stringin' us. A feller allays has a heap more money when it's lost, but I happen to know it's straight goods after all. Schwarzmeier, the banker at Goldfield, wrote to me sayin' he sent him up to cinch a lease we'd been dickerin' about fer a month er more. That ten thousand cash was first payment on his option. Course Heinz could n't deliver the goods on time. The deal's off, and old Schwarzmeier is raisin' particaler hell down in Goldfield, tryin' to get the whole United States army out to hunt the robber. Manhattan's got excited and is talkin' 'bout 'lectin' a chief o'

police, and the boys want me t' run. I'm thinkin' p'r'aps I'll take a whirl at politics. I b'lieve in the Consti-tootion, and in chuckin' a man in a snowbank when he gets drunk and keerless in his aim."

As yet there was no law in the camp. Life was strenuous but not precarious. Every man carried his hip gun, but only to preserve the peace—to prove that the community was stable and civilized.

"D'yer know Schwarzmeier? Well he's the tightest old skunk in the State. Steer clear o' him. He'd skin yer out o' yer last shirt, and then match yer fer yer false teeth."

Dave Dixon, Sheriff, was pre-em-inently fitted for his office. He made it a point to be friends with most of the desperate characters who needed watching, and was reputed most economical and humane—he never wasted two cartridges when one would do. His only clue so far lay in the knowledge that Heinz in his fright had dropped a twenty-mark luck piece into the hat with the rest. His second clue came from Gates, who thought he had seen on the right wrist of the robber a part of a tattoo, perhaps an anchor or a cross upside down, in a circle.

Big Jerry was waiting for Gates near the bar of the Gold Wedge after the interview. He led him aside and pushed some gold into his hand.

"Whiskey money to talk with, me boiy. I've decided to get in the runnin' for chief o' police."

Together they drew up to the crowd. Jake Burricker, himself one of the acknowledged bosses of the town, was helping his young bar-keeper "shove the glasses," for business always picked up as night fell in Manhattan.

As Big Jerry pushed into the crowd with friendly profanity, Gates noticed that Jake's gaunt face hardened, and that he turned abruptly to the farther end of the bar. He was a raw-boned, savage man, of red face, thick nose and big, blue-veined hands. His rusty moustache hung down like the tusks of a walrus, and when he smiled

his protruding yellow teeth looked vicious. Gates decided he did not like him. At Jake's move Jerry's face lost its customary affable expression, and there passed over it a strange look of angry determination, of revengeful fierceness. Gates thought it the look of one who would fight if cornered, and his youthful admiration for Big Jerry grew. Two days had made them the closest of friends. Jerry's rough sincerity of character, his crude humor, his easy, full-blooded generosity, had made him a hero of the hills in Gates's eyes. Heart, not head, ruled Jerry's actions.

Finally Gates turned from the bar and tried one of the slot-machines against the opposite wall. With a merry rattling clink the machine worked to his first coin. Jerry and a friend drew near.

"Flushes by the bunch!" Jerry cried, as the machine rattled out its coin again. "Sure, yer luck's on, me boy," he added as he dropped a third fifty-cent piece to no purpose. Then, as if an idea had come to him, he said: "Gates, have ye ever tried roulette or faro?"

"Well, no," the younger man admitted, as if ashamed of the confession.

"Come! I'll make yer everlastin' fortune. You'll sure have luck. Come!"

He took Gates by the arm and they went out into the fresh, cool, mountain air of the street. The thoroughfare had become that of a metropolis, for Manhattan became chronically gay each night. Ragged fortune-hunters elbowed each other up its crooked length. An accordion wheezed out its calling rag-time here, a discordant fiddle across the way. Saloon doors slammed and clattered. Laughter came from crowded rooms. Everyone seemed gay and excited. The town was halter-free and gambling was rife. Gold came easily, whiskey even more so, and it was the boast of the camp that more money changed hands in a single night in Manhattan than in Goldfield in a year.

They went straight to The Lucky Throw.

"If luck's with us, we'll stick by the red and green outfit," Jerry announced. "Jake's got a three-quarter interest in this here joint, and if you could bust the bank, I'd—I'd—Lord! I'd let you in on the Stray Dawg. It's one of the ambitions of my life to bust that bank!" Jerry Carter was a great idealist, in his primitive way.

The room was low and small. Two big ceiling lamps cast a thick, garish light upon the roulette tables, headed by their bankers and surrounded by groups of eager men. Behind them stood the bottle-lined bar. Along the side walls were some one-dollar slot-machines, and liqueur and champagne-posters by way of art. In the back room more men were seated at the smaller faro tables, and the lights there were dim through the thick blue wreaths of smoke, that swayed and swung to every movement like seaweed in water.

Gates did n't share Jerry's superstition about a beginner's luck, but the chance of winning, the yearning to have a try, burned hot in his blood. Carter explained the game. They pushed into the crowd and Gates put down five dollars on the most unlucky number he could think of—13—inwardly saying goodbye to his gold piece. Carter capped it with two others, saying "I'm grub-stakin' yer, this trip, me boy"; then piled fifty dollars for himself on the same number. Gates longed to win, for Jerry's sake even more than for his own.

"Game's on, gentlemen!" The banker started the little marble. Gates could not take his eyes from this tiny, whirling ball. Carter had assumed the silent impassive air of the inveterate gambler. The marble swung down in its basin, it jumped, rattled and stopped—in thirteen! Gates's heart leaped with a wild, superstitious joy. An onlooker slapped him boisterously on the shoulder. Carter, imperturbable and apparently indifferent, said, "Why, o' course. I see where we put this

whole shebang out o' business in an hour."

Gates was literally trembling with the strange excitement of it. He had won without really knowing how, and that little tower of gold before him—\$540—was his. He still did not believe in a beginner's luck, but his throat was now parched with a thirst for game.

As he took his money from the table, one coin felt uneven and strange to his fingers. He looked at it. It was unfamiliar; it had the stamp of German eagles. He turned it over. It was smooth and bore a monogram. The robbery came back to his mind. It must have come from the bank; he would return it. Then, just as he was about to speak, he remembered the two pieces Carter had put on his. It could n't have come from Big Jerry.

"Well, what's the sure winner this race, me boy?"

Gates slipped the foreign coin into his trousers pocket, and with bewildered thoughts placed one hundred dollars on twenty. Carter did not take a coin from the table. He moved eleven hundred dollars to twenty. The marble spun again. Gates fairly held his breath. Big Jerry's faith in his choice pleased, yet worried him. It seemed the height of foolishness to bet again on one single number. He could n't win a second time, and that little fortune Jerry staked would disappear into the bank on his poor guess.

The marble whirled round and round, jumped, rattled and, as if aimed, fell full in twenty. The crowd shouted. Carter was silent, but could not repress his satisfaction. He pocketed three quarters of his winnings saying, "One third of all I make to-night is yours, pardner." Gates could have howled with joy, Jerry was so pleased.

So that riotous evening began. Gates suddenly became a figure in the room. Five times out of every seven he won, and every time he put away his winnings, Big Jerry put away five to ten times as much. The

crowd promptly followed his lead, and at one time every dollar on the board was staked on Gates's choice, and Gates was choosing absolutely at random. The bank became feverish. A noisy, shouting crowd deepened about the table. Gates felt dizzy with a luck he could not understand, and superstitious faith rose high within him. He was breaking all camp records, and money changed hands fast. Twice the bank sent a man down to Jake's, and twice he returned with coin; but by eleven o'clock The Lucky Throw frankly declared itself bankrupt and closed its doors. An intoxicated crowd followed the two men to Slim Harris's, and even here their luck did not wholly desert them.

Between three and four they dropped in at the Gold Wedge Saloon—"to make Jake eat coyote," as Big Jerry expressed it. Jake was there, and the news of Gates's great run of luck was on everybody's lips. In the round of drinks that celebrated it, Gates threw a gold piece carelessly upon the bar. The crowd was too excited to notice the bartender, as he puzzled over the coin an instant and then took it to Bur-ricker. Jake, however, gladly accepted it, and showed his big yellow teeth as he smilingly slipped it into his vest pocket.

It was close to dawn when they reached Jerry's cabin on Golden Hill. Gates did not sleep much. Mad impressions of the night's excitement crowded, blurred and burned his brain. The sun was up when he finally awoke. In his bunk on the other side of his cabin Big Jerry still slept. As Gates studied the strong, rough face in sleep, the puzzle of the German gold piece came again to his mind. He stepped across the cabin floor in silence. Carter's right arm was partly covered by the blanket. Gates took a straw and stroked it across the protruding hand. Sleepily the arm was thrust forward and over. The sleeve had been pushed up. There on the hairy forearm, just

above the wrist, was a large tattoo, an anchor in a coil of rope. Gates was for the moment stupefied.

There were low voices outside, approaching footsteps and then a heavy knock on the door. Jerry awoke and with startled eyes stared at Gates.

"Open up, boys," came from the other side of the door. "It's me—Dixon."

"Hello!" was Jerry's answer. Then in a whisper, "If this is a gun fight, you're with me?"

"Sure, Jerry!" Gates knew the danger, but answered with all the ardor of youth and friendship. Over Jerry's face there passed a radiant glow of admiration and untold affection. He loved the youth as his own son.

Gates glanced out of the only window in the cabin. "There's Jake and a deputy off on the hill."

"Come, Jerry," came again from without.

"Hell, Dave, can't you wait till a gentleman polishes his finger nails? I'm slickin' up." He was, as he spoke, slipping bright-shelled forty-four cartridges into his belt, with a rapidity that was marvellous. As he moved toward the door, Gates pushed by his arm and pulled down the sleeve. Jerry did n't seem to notice it.

"Why, it ain't locked, Dave!" Jerry said, stepping out into the broad sunlight. "What's the game?"

"I'm lookin' fer yer young friend that busted The Lucky Throw. He passed out some Dutch money last night that was taken from Heinz by the stage-robber."

"What? Gates?" Carter's blank surprise was genuine, and yet there was in his tone a subtle touch of real relief.

Gates suddenly saw the opportunity of helping his friend. He became highly indignant. He denied everything and protested so hotly and angrily that the sheriff smiled to himself knowingly.

"Well, if I did pass it, it came from The Lucky Throw," Gates ended.

"Yes, I dassay; but you an' me'll discuss that later on."

"What! You want to arrest me? —me?" cried Gates fiercely.

"We'll just hold yer on suspicion."

"Well, if this ain't the most outrageous outrage in the State of Nevada!" declared Jerry. "Why, Dave! you're clean locoed. Gates here could n't 'a' been robbed and done the robbin' all to wunst. Guess my lovin' friend Burricker has been puttin' bugs in yer head."

"Well," said Dixon with a calmness that was maddening, "several o' them aboard says he kind o' helped things along fer the robber under a bluff o' doin' the other thing, and now after this Dutch money business I kinder got it framed in my own mind he needs watchin'."

"It's all a lie! I'll never go!" cried Gates hotly, drawing back and putting his hand on his revolver.

"Well, I reckon it'll be wholesomer to andy 'long, all the same," said Dixon in a settled tone that had made more determined men than Gates change their minds.

About noon Big Jerry, with Dixon's permission, had a little talk with Gates. He found him handcuffed to the small safe in the back room of the Gold Wedge Saloon.

"Well, me boiy, life ain't all a lemonade, Sunday-school picnic, even in Manhattan," he began genially. "This is some o' Jake's dirty work, and I'll see yer out of it, if it takes all the yeller The Stray Dawg can cough up to do it. Yer made yerself mighty popular all right, last night, and the boys is gettin' mad at this measly job o' Jake's."

"Oh, that's all right, Jerry. Let Dixon take me to Goldfield; then things'll quiet down some, here. He can't prove anything. I know who he's looking for, but he'll never get it out of me."

"You know?"

Gates smiled. "Why, yes."

"Who? We'll nail him, and they'll have to turn you loose."

Again Gates smiled. "No, Jerry. I'm going to be as suspicious as pos-

sible until Dixon gets me to Goldfield. And you'd better let on to Dixon that I've had piles of money and just been lying low ever since you found me."

"I'll be damned if I do!" protested Jerry ardently.

"Then the man that did it might get a hurry-up telegram to go to Los Angeles on business, and light out of Manhattan just naturally. And, Jerry, before he goes, he'd better keep his right sleeve well down. A tattoo is the only real clew Dixon's got."

Jerry's eyes opened wide. His big mouth broadened into a queer smile, and then he laughed heartily.

"You're good game blood, me boy! Lemme tell yer somethin'." He lowered his voice. "Years ago, back in Bullionville, old man Schwarzmeyer did a young feller 'bout your age a dirty deal in silver. That young feller's been waitin' to plug him ever since, and I have me suspicions that Heinz's sack and the option he lost was sort o' the interest on the old deal. Schwarzmeyer is just naturally a slow payer. *Sabe?*"

Gates's admiration for Jerry was suddenly restored to the old basis. Both realized the deep affection that underlay their hearty friendship. Jerry clasped the chained hands warmly, laughed and winked—the most imperturbable rascal in the State of Nevada.

In going, he left the door to the outer room wide open. From his anchorage by the safe Gates could see the greater part of the interior of the saloon. A smooth-tongued promoter in high-laced boots was talking earnestly to a round-shouldered prospector at the end of the bar. Some freighters and Mexicans played stud-poker at a table opposite. Jake stood before the shelves of bottles, serving. A big blue-barrelled revolver lay near the glasses on one side of the bar before him. Jerry met Dixon and persuaded him to discuss politics and the robbery over a glass or two of Jake's "genuine tarantula poison," as Jerry admir-

ingly called it. Gates realized that Carter's probable election to Manhattan's first office of chief of police had placed him on most friendly terms with the sheriff. The two had taken a table near the poker players. Jerry's rich bass voice dominated the talk of the room. Gates saw the gaunt saloon-keeper scowl in surly anger, as he slowly realized that many of Carter's caustic remarks, although addressed to the sheriff, were made for his particular benefit.

"But, Dave, yer sure you ain't been undooly inflooned 'bout Gates?" Jerry was saying. "I never seen a feller break a bank yet without makin' all the skunks of the community jealous-like."

This was more than Jake could brook in silence.

"Yes, but how in hell could a kid, stringin' us about bein' busted, suddenly break The Lucky Throw? Yer can't tell me he did n't have his hand in the boodle Heinz lost."

"Me friend," and Big Jerry turned to Jake with a superior air, "Len Gates has been a workin' on the Stray Dawg; and the Stray Dawg pays salaries like a railroad. I grubstaked him last night. Perhaps you think I held Higgins's stage up."

It was not the actual words, but the ridiculing, baiting air that fanned Jake's smoldering anger to flame.

"Heh, did I?" Jerry asked.

"Mebbe, fer all I know." The answer was short and tense.

"Dave," Jerry said to the sheriff, "you heard that. When you've got yer man, I'll jist get yer to testify fer me. I'm thinkin' o' usin' some o' the money I won last night in a case fer—what yer call it?—criminal libel o' genteel character. Me friend Jake, here [Jerry's enemies were always his friends], sometimes fergets the etiquette of a gentleman in referrin' to me doin's; an' all 'cause him and me don't go to the same church o' Sundays."

"All I said," Jake's voice rose angrily, he was almost shouting, "was that yer kid was a very clever side-partner in that job down the grade,

and that's straight." The promoter and his friend stopped talking. The card players looked up from their game. Gates in the back room felt that this conversation was becoming altogether too warm, and wished Jerry would stop it.

"I know! I know," Jerry was answering, with an aggravating calm. "That's all, 'cause if you'd said any more, you know I'd 'a' spattered your measly carcass all over the joint."

Gates saw that Jake Burricker's face had flushed deep with anger. Everyone in the room felt sure this row could n't go much farther. Something would break soon.

The promoter by the bar tossed down a coin for his drink. It rolled across the bar-top toward the pistol, and Jake thrust out his hand in quick movement to stop it. Carter, from his table evidently misinterpreting the sudden move on the part of his enemy, drew and fired. There were three quick shots, a shattering of glass, shouts, a scraping of chairs and a clattering of doors. Some of the card players bolted for the street. Pedestrians passing crowded to get in.

Jerry had fallen. Dixon had pulled

him back to prevent him from shooting a second time. Thin wreaths of smoke were drifting near the ceiling. Jake was groaning heavily somewhere behind the bar. Dixon, the promoter and several others were now bending over Jerry's body on the floor. They rolled him over.

"Tear off his shirt! Let's see that wound!"

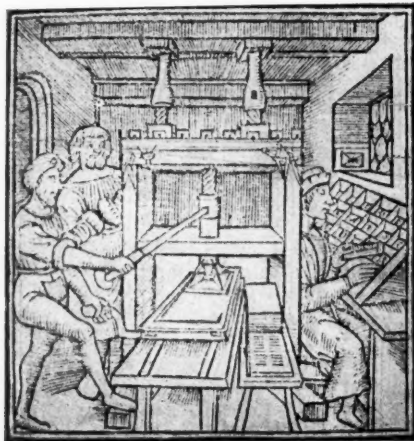
Poor Gates wrenched again and again at the handcuffs to get loose. If he only could hide Jerry's tattooed wrist! They were pulling off Jerry's coat and shirt; and now they threw both aside. Gates could see the big, hairy body and that bare, tattooed arm in the midst of them. Suddenly Dixon straightened up and exclaimed:

"You? Why, Jerry!"

Gates felt a sudden weakness come over him. It was all up. Dixon knew!

"God! plumb through the heart!" said the promoter, who had been examining the wounds.

"A damned shame!" said Dixon. And then, with an irrelevance and admiration the bystanders did not comprehend, he added; "He was mighty cool and dead game. He would 'a' made a first-rate chief o' police for Manhattan!"



AT LARGE *

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

I

THE SCENE



YES, of course it is an experiment! But it is made *in corpore vili*. It is not irreparable, and there is no reason, more's the pity, why I should not please myself. I will ask—it is a rhetorical question which needs no answer—what is a hapless bachelor to do, who is professionally occupied and tied down in a certain place for just half the year? What is he to do with the other half? I cannot live on in my college rooms, and I am not compelled to do so by poverty. I have near relations and many friends, at whose houses I should be made welcome. But I cannot be like the wandering dove, who found no repose. I have a great love of my independence and my liberty. I love my own fireside, my own chair, my own books, my own way. It is little short of torture to have to conform to the rules of other households, to fall in with other people's arrangements, to throw my pen down when the gong sounds, to make myself agreeable to fortuitous visitors, to be led whither I would not. I do this, a very little, because I do not desire to lose touch with my kind; but then my work is of a sort which brings me into close touch day after day with all sorts of people, till I crave for recollection and repose; the prospect of a round of visits is one that fairly unmans me. No doubt it implies a certain want of vitality, but one does not increase one's vitality by making overdrafts upon it; and then, too, I am a

slave to my pen, and the practice of authorship is inconsistent with paying visits.

Of course, the obvious remedy is marriage; but one cannot marry from prudence, or from a sense of duty, or even to increase the birth-rate, which I am concerned to see is diminishing. I am, moreover, to be perfectly frank, a transcendentalist on the subject of marriage. I know that a happy marriage is the finest and noblest thing in the world, and I would resign all the conveniences I possess with the utmost readiness for it. But a great passion cannot be the result of reflection, or of desire, or even of hope. One cannot argue oneself into it; one must be carried away. "You have never let yourself go," says a wise and gentle aunt, when I bemoan my unhappy fate. To which I reply that I have never done anything else. I have lain down in streamlets, I have leapt into silent pools, I have made believe I was in the presence of a deep emotion, like the dear little girl in one of Reynolds's pictures, who hugs a fat and lolling spaniel over an inch-deep trickle of water, for fear he should be drowned. I do not say that it is not my fault. It is my fault, my own fault, my own great fault, as we say in the Compline confession. The fault has been an over-sensibility. I have desired close and romantic relations so much that I have dissipated my forces; yet when I read such a book as the love-letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, I realize at once both the supreme nature of the gift, and the hopelessness of attaining it unless it

be given; but I try to complain, as the beloved mother of Carlyle said about her health, as little as possible.

Well, then, as I say, what is a reluctant bachelor who loves his liberty to do with himself? I cannot abide the life of towns, though I live in a town half the year. I like friends, and I do not care for acquaintances. There is no conceivable reason why, in the pursuit of pleasure, I should frequent social entertainments that do not amuse me. What have I then done? I have done what I liked best. I have taken a big roomy house in the quietest country I could find, I have furnished it comfortably, and I have hitherto found no difficulty in inducing my friends, one or two at a time, to come and share my life. I shall have something to say about solitude presently, but meanwhile I will describe my hermitage.

The old Isle of Ely lies in the very centre of the Fens. It is a range of low gravel hills, shaped roughly like a human hand. The river runs at the wrist, and Ely stands just above it, at the base of the palm, the fingers stretching out to the west. The fens themselves, vast peaty plains, the bottoms of the old lagoons, made up of the accumulation of centuries of rotting water plants, stretch round it on every side; far away you can see the low heights of Brandon, the Newmarket Downs, the Gogmagogs behind Cambridge, the low wolds of Huntingdon. To the north the interminable plain, through which the rivers welter and the great levels run, stretches up to the Wash. So slight is the fall of the land towards the sea, that the tide steals past me in the huge Hundred-foot cut, and makes itself felt as far south as Earith Bridge, where the Ouse comes leisurely down with its clear pools and reed-beds. At the extremity of the southernmost of all the fingers of the Isle, a big hamlet clusters round a great ancient church, whose blunt tower is visible for miles above its grove of sycamores. More than twelve centuries ago an old saint, whose name

I think was Owen—though it was Latinized by the monks into Ovinus, because he had the care of the sheep,—kept the flocks of St. Etheldreda, queen and abbess of Ely, on these wolds. One does not know what were the visions of this rude and ardent saint, as he paced the low heights day by day, looking over the monstrous lakes. At night no doubt he heard the cries of the marsh-fowl and saw the elfin lights stir on the reedy flats. Perhaps some touch of fever kindled his visions; but he raised a tiny shrine here, and here he laid his bones; and long after, when the monks grew rich, they raised a great church here to the memory of the shepherd of the sheep, and beneath it, I doubt not, he sleeps.

What is it I see from my low hills? It is an enchanted land for me, and I lose myself in wondering how it is that no one, poet or artist, has ever wholly found out the charm of these level plains, with their rich black soil, their straight dykes, their great drift-roads, that run as far as the eye can reach into the unvisited fen. In summer it is a feast of the richest green from verge to verge; here a clump of trees stands up, almost of the hue of indigo, surrounding a lonely shepherd's cote; a distant church rises, a dark tower over the hamlet elms; far beyond, I see low wolds, streaked and dappled by copse and wood; far to the south, I see the towers and spires of Cambridge, as of some spiritual city—the smoke rises over it on still days, hanging like a cloud; to the east lie the dark pinewoods of Suffolk, to the north an interminable fen; but not only is it that one sees a vast extent of sky, with great cloud-battalions crowding up from the south, but all the color of the landscape is crowded into a narrow belt to the eye, which gives it an intensity of emerald hue that I have seen nowhere else in the world. There is a sense of deep peace about it all, the herb of the field just rising in its place over the wide acres; the air is touched with a lazy fragrance, as of hidden flowers; and there is a sense, too, of silent and

remote lives, of men that glide quietly to and fro in the great pastures, going quietly about their work in a leisurely calm.

In the winter it is fairer still, if one has a taste for austerity. The trees are leafless now; and the whole flat is lightly washed with the most delicate and spare tints, the pasture tinted with the yellowing bent, the pale stubble, the rich plough-land, all blending into a subdued color; and then, as the day declines and the plain is rimmed with a frosty mist, the smouldering glow of the orange sunset begins to burn clear on the horizon, the gray-laminated clouds becoming ridged with gold and purple, till the whole fades, like a shoaling sea, into the purest green, while the cloud-banks grow black and ominous, and far-off lights twinkle like stars in solitary farms.

Of the house itself, exteriorly, perhaps the less said the better; it was built, by an earl to whom the estate belonged, as a shooting-box. I have often thought that it must have been ordered from the Army and Navy Stores. It is of yellow brick, blue-slatted, and there has been a deplorable feeling after giving it a meanly Gothic air; it is ill-placed, shut in by trees, approached only by a very dilapidated farm-road; and the worst of it is that a curious and picturesque house was destroyed to build it. It stands in what was once a very pretty and charming little park, with an ancient avenue of pollard trees, lime and elm. You can see the old terraces of the Hall, the mounds of ruins, the fish-ponds, the grass-grown pleasure. It is pleasantly timbered, and I have an orchard of honest fruit-trees of my own. First of all I suspect it was a Roman fort; for the other day my gardener brought me in half of the handle of a fine old Roman water-jar, red pottery smeared with plaster, with two pretty laughing faces pinched lightly out under the volutes. A few days after I felt like Polycrates of Samos, that over-fortunate tyrant, when, walking myself in my garden, I descried and gathered

up the rest of the same handle, the fractures fitting exactly. There are traces of Roman occupation hereabouts in mounds and earthworks. Not long ago a man ploughing in the fen struck an old red vase up with the share, and searching the place found a number of the same urns within the space of a few yards, buried in the peat, as fresh as the day they were made. There was nothing else to be found, and the place was under water till fifty years ago; so that it must have been a boatload of pottery being taken in to market that was swamped there, how many centuries ago! But there have been stranger things than that found: half a mile away, where the steep gravel hill slopes down to the fen, a man hoeing brought up a bronze spear-head. He took it up to the lord of the manor, who was interested in curiosities. The squire hurried to the place and had it all dug out carefully; quite a number of spear-heads were found, and a beautiful bronze sword, with the holes where the leather straps of the handle passed in and out. I have held this fine blade in my hands, and it is absolutely undinted. It may be Roman, but it is probably earlier. Nothing else was found, except some mouldering fragments of wood that looked like spear-staves; and this, too, it seems, must have been a boatload of warriors, perhaps some raiding party, swamped on the edge of the lagoon with all their unused weapons, which they were presumably unable to recover, if indeed any survived to make the attempt. Hard by is the place where the great fight related in "Hereward the Wake" took place. The Normans were encamped southwards at Willingham, where a line of low entrenchments is still known as Belsar's Field, from Belisarius, the Norman Duke in command. It is a quiet place enough now, and the yellow-hammers sing sweetly and sharply in the thick thorn hedges. The Normans made a causeway of faggots and earth across the fen, but came at last to the old channel of the Ouse, which they

could not bridge, and here they attempted to cross in great flat-bottomed boats, but were foiled by Hereward and his men, their boats sunk, and hundreds of stout warriors drowned in the oozy river-bed. There still broods for me a certain horror over the place, where the river in its confined channel now runs quietly, by sedge and willow-herb and golden-rod, between its high flood banks, to join the Cam to the east.

But to return to my house. It was once a monastic grange of Ely, a farmstead with a few rooms, no doubt, where sick monks and ailing novices were sent to get change of air and a taste of country life. There is a bit of an old wall still bordering my garden, and a strip of pale soil runs across the gooseberry beds, pale with dust of mortar and chips of brick, where another old wall stood. There was a great pigeon-house here, pulled down for the shooting-box, and the garden is still full of old carved stones, lintels, and mullions, and capitals of pillars, and a grotesque figure of a bearded man, with a tunic confined round the waist by a cord, which crowns one of my rockeries. But it is all gone now, and the pert cockney-fied house stands up among the shrubberies and walnuts, surveying the ruins of what has been.

But I must not abuse my house, because whatever it is outside, it is absolutely comfortable and convenient within: it is solid, well built, spacious, sensible, reminding one of the "solid joys and lasting treasure" that the hymn says "none but Zion's children know." And, indeed, it is a Zion to be at ease in.

One other great charm it has: from the end of my orchard the ground falls rapidly in a great pasture. Some six miles away, over the dark expanse of Grunty Fen, the towers of Ely, exquisitely delicate and beautiful, crown the ridge; on clear sunny days I can see the sun shining on the lead roofs, and the great octagon rises with all its fretted pinnacles. Indeed, so kind is Providence, that the huge brick

mass of the Ely water-tower, like an overgrown temple of Vesta, blends itself pleasantly with the cathedral, projecting from the western front like a great Galilee.

The time to make pious pilgrimage to Ely is when the apple-orchards are in bloom. Then the grim western tower, with its sombre windows, the gabled roofs of the canonical houses, rise in picturesque masses over acres of white blossom. But for me, six miles away, the cathedral is a never-ending sight of beauty. On moist days it draws nearer, as if carved out of a fine blue stone; on a gray day it looks more like a fantastic crag, with pinnacles of rock. Again it will loom a ghostly white against a thunder-laden sky. Grand and pathetic at once, for it stands for something that we have parted with. What was the outward and stately form of a mighty idea, a rich system, is now little more than an æsthetic symbol. It has lost heart, somehow, and its significance only exists for ecclesiastically or artistically minded persons; it represents a force no longer in the front of the battle.

One other fine feature of the countryside there is, of which one never grows tired. If one crosses over to Sutton, with its huge church, the tower crowned with a noble octagon, and the village pleasantly perched along a steep ridge of orchards, one can drop down to the west, past a beautiful old farmhouse called Berristead, with an ancient chapel, built into the homestead, among fine elms. The road leads out upon the fen, and here run two great Levels, as straight as a line for many miles, up which the tide pulsates day by day; between them lies a wide tract of pasture called the Wash, which in summer is a vast grazing-ground for herds, in rainy weather a waste of waters, like a great estuary—north and south it runs, crossed by a few roads or black-timbered bridges, the fen-water pouring down to the sea. It is a great place for birds this. The other day I disturbed a brood of red-shanks here, the parent birds flying

round and round, piping mournfully, almost within reach of my hand. A little farther down, not many months ago, there was observed a great commotion in the stream, as of some big beast swimming slowly; the level was netted, and they hauled out a great sturgeon, who had somehow lost his way, and was trying to find a spawning-ground. There is an ancient custom that all sturgeon netted in English waters, belong by right to the sovereign; but no claim was advanced in this case. The line between Ely and March crosses the level, farther north, and the huge freight-trains go smoking and clanking over the fen all day. I often walk along the grassy flood-bank for a mile or two, to the tiny decayed village of Mepal, with a little ancient church, where an old courtier lies, an Englishman, but with property near Lisbon, who was a gentleman-in-waiting to James II in his French exile, retired invalided, and spent the rest of his days "between Portugal and Byall Fen"—an odd pair of localities to be so conjoined!

And what of the life that it is possible to live in my sequestered grange? I suppose there is not a quieter region in the whole of England. There are but two or three squires and a few clergy in the Isle, but the villages are large and prosperous; the people eminently friendly, shrewd, and independent, with homely names for the most part, but with a sprinkling both of Saxon appellations, like Cutlack, which is Guthlac a little changed, and Norman names, like Camps, inherited perhaps from some invalided soldier who made his home there after the great fight. There is but little communication with the outer world; on market-days a few trains dawdle along the valley from Ely to St. Ives and back again. They are fine, sturdy, prosperous village communities, that mind their own business, and take their pleasure in religion and in song, like their forefathers the fenmen, Girvii, who sang their three-part catches with rude harmony.

Part of the charm of the place is, I confess, its loneliness. One may go for weeks together with hardly a caller; there are no social functions, no festivities, no gatherings. One may once in a month have a chat with a neighbor, or take a cup of tea at a kindly parsonage. But people tend to mind their own business, and live their own lives in their own circle; yet there is an air of tranquil neighborliness all about. The inhabitants of the region respect one's taste in choosing so homely and serene a region for a dwelling-place, and they know that whatever motive one may have had for coming, it was not dictated by a feverish love of society. I have never known a district—and I have lived in many parts of England—where one was so naturally and simply accepted as a part of the place. One is greeted in all directions with a comfortable cordiality, and a natural sort of good-breeding; and thus the life comes at once to have a precise quality, a character of its own. Every one is independent, and one is expected to be independent too. There is no suspicion of a stranger; it is merely recognized that he is in search of a definite sort of life, and he is made frankly and unostentatiously at home.

And so the days race away there in the middle of the mighty plain. No plans are ever interrupted, no one questions one's going and coming as one will, no one troubles his head about one's occupations or pursuits. Any help or advice that one needs is courteously and readily given, and no favors asked or expected in return. One little incident gave me considerable amusement. There is a private footpath of my own which leads close to my house; owing to the house having stood for some time unoccupied, people had tended to use it as a short cut. The kindly farmer obviated this by putting up a little notice-board, to indicate that the path was private. A day or two afterwards it was removed and thrown into a ditch. I was perturbed as well as surprised by this, supposing that it

showed that the notice had offended some local susceptibility; and being very anxious to begin my tenure on neighborly terms; I consulted my genial landlord, who laughed, and said that there was no one who would think of doing such a thing; and to reassure me he added that one of his men had seen the culprit at work, and that it was only an old horse, who had rubbed himself against the post till he had thrown it down.

The days pass, then, in a delightful monotony; one reads, writes, sits or paces in the garden, scours the country on still sunny afternoons. There are many grand churches and houses within a reasonable distance, such as the great churches near Wisbech and Lynn,—West Walton, Walpole St. Peter, Algarkirk, Terrington St. Clement, and a score of others—great cruciform structures, in every conceivable style, with fine woodwork and noble towers, each standing in the centre of a tiny, rustic hamlet, built with no idea of prudent proportion to the needs of the places they serve, but out of pure joy and pride. There are houses like Beaupré, a pile of fantastic brick, haunted by innumerable phantoms, with its stately orchard closes, or the exquisite gables of Snore Hall, of rich Tudor brickwork, with fine panelling within. There is no lack of shrines for pilgrimage—then, too, it is not difficult to persuade some like-minded friend to share one's solitude. And so the quiet hours tick themselves away in an almost monastic calm, while one's book grows insensibly day by day, as the bulrush rises on the edge of the dyke.

I do not say that it would be a life to live for the whole of a year, and year by year. There is no stir, no eagerness, no brisk interchange of thought about it. But for one who spends six months in a busy and peopled place, full of duties and discussions and conflicting interests, it is like a green pasture and waters of comfort. The danger of it, if prolonged, would be that things would grow languid, listless, fragrant like the

Lotus-eaters' Isle; small things would assume undue importance, small decisions would seem unduly momentous; one would tend to regard one's own features as in a mirror and through a magnifying glass. But, on the other hand, it is good, because it restores another kind of proportion; it is like dipping oneself in the seclusion of a monastic cell. Nowadays the image of the world, with all its sheets of detailed news, all its network of communications, sets too deep a mark upon one's spirit. We tend to believe that a man is lost unless he is overwhelmed with occupation, unless, like the conjurer, he is keeping a dozen balls in the air at once. Such a gymnastic teaches a man alertness, agility, effectiveness. But it has got to be proved that one was sent into the world to be effective, and it is not even certain that a man has fulfilled the higher law of his being if he has made a large fortune by business. A sagacious, shrewd, acute man of the world is sometimes a mere nuisance; he has made his prosperous corner at the expense of others, and he has only contrived to accumulate, behind a little fence of his own, what was meant to be the property of all. I have known a good many successful men, and I cannot honestly say that I think that they are generally the better for their success. They have often learnt self-confidence, the shadow of which is a good-natured contempt for ineffective people; the shadow, on the other hand, which falls on the contemplative man is an undue diffidence, an indolent depression, a tendency to think that it does not very much matter what any one does.

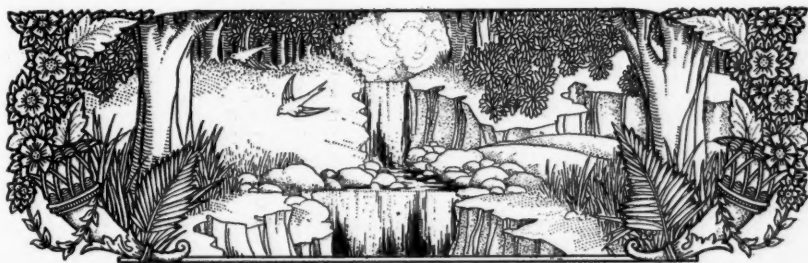
But, on the other hand, the contemplative man sometimes does grasp one very important fact—that we are sent into the world, most of us, to learn something about God and ourselves; whereas if we spend our lives in directing and commanding and consulting others, we get so swollen a sense of our own importance, our own adroitness, our own effectiveness, that we forget that we are tolerated

rather than needed. It is better on the whole to tarry the Lord's leisure, than to try impatiently to force the hand of God, and to make amends for his apparent slothfulness. What really makes a nation grow, and improve, and progress, is not social legislation and organization. That is only the sign of the rising moral temperature; and a man who sets an example of soberness, and kindness, and contentment is better than a pragmatist district visitor with a taste for rating meek persons.

It may be asked, then, do I set myself up as an example in this matter? God forbid! I live thus because I like it, and not from any philosophical or philanthropic standpoint. But if more men were to follow their instincts in the matter, instead of being misled and bewildered by the conventional view that attaches virtue to perspiration, and national vigor to the multiplication of unnecessary business, it would be a good thing for the community. What I claim is that a species of mental and moral equilibrium is best attained by a careful proportion of activity and quietude. What happens in the case of the majority of people is that they are so much occupied in the process of acquisition, that they have no time to sort or dispose their stores; and thus life, which ought to be a thing complete in itself, and ought to be spent,

partly in gathering materials, and partly in drawing inferences, is apt to be a hurried accumulation lasting to the edge of the tomb. We are put into the world, I cannot help feeling, to *be* rather than to *do*. We excuse our thirst for action by pretending to ourselves that our own doing may minister to the being of others; but all that it often effects is to inoculate others with the same restless and feverish bacteria.

And anyhow, as I said, it is but an experiment. I can terminate it whenever I have the wish to do so. Even if it is a failure, it will at all events have been an experiment, and others may learn wisdom by my mistake; because it must be borne in mind that a failure in a deliberate experiment in life is often more fruitful than a conventional success. People as a rule are so cautious; and it is of course highly disagreeable to run a risk, and to pay the penalty. Life is too short, one feels, to risk making serious mistakes; but, on the other hand, the cautious man often has the catastrophe, without even having had the pleasure of a run for his money. Jowett, the high priest of worldly wisdom, laid down as a maxim "Never resign"; but I have found myself that there is no pleasure comparable to disentangling oneself from uncongenial surroundings, unless it be the pleasure of making mild experiments and trying unconventional schemes.





Idle Notes

By An Idle Reader



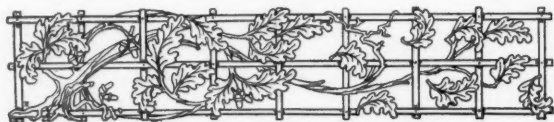
WHEN a real poet marries, should he marry just a girl—a nice, conventional, well-brought-up girl with a devoted father and mother? If he does what will happen to her and to the poet, and what will the large and socially important family connection say about it all?

Some such question as this is the basis of Mary Moss's lively novel, which is light-minded without being too light-minded, and serious without being too serious.

Felix Gwynne is a poet with extenuating circumstances, such as irreproachable ancestry, comfortable fortune, personal fastidiousness, short hair and impeccable linen. But still he is a poet, a creature of great talent, with a fondness for intelligent companionship and no taste for being bored; besides this, his mother was French and he was born in France, and these are questionable accidents in the eyes of his "in-laws." The family connection had a great deal to say when he married Adelaide Noël and afterward, and it is all very amusing and lightly touched in. There remains always, however, the possibility of tragedy in such a marriage,—a possibility against which fights always the fundamental strength of the human tie in two who are dear to each other. The serious side of "The Poet and the Parish" touches upon this aspect of the poet's marriage, and indicates in outline how the tie that binds may

hold tightly and even happily, in the long run, the unlikely pairs of wedded lovers.

Miss Moss's novel is, indeed, a contribution to the subject of the adjustment in wedlock of the unmated—an absorbing topic which novelists have neglected. Most people, no matter how happily matched in essentials, are still amusingly unmated in a good many every-day details. We see wives who are aggrieved because their husbands have a different taste in food; and husbands who want to live in hotels while their wives prefer to keep house; there are active differences of opinion about dogs, cats, heating-plants, mut-ton-bones, architecture, George Meredith, interior decoration and pianolas. These differences are usually no more than the bases for endlessly diverting domestic comedies, but the very self-centred or very sensitive people are frequently capable of a sudden turn that may furnish the comedy with a tragic ending. "Very self-centred" is a polite term for selfish, and Felix Gwynne and his wife are both open to that accusation. But the tale ends happily because, in fact, like almost everybody else, they unconsciously mated, in marrying, the most essential needs of their respective temperaments. And even the family connection cannot arrange matters better than that!





The Lounger



THE London of Dickens is so rapidly disappearing before the "march of improvement," that I sent to a correspondent over there for some photographs of these "literary landmarks" before they were quite gone. The result is here given. The Devonshire Terrace in which Dickens lived is not the one near Hyde Park. It is quite another one. There a number of his children were born, and it was there that he lived during the short time that he edited the *Daily News*. Of Lant Street, where Bob Sawyer lived, Dickens wrote:

There are always a good many houses to let in the street: it is a bye-street, too, and its dulness is soothing. A house in Lant-street would not come within the denomination of a first-class residence in the strict acceptation of the term, but it is a most desirable spot nevertheless. If a man wished to abstract himself from the world—to remove himself from within



LANT STREET, BOROUGH, WHERE BOB SAWYER AND BEN ALLEN ENTERTAINED MR. PICKWICK

the reach of temptation—to place himself beyond the possibility of any inducement to look out of the window—he should by all means go to Lant-street.

Curiously enough, according to the new edition of the Post Office Directory, there are a good many houses still to let. But the Directory does not support the further details which Dickens gave of Lant-street in his day, some of which are of a highly libellous nature.

In this happy retreat are colonized a few clear-starchers, a sprinkling of journey-men bookbinders, one or two prison agents for the Insolvent Court, several small housekeepers who are employed in the docks, a handful of mantua makers, and a seasoning of jobbing tailors. The majority of the inhabitants either direct their energies to the letting of furnished apartments, or devote themselves to the healthful and invigorating pursuit of mangling. The chief features in the still life of the street



A PICTURESQUE COTTAGE IN HORSEMONGER LANE



THE COACH AND HORSE, BRENTFORD, WHERE OLIVER TWIST WAS TAKEN BY BILL SYKES



PART OF THE OLD HORSEMONGER LANE JAIL



NO. 1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, "A HANDSOME HOUSE WITH A CONSIDERABLE GARDEN," WHERE DICKENS WROTE "BARNABY RUDGE" AND OTHER STORIES

are green shutters, lodging bells, brass door-plates and bell-handles; the principal specimens of animated nature, the pot-boy, the muffin youth, and the baked-potato-man. The population is migratory, usually disappearing on the verge of quarter-day and generally by night. His Majesty's revenues are seldom collected in this happy valley; the rents are dubious; and the water communication is very frequently cut off.

Golden Square was a shabby-genteel neighborhood, half a century ago, inhabited by black-bearded foreigners who played musical instruments in near-by orchestras. Little by little the "literary landmarks" of London are being wiped out, though enough remain to make that old town still the Mecca of the literary pilgrim.



H. G. D. writes me from Florence, Italy: "I have just been reading D'Annunzio's last play, 'Piu che l'Amore,' which meets with very divided approval. The introduction contains some interesting statements. Pardon a slapdash translation:

Issuing with the spontaneity of a cry from my most watchful anguish, it [the play] seems to have been composed under the assiduous tutelage of the first tragedies. . . . Also, I recognize the truth and purity of my modern art: which proceeds with its inimitable gait, with the movement proper to it alone, but always on the great straight road marked by the monuments of the father poets. Therefore I consider myself master by right; and I will be and am the master who for the Italians resumes in his teaching the traditions and aspirations of the great blood whence he was born: not a seducer nor a corrupter, though an indefatigable animator who excites the spirit, not only with written works but by days passed lightly in the exercise of the severest discipline. The figures of my poetry teach the necessity of heroism. From my furnaces has issued the first poem of life as a whole—the true and proper "representation of soul and body"—which has appeared in Italy since the "Commedia." This poem is called "Laus Vitæ." It is composed with a demoniac art like that which fashions magic-mirrors. What then can signify the attempt at re-



COTTAGES IN HORSEMONGER LANE FROM ONE OF WHICH DICKENS WITNESSED THE EXECUTION OF THE MANNINGS IN 1849



GOLDEN SQUARE, WHERE RALPH NICKLEBY LIVED

volt against my spiritual lordship, low and vain as an uprising of drunken slaves? . . . In the name of what prince worthy of being anointed and crowned king, do the starvelings who feed on the crumbs from my table, and the thieves who run away with the fruit fallen from the trees of my gardens, demand my deposition?

"D'Annunzio also wrote an ode on the death of Carducci, wherein he claimed for himself the merit of the dead prophet."



It is not generally known that there exists the unpublished manuscript of a story written by Charlotte Brontë. It was written when she was in her teens, and although a youthful production it is not without interest. Mrs. Gaskell alludes to it in her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, and quotes a passage from the introduction, but the story itself has never been published. The manuscript is now owned by a gentleman in this city who may be induced to publish it at some future day. This same gentleman is the owner of the manuscript of an unpublished love poem written by Tennyson to his wife.

Three of the dramatic critics of New York who have made reputations for themselves and their papers have retired from that profession for one reason or another. First, Mr. Norman Hapgood, whose illuminating and fearless criticisms gave the *Commercial Advertiser* an importance that it had never had before, resigned to give himself up to another form of literary work. He retired from journalism at first and wrote books—biographies and essays. But there was too much of the journalist in his blood, there were too many things to be said on topics of the day, for him to keep long out of journalism; and he became the editor of *Collier's Weekly*, where his keen and fearless comments on current topics have been the making of that weekly. Not that *Collier's* has not a wide interest outside of Mr. Hapgood's editorials, but they gave it a wider interest, and not only attracted attention but gave the journal an influence that it had never had before, and in fact that no weekly, except the *Nation* in its palmy days, has had. Then there was Mr. Huneker, who wrote highly entertaining and

graceful essays on the drama of the day, but soon tired of it. Mr. Hunecker has not gone back into journalism of any sort. He writes for the magazines and he writes books; but from the daily grind he is kept free.



The latest to retire from the ranks of dramatic criticism is Mr. John Corbin, whose interesting if somewhat academic criticisms of the stage have long been a feature of the *Sun*. Mr. Corbin has retired to devote himself to the writing of fiction and perhaps play-writing. The daily, or perhaps I should say nightly, strain of dramatic criticism was a weariness of the flesh. It will not be easy for the *Sun* to find a worthy successor to Mr. Corbin. It will not be difficult to find a man who will give snap judgments and write with a facile pen, but Mr. Corbin put a good deal of thought and a good deal of hard work into his criticisms. We may not have agreed with him always, but no one could fail to admire his intention. We have still Mr. Towse, of the *Evening Post*, to console ourselves with when we tire of the general run of dramatic so-called criticism. Mr. Towse takes his profession seriously. He weighs his words, and he cares more to tell the truth, as he sees it, than to raise a laugh.



What a pity that we have not a dramatic critic of the calibre of Mr. A. B. Walkley in this country. We have plenty of dramatic critics who write entertainingly, but as a rule their aim is more to be amusing than to be serious. Perhaps they would say in reply to this charge that we in America do not take the drama seriously. Perhaps we don't, but we should be more likely to if we had dramatic critics who led us in the right direction, and pointed out the good and the bad in plays and acting with seriousness rather than flippancy. Mr. Walkley is not altogether serious; in other words, he is not dull. He can be very amusing, but he knows what he is writing

about. He is a student of the drama, and he is a student of acting. His word carries weight. And then there is Mr. Archer, who has recently visited us. Mr. Archer is all seriousness. He has not Mr. Walkley's lightness of touch. The drama to him is more or less of a religion, especially the Ibsen drama. He could not and would not write of "Hedda Gabler," for instance, as Mr. Walkley has written:—

What a crew! It is impossible not to feel just that about the people in Hedda Gabler. Manners they have none, and their customs are—Norwegian. Ladies offer afternoon callers a glass of milk-punch. When one of the visitors drinks too much, nobody is surprised. The dandy of the party—a judge, no less—pays visits of ceremony in the frock coat of commerce and the soft felt hat of the merry Swiss Boy, and in the evening he goes out in the same charming kit to what he calls—he would!—a "jollification." His comrades in the "jollification" finish up the evening in the rooms of a *demi-mondaine*, start a free fight, and are run in by the police. Note that these persons are not rackets undergraduates or raffish "bloods," but professors and men of letters. The ladies who are waiting at home for them go to sleep on the sofa. Wives call their husbands by their surnames. There is nothing intrinsically wrong in that, of course; it is still done in some remote English provincial circles. There is nothing intrinsically wrong in oats; but it is interesting to remember, with Johnson, that oats are food for horses in England and men in Scotland.

This is the way a good many of us feel about this extraordinarily unpleasant play of Ibsen's, but few of us have Mr. Walkley's witty way of saying what we think.



It is a curious thing that so many actresses like to play Hedda. Mme. Nazimova would be happy to go on playing Hedda to the end of her days. And, after all, what is Hedda? To my mind she is a cat, and a very disagreeable cat at that. Not the cat that purrs and is kind, but the cat that purrs and scratches.



THE STATUE OF BEETHOVEN BY THE GERMAN SCULPTOR, MAX KLINGER

There is a sculptor in Germany, Professor Max Klinger, who has outdone Rodin's Victor Hugo in his statue of Beethoven, which is here-with reproduced. Of this statue Mr. Arthur Symons has this to say, in his "Studies in Seven Arts":

Beethoven's music is national, as Dante's or Shakespeare's poetry is national; and it is only since Beethoven appeared in Germany that Germany can be compared with the Italy which pro-

duced Dante and the England which produced Shakespeare. On the whole, Germans have not been ungrateful. But they have had their own ways of expressing gratitude. A German sculptor has represented Beethoven as a large, naked gentleman, sitting in an emblematical arm-chair, with a shawl decently thrown across his knees. In this admired production all the evil tendencies, gross ambitions, and ineffectual energies of modern German art seem to have concentrated themselves.

I know no more of Professor Klinger's intention than is expressed in his statue. What the bird or beast may be that sits at the musician's feet I defy any one to say, or why it sits there. It has the head of a turtle, the wings of an eagle and the claws of a lobster, with a lady's arm and cuff. It is more like the Jabberwock than anything that was ever seen on land or sea, and nightmarish as it is it apparently is as undisturbing to the peace of mind of Beethoven as to that of the cherubs who perch on the back of his chair.

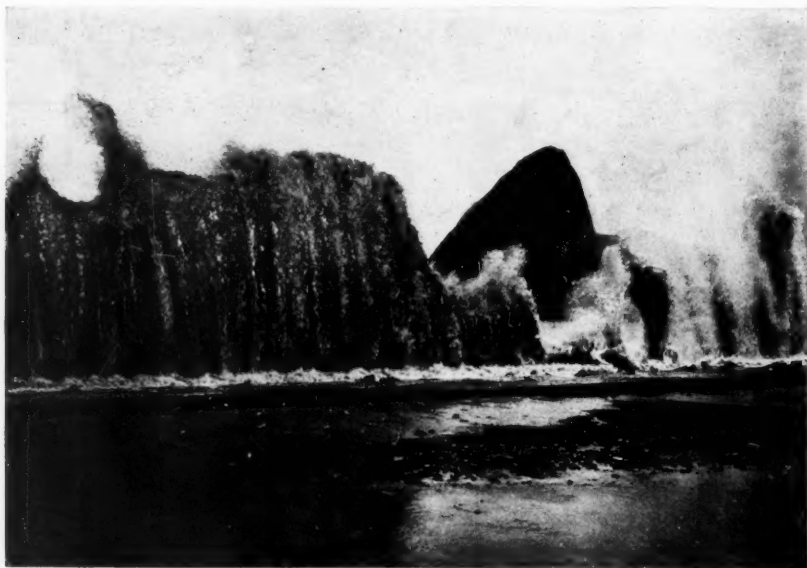


So far as I know not even the undaunted camera fiend has been able to photograph an earthquake. In these days, when the earth seems to be in so nervous a condition that it is ready to tremble and shake at the slightest provocation, it would be more interesting to study an earthquake from photographs than from actual experience; but up to the present time we have had to rely upon descriptions rather than the photograph. But there is such

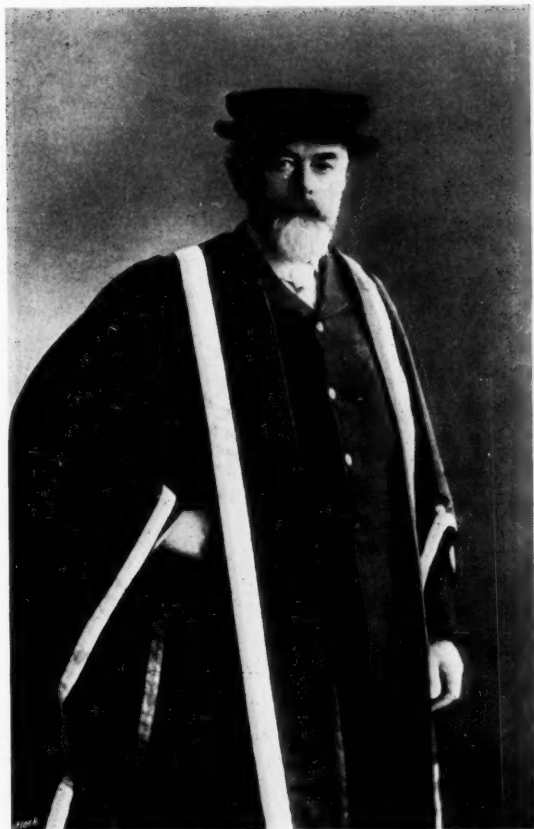
a thing as a photograph of a tidal wave, and tidal waves are as common nowadays as earthquakes. The photograph herewith reproduced was made in South America at the time of Secretary Root's visit to that country. South America seems to be the favorite haunt of the tidal wave as well as of the earthquake. One of the worst on record swept over Arica on August 13, 1868.



We have been brought up to believe that the statement "Privately printed" appearing upon a book or pamphlet meant that it was not published and that it was therefore safe from theft as a manuscript. Such it seems is not the case, at least in England. The story is that Sir Oliver Lodge drew up an outline of his ideas, and had the manuscript privately printed for use in his lectures—he being, as is well known, a member of the faculty of one of the universities,—and that then, without his authority, this outline got into the press.



TIDAL WAVE WHICH STRUCK THE SEA WALL OF RIO



SIR OLIVER LODGE

Learning of this incomplete and unauthorized publication, he determined to publish a book in which his ideas should be fully set forth, and that is how "The Substance of Faith Allied with Science" came to be written and published.



The memory of Felicia Hemans has been perpetuated in Liverpool, her birthplace, St. Asaph, near which her married life was spent, and in Dublin, where she died; but London has no memorial of her, beyond a bust in the National Portrait Gallery. Now, however, the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the popular

religious poetess are uniting to endow a cot in her memory in the Royal Waterloo Hospital for children and women. With this end in view a small volume of "Poems" written by her great-grandson, Mr. F. W. Tancred, is being published by Messrs Blackwood, the firm which purchased the copyright of Mrs. Hemans's works. The sum needed is £1000, and by the proceeds from the sale of the poems a nucleus of between £200 and £300 is anticipated. Among the patrons of the project are the Duke of Argyll and the Duchess of Sutherland; and the Honorary Treasurer is Miss Edith Tancred, 29, Westbourne Gardens, London W.

As might have been expected, Mr. Henry Holt's article on "The Commercialization of Literature," printed in this magazine, has stirred *The Author* of London to its depths. *The Author*, which is the organ of the Incorporated Society of Authors and was founded and long edited by the late Sir Walter Besant, is an enthusiast on the subject of the literary agent. It believes that every author should employ an agent if he wants to be well treated by his publisher. Sir Walter Besant encouraged this view more than anybody else by his strictures on publishers in general. In a recent number one who signs himself A. A. A. takes up Mr. Holt's charges categorically and lets the air into them with the point of his pen. In conclusion this writer says that there is only one objection to Mr. Holt's views about literature, as expressed in PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

They are calculated to encourage none but the publishers, and if it were not for the incurable optimism of authors, and the existence of some publishers who are prepared to risk ruin (according to Mr. Holt) by a stretching of the Formula, we should see a state of affairs similar to that of the poor folk who were reduced to taking in one another's washing to make a living. For the publishers would have nothing to do but buy one another's "sheets."

The literary agents have proved their usefulness to the author, and sometimes to the publisher. There are occasions when they seem to be squeezing the last drop of blood—or should I say ounce of gold?—from the publisher, but there are other occasions when they are perfectly reasonable. I suppose that they argue that a publisher is not obliged to buy a manuscript unless he wants it, and that he will not pay more than it is worth to him. This is not altogether true. A publisher does sometimes pay more for a manuscript than he will ever make out of it, being influenced by various reasons. There is no doubt that literature *has* been commercialized within the past

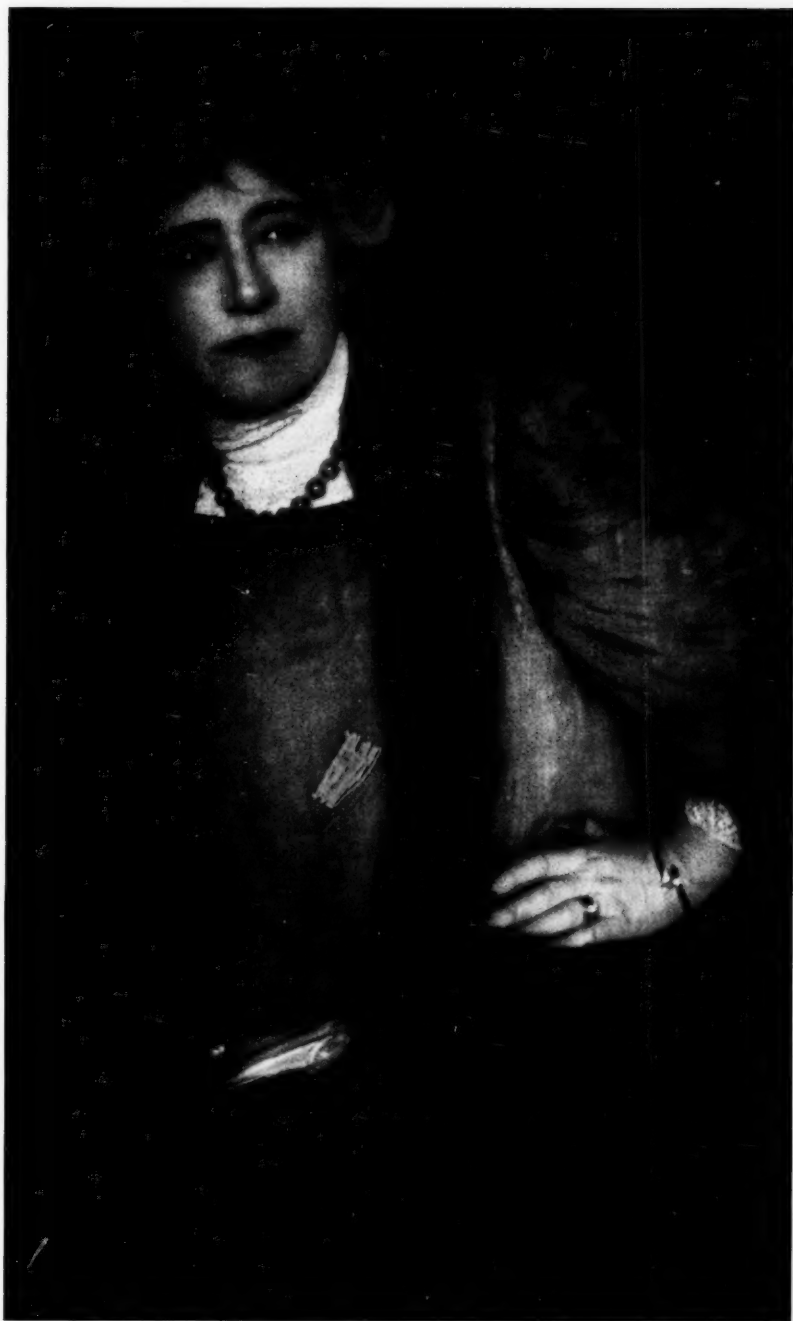
decade, and that the author, like every one else in this extravagant age, is hustling for gold.



Photography has come to be an art in these days. In old times every photographer used to call himself an "art photographer," and his gallery a "studio." It was not true then, but it is nearly so to-day. Photographers of this era do more than plant their camera in front of a sitter and snap the bulb. They work over their negatives and get effects that straight photography cannot give. One of the cleverest of these art photographers is Miss Helen Lohmann. Not only in portraiture, but in landscape and water-scape, is she successful. I have seen some of her photographs of views in Venice that might have been copied from paintings; and she can even make the turbid Bronx a dream of picturesqueness. I have never seen a better likeness of Miss Terry than the photograph here reproduced. It has all the charm and vivacity of her youth, and yet it is exactly like her as she is to-day.



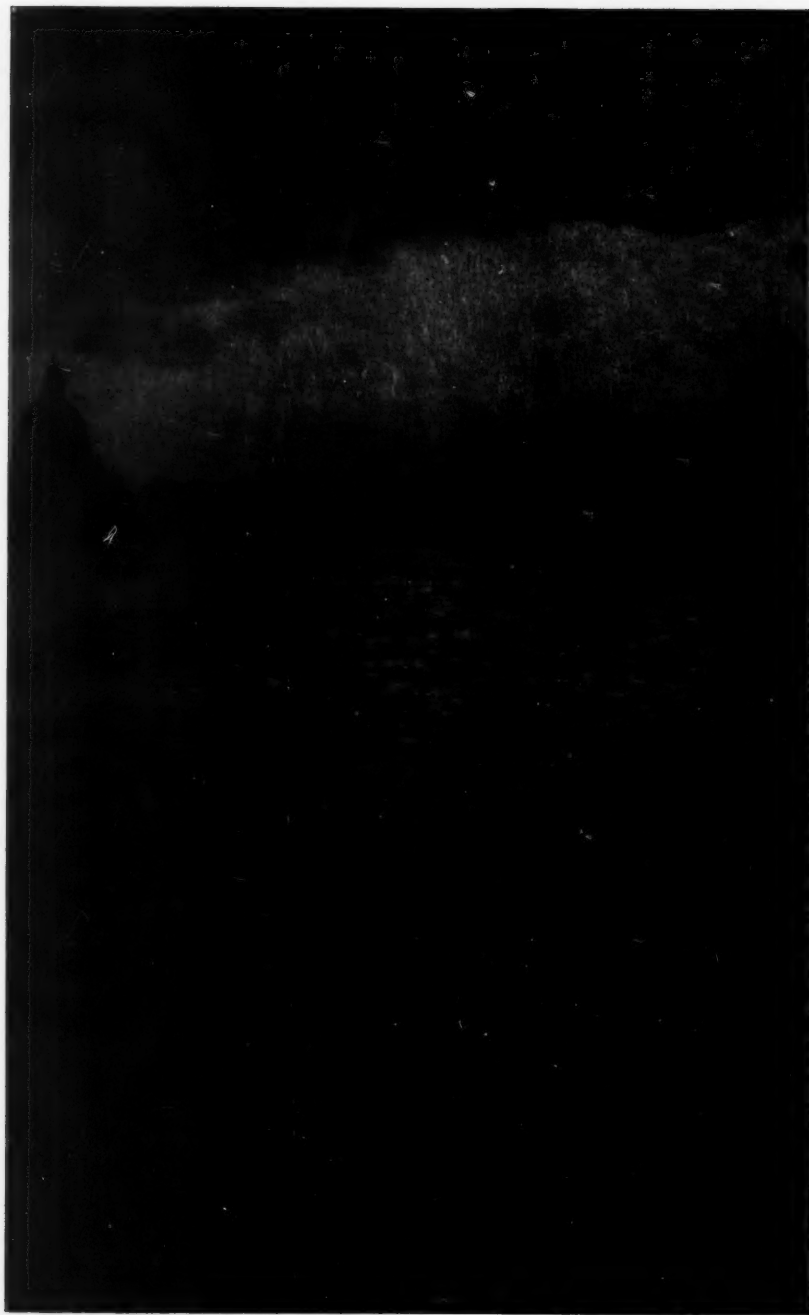
The ghosts of the founders of the Brook Farm colony must have smiled as they read the statement of Mr. Upton Sinclair before a coroner's jury in regard to the recently destroyed Helicon Hall. The Brook Farmers may have been "cranks," but they were not the sort of cranks that inhabited Helicon Hall. The Brook Farmers were the real thing. They went in for high thinking rather than free thinking, and while their scheme may have been too Utopian for success it has left no unpleasant trail behind it. The Brook Farmers were fortunate in having no "peeping Toms" within their borders, but more than all they were fortunate in not living in the days of yellow journalism. All we know about them is what they themselves have told us in their lives and letters.



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MISS ELLEN TERRY, BY HELEN LOHMANN, NEW YORK

See page 506



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GATHERING STORM—VENICE, BY HELEN LOHMANN, NEW YORK

See page 506

The story of the real Lady Rose's daughter, Julie de Lespinasse, has been written by the Marquis de Ségur, and translated by Mr. P. H. Lee-Warner. It is published over here by Messrs. Holt. The author has given us as graphic and interesting a story as did Mrs. Humphry Ward, and,

was so successfully produced, the author has seemed in a curious state of mind. He apparently retired from the world. No one ever heard much about him and he was not seen anywhere. There were mysterious hints as to his sanity. I heard it whispered in Paris that he had gone into a



After Carmentelle (Musée de Chantilly)

JULIE JEANNE ELEONORE DE LESPINASSE, 1732-1776

what is more, he gives us a reproduction of the only authentic portrait existing of Mlle. de Lespinasse.



I have very serious doubts on the subject of the mental balance of Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Ever since that play

sanitarium, and that the plays he had been working on would never be finished. Then the next thing we knew Rostand had promised Coquelin to write a new play which was to be called "The Chanticleer," and things began to look better. It seemed that if Rostand had not been himself he was "all right now," and the play

would soon be forthcoming. Coquelin was happy, the dramatic critics sharpened their pens, the Paris audience pricked up its ears, but, in the language of the day, "nothing doing."

It is said that the play-wright telegraphed his publisher to come to his chateau. The publisher went, expecting some definite news in regard to the play, but again "nothing doing." On the night of his arrival Mme. Rostand begged him to excuse her husband. He would not be visible until ten o'clock the next morning. At that time Mme. Rostand only appeared, saying that her husband had decided not to leave his room for the day, and asking the publisher to wait for another day. The next day there was again a postponement; so the publisher, who had something else to do than to dance attendance on Rostand, returned to Paris. He had hardly arrived before three acts of "The Chanticleer" came by post, with the request from the author to put it into type at once. The publisher marked "rush copy" on the manuscript, or whatever is the equivalent of "rush copy" in French, and sent it to the printer. No sooner had the foreman handed out the "takes" to the compositors than a telegram came from Rostand ordering immediate return of the manuscript.



"The Lady of the Decoration," by Miss Frances Little, published in April, 1906, hung fire for some months, was reprinted three times in April, 1907, and at the end of that month had been twelve times on the press since it made its first appearance. I find this fact especially interesting, since an Idle Reader, writing in this Magazine for August, 1906, said:

I confess I am curious to see if this little book will "go." If it does, the motive power will be its intensely human and personal quality. . . . We have all known women like the Kentucky girl, alive and impassioned in every fibre. They rarely get into books, but when they do there is usually "something doing"—

just as there is, in life, a breeze in their immediate environment.

It looks very much as if this book might repeat the success of another Kentucky girl's book ("Mrs. Wiggs"), which happens to have been written by an intimate friend of Miss Little's. "The Lady of the Decoration" is a story told in the home letters of an American teacher in a kindergarten in a missionary school in Japan.



The portrait of President Roosevelt which serves as a frontispiece to this month's magazine, will be recognized by artists as a vigorous and artistic piece of work. Anders Zorn is one of the foremost painters of the day, and a master of the etcher's needle no less than of the brush and palette. Yet I can fancy the confusion of mind into which a person ignorant of art and unacquainted with etchings would be thrown, if confronted with this picture and told that it was an excellent portrait and a fine work of art. I once showed my cook a distinguished portrait-painter's charcoal drawing of a friend whose face was as familiar to her as my own. "It does look like him," she admitted, "but he has n't got all them black scratches down the side of his face."



The portrait of Mr. Charles H. Haswell, which appears on page 511 is interesting as that of a man actively engaged in professional work at the age of ninety-eight years. The photograph was taken in 1906, the sitter being then only ninety-seven; but I understand that he had changed but little, if at all, since he faced Mr. Van der Weyde's camera. Ten or eleven years ago, being then but eighty-seven, Mr. Haswell published through the Harpers an illustrated volume entitled "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian: 1816-1860." In this volume many of the more interesting events in the history of New York City are recorded as they occurred, from year to year, almost in the form



CHARLES H. HASWELL

22 May, 1809—1907, May 12

of a diary. One would have thought he might reasonably have hoped to publish, as a centenarian, a sequel, recording his recollections of events occurring between the years 1860 and 1909. But he told me, in April, that he was too old to write any more reminiscences; and as his letter informed me that he was at home daily after four o'clock, I had been promising myself the pleasure of a chat with the old gentleman, when I learned on May 13th of his death the day before. For nine years past Mr. Haswell had held two or three municipal posts, including that of Assistant Engineer to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. His career was not only long but distinguished.



Some time ago a friend asked me if I should like to stop in at the Clausen Gallery in Fifth Avenue to see the paintings of a young artist by the name of Rockwell Kent. I said that I was not over-eager, as I was particularly busy at the time,

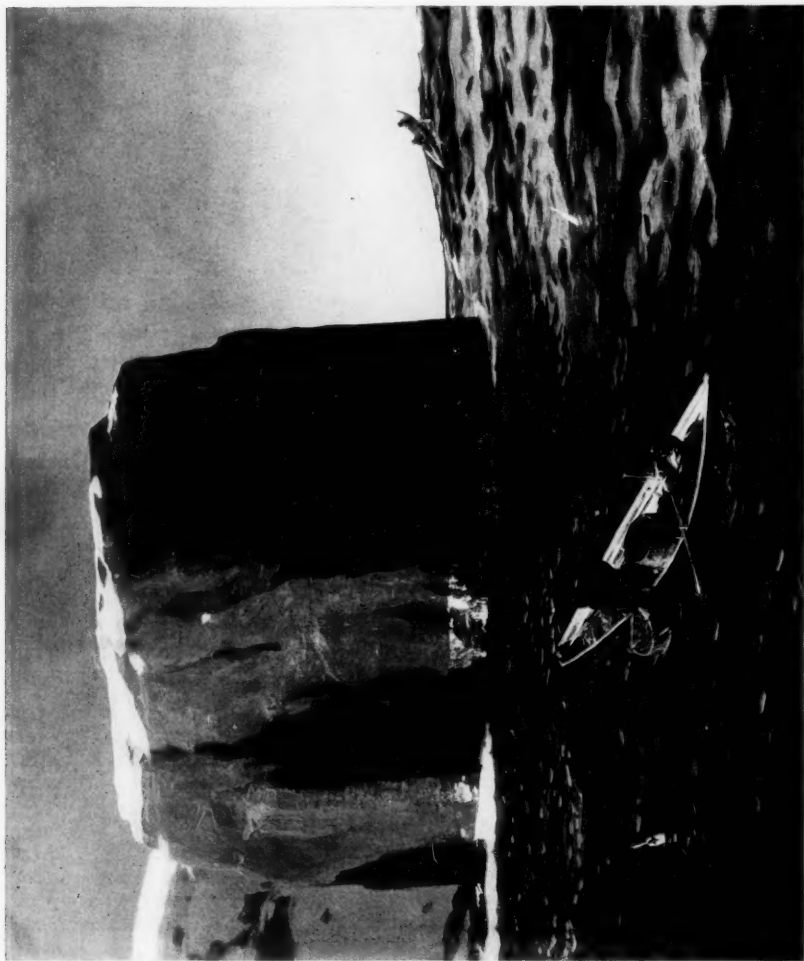
but to oblige a friend I would drop in and see the pictures. I did so with a certain feeling of boredom, but when I saw Mr. Kent's work all feelings of that sort vanished. Here, it seems to me, is a new note in painting. Mr. Kent comes to us with the freshness of a Winslow Homer in his youth. He paints in very much the same broad manner, but there is just the difference between the work of an old and tried hand and a young man feeling his way. Mr. Kent's pictures are not studio pictures. You feel that. He paints in the open, and he gets the effect of the open.



Most of the pictures in this little exhibition were painted on Monhegan Island, off the Maine coast, and they were painted in the winter, too, with the thermometer below zero and the winds blowing fiercer than they blow around the "Flatiron" corner. But Mr. Kent is not afraid of cold or wind. He plants his easel firmly on the rocks, and with his hand in a mufflike con-

traption, with just the point of the brush exposed, he works out-of-doors, and puts nature, as he sees it, on his canvas. You feel the cold and you

Kent is a young man, and a young man of ideas. He is not satisfied merely to paint. He believes in more vigorous work for men. So he



TOILERS OF THE SEA

feel the wind in these pictures. The reproduction of the "Toilers of the Sea," here given, by no means does justice to the original picture. Much of the effect is lost. At the same time you feel its virility, but the contrasts are greater in the painting. The dark rocks with the sunlit snow on their top, the light on the dark waves, all make an effect that we cannot get in printer's ink. Mr.

goes out with a fisherman and catches lobsters in the stormiest weather; and he tills the soil. I believe he built his own house—a curious structure mounted on stilts, over which the wind whistles and under which the wind whistles. Not a desirable winter residence, one might think; but still he lives there in winter and says that he is comfortable. Such is youth and enthusiasm.

